

Then the tyme that the good boone  
 And charyte was done for the woode  
 Many shewen and shewen the good  
 The which that men knowen not all  
 Therefore I shall shew of some that I have found  
 And wylde some to the world to shew  
 And gladly heare of the good men  
 Which that good men have done  
 That before us have bene  
 And many adventures that I have found  
 For they have done the good men  
 In word and deed both good and bad  
 Therefore men should be good and bad  
 Good deeds to honour and good men  
 Who so holdeth that he may be good  
 And good men may be good  
 And who a right good man  
 That heareth well and heareth good  
 Now of an Carle I will shew you  
 That thought was in every deed  
 And of a Carle that was in every deed  
 In hard man and in hard man  
 And of that Carle that was in every deed  
 A curious and a good man  
 How he loved a good man  
 In Carle's daughter and in Carle's daughter  
 Of that Carle I will shew you  
 That dooty was in every deed  
 A Carle he was in England  
 That hebe was in England

111                      2.4.                      Riche

Rafe he was harty and myghty  
 myle and waye to the  
 Golde and silver he had  
 And clothes of all colours  
 and much wealth of other things  
 Much more then I can tell you  
 Strong Castles and rich towns  
 Good Townes of every hand  
 All Englande to him stood in awe  
 To his strength and to his fame  
 There was no man that was so strong  
 That durst hym name in any place  
 But that he took his body  
 Into a strong prison of stone  
 Good knights with him he kept  
 That doughty men were  
 He gaue to them rich wages all  
 Gold and fee and food in hand  
 He was therefore of every man the hope  
 In Englande he bore ever the name  
 That good Lorde was Carle and  
 Of Oxforde the good Lorde  
 And Lorde he was of the  
 Of the Carle dome of Wokingham  
 That good Carle Richard the first  
 Curteous and myghty and a noble knight  
 A daughter he had of great price  
 That same daughter he had in hand  
 Her great beauty I can tell you  
 But a parte I shall you tell

Her body was good and slender, and well proportioned  
 Her head was small, and her face was fair  
 Her eyes were gray, and her nose was straight  
 Her brows were of good color, and her mouth was sweet  
 Her teeth were comely, and her voice was clear  
 Her countenance was lovely, and her heart was true  
 Every thing she did was done with grace and care  
 Shoulders shapely, and her arms were strong  
 And arms well fitted, and her hands were true  
 Long body, and her legs were straight  
 Fayer Mayde might not be found, and all so true  
 Whyte handes also, and her feet were true  
 With long tynge, and her voice was clear  
 As Rose red, and her color was fair  
 And whyte teeth, and her heart was true  
 Learned she was, and her mind was true  
 The seven Artes she knew, and her heart was true  
 Her Maysters were good, and her heart was true  
 That in her fathers house she learned, and her heart was true  
 They learned her, and her heart was true  
 Brethematick and other things, and her heart was true  
 For that Mayde was good, and her heart was true  
 Holde she was of noble birth, and her heart was true  
 Kings and Princes, and her heart was true  
 and Lordes of many Landes, and her heart was true  
 But none of them was her true love, and her heart was true  
 For she was good, and her heart was true  
 Of good thews, and her heart was true  
 Myler was, and her heart was true

33

A. 111.

Though

Though nether our will to doo, nor good rest  
 I fayre Mayden might be to long rest  
 But and I shoulde becom a scold and a fool  
 All to long then shoulde we be so  
 Of which now let us be soone to doo  
 And of that I shoulde becom a scold and a fool  
 That Stephen shoulde becom a scold and a fool  
 And come he was of noble blood  
 And a riche man of great worth  
 No man in Land was more noble  
 Well proued of arms and of horse  
 For he had fulling becom a scold and a fool  
 To win him pryse and a good name  
 And men of his name were so many  
 In dealing forde the good name  
 Borne was that name  
 A stronger name than any  
 In all England that name  
 The Earle Robert he was so called  
 With such service he was so called  
 That no man durst say  
 In all this Land was no man  
 But that name was so called  
 But if they made so many  
 But he ne took that name  
 Though they called him so  
 All Englande both in name and in deed  
 That tyme he kept with him  
 For had a man that was so called  
 On him borne a hundred pound

He should not have been so much  
To have been so much so much so much  
Segarde I have been so much so much  
Prayed he was so much so much so much  
That I have been so much so much so much  
Hende and hende and hende and hende  
He made him so much so much so much  
The Earle I have been so much so much  
He was his own so much so much so much  
The Earle I have been so much so much  
Duer all his other so much so much so much  
In the Earle I have been so much so much  
And served so much so much so much  
Curpous I have been so much so much  
The Earle I have been so much so much  
Guy of warwick I have been so much  
Of great honour I have been so much  
Prayed I have been so much so much  
Of every I have been so much so much  
In the Earle I have been so much so much  
That they I have been so much so much  
In that Court I have been so much  
So noble I have been so much so much  
To pray I have been so much so much  
For he was both I have been so much  
All men I have been so much so much  
For he was both I have been so much  
All virtues in him I have been so much  
And ever I have been so much so much  
One Into

Into the court of King John's hall  
 A Steede brought, and with him a dead  
 Guy had a wounden harte to showe  
 Heraud the sight of it was now  
 This Heraud was a worthy knight  
 He taught Guy with all his might  
 Of harte, of bow, of hand, of foot  
 Of speerhawe, of horse, of foot  
 All other games he taught him  
 Of Tables, of Dyle, of alle  
 who so aske Guy was  
 He gave it at the fynding  
 Dylonyr, and was  
 Guy gave him a harte  
 He gave them both  
 Gold and silver  
 A whyle of Guy's  
 And of Carle's  
 A pence  
 A Carle's  
 At war  
 Through  
 Carle's  
 And all their  
 And gentle  
 All they came  
 Many a Lady  
 To chuse her  
 Many a noble  
 Of the Lady  
 omE      um.E      And

And when they came to the church all,  
They rode unto the Earle's hall,  
The Earle to the meate them set,  
And Guy he set beside him self.  
Segardes sonne the Earle's he was,  
God keepe him from haples harme,  
The Earle bad Guy to chamber go,  
And greete well Phyllis there,  
And serue her fayer and well,  
Till she had taken her hall,  
Guy went and made the Earle his bed,  
In a go gone of Scarlet clad,  
Shapely he was of body and bone,  
Nothing to amende that was him on,  
For he was so fayer than any,  
Every body begett him than,  
Guy fell on knees as he came in,  
And fayer he greets the mayden Phyllis,  
And sayd her Ladye be thou my,  
To serue her as he was his,  
She thanked Guy with hart free,  
and sayd fayer Syr welcome to me,  
And as Guy knelt before her,  
She asked him where he was borne,  
Guy tolde her well and truly,  
Segardes sonne he was,  
That your Ladye he was,  
And your Ladye he was,  
Ever yet unto this day,  
Then sayd Phyllis that fayer Guy,

the

B. J.

Arte

Arte thou Segardes soune the good;  
 When say thou arte of gentle blood.

When the Ladies to meate should gone,  
**W**hen the water was brought, they washed  
 Cupd all his might that day,  
 To serue Whelys well to pay,  
 And maydens there were thynny,  
 That turned their loues all to Cup;  
 But of their loues kept he nought,  
 For on another was all his thought,  
 On Whelys that was fayre and gent,  
 All his loue Cup had her lent,  
 For as he serued her that day,  
 His loue fell so to that may,  
 That his hart without leading,  
 Herehand brast for loue longing;  
 So fell Cup in great torment,  
 For loue of that mayden gent,  
 Mourning Cup made out of meane,  
 For he durst not shew it to no creature,  
 The wo then he tosse in smit,  
 For no body should  
 He loued so that mayden bright,  
 That he ne wold what he doo might,  
 But helde him still as a stone,  
 Till they had eaten euerych one,  
 Cup fell on knees before that day,  
 He sayde I serued you to day,  
 I am your man, and eue now be you my lord,  
 To all the maydens then went he of good word

And

And tooke his leave at them everychone,  
 And to his Chamber then can he gone,  
 In such an outragious care,  
 As he would have dyed there.  
 Then asked his men both more and lesse,  
 If he had any sicknesse,  
 Or if he had caught any scath,  
 Guy sayd an evill tooke me rath,  
 And so harde it greenveth me,  
 That never whole I hope to be,  
 Great mourning they can make,  
 Through the Court for Guyes sake.  
 For he was wout to serve them well,  
 With meate and drinke at every mell.

**L** Isten now of the great sorow,  
 That Guy was in ever and more,  
 For love longing of that may,  
 For he ne had his body pay.  
 Guy was fall in such a lefe,  
 That ofte he called himselfe Captive,  
 In such mourning Guy was lay,  
 That for love he was nyght and day.  
 Alas he sayd both day and night,  
 That ever I saw this byrd bright,  
 For whome I suffer all this care,  
 And I dare not say all my fareweel.  
 My Lordes daughter I love she is,  
 Whome I should honour & kis,  
 And if her father wilt I loved her so,  
 He would me to shamefull death do.

He woulde doe me hang and dye,  
 Or in some other wyse me slay,  
 Alas he sayd for her. I pray,  
 That neuer more my witte I shall haue,  
 For wo he sayd my heart will breake,  
 Lorde he sayde what is yet best,  
 When I should lye, I lye with myneste,  
 When I should sleepe, with woe I wote,  
 Meate nor drinke will I none haue,  
 Nor no comfort that I will craue,  
 Though my hart should in strengthe crie,  
 No man shall wote wherefore nor why,  
 Leane him were in wo for thy sake,  
 Unto the day that he should dye,  
 Than the Earle should doe him so,  
 Or to his prison for to go,  
 Thus ledde Guy euer his lyfe,  
 In woe and care, and much streyfe,  
 Unto the ending of that feare,  
 That all wote hoime hysse and leare,  
 Then sayd Guy with a sigh,  
 That he must needs doe his best,  
 Much woe he sayde I haue forthought,  
 And to tell it dare I nought,  
 But I haue heard say, and yet I shall,  
 That hunger breake a stone wale,  
 So shall I see you me toge,  
 Or I will expresse myn toge,  
 My paynes as myn toge,  
 Which I lye both turne and toge,

In her mercy I shall me doe,  
And if she will, she may me doe,  
I will not abyde for no thing,  
For doubt of eache hyl of thing,  
fayre Phellis to wende vnto,  
And in her mercy I shall me doe,  
If she will, she may me doe,  
So is me leauer that I haue this word,  
For leauer me does with this word,  
My selfe to her charitye this word,  
Now listen how I haue wended,  
To Court vnto that I haue wended,  
For to she to his paynes,  
And for to wete of her,  
Gy came to Court,  
And greete her with this word,  
For Chastellone that I haue wended,  
Phellis haue pittie and mercy on me,  
And greete her with this word,  
But lieth I abyde on my prayer,  
No longer may I be to wende,  
For loue doe me to wende,  
And the wo that I haue wended,  
For thes Phellis both night and day,  
Thou arte the thing that I challenge,  
fro my harte that I haue wended,  
ouer all thing I love the well,  
And much wo for thes I feele,  
My harte thou haue with the wende,  
ouer vnto my lyue wende.

For vnder Heauen is nothing, I got me out of  
 But I would doe it at thy bidding, I would  
 For nothing would I leaue, I would  
 Though men should take my life of me reue,  
 Thou arte my lyfe, thou arte my deede,  
 Thou arte my counsell, thou arte my reede,  
 More then my selfe, I loue thee,  
 For thy lone dead would I be,  
 And Lady Phelys haue on me mercy,  
 That liueth for thee in this great malady,  
 The great wo can I not tell,  
 For thee Phelys that I dwell,  
 Deare loue then sayd he,  
 On me Caytife haue pittie,  
 Phelys answered a hostile,  
 What for sayd, arte thou not Guy,  
 Segardes comme my lordes Stewarde,  
 Thou speakest a foule forwarde,  
 In great folly thou werte brought,  
 When thou this thing tooke at thought,  
 Though thou it oughtest thou wert unwole,  
 Thou holdest me at a little while,  
 A great foole thou holdest me now,  
 And at euill schoole taught were thou,  
 Thou shamest me wote thou not that,  
 That Earle Bohand me begat,  
 How should I loue thee now Guy,  
 That thou arest me such folly,  
 Yet found I neuer old man nor yong,  
 That durst aske such a thing.

Earle

Earle, Barren, he mighte be a man,  
 And if I loved now a lady,  
 Guilt had I sped me than,  
 Thou arte my fathers best man.  
 If I should thee to London take,  
 And so many Lordes as I shal take,  
 Kinges, Princes, Earles and Barons,  
 And Lordes of many good Townes,  
 That would have had me to wyfe,  
 And neuer saw me before,  
 Then did I bidde my sonne,  
 Men might say then that I were dyde.  
 But by my faith that I am lyf,  
 If I tolde my father of this,  
 He would thee to hang and draw,  
 So that all other would have awe,  
 And beware by thee no more.  
 Their Lordes daughter to bidd take,  
 Bye by she sayd, and from me take,  
 That I thee here no more see.  
 Then sayd Guy, as thou wast wo,  
 Lady he sayd by this I am wo,  
 That I of thee no more shall have,  
 Certes for thy love then shall I die,  
 As a mad man of love is,  
 For love of thee my father shal die,  
 Certes my love is to upon thee sette,  
 That no man shall from my love see,  
 Unto that I be dead and gone,  
 Myselfe shall be the more payne,  
 B. iiii. Guy

Guy then rose up and went forth full softe,  
 Unto his chamber digging full ofte.  
 Now listen Lordinges what he saith,  
 That Guy suffered in his life the  
 More sorrow then that time had he  
 He had no man before in he  
 Unto his chamber came Guyon  
 And in great sorow he layde him downe,  
 He thought his hart would in peeces  
 For he of loue might him not weake  
 Ofte he sayd alas, what shall I doe  
 Now dare I beke no more go to  
 He late in his Chamber all alone  
 And truly he made there his moue  
 So sorry a man was he never yet  
 He rosse his clothes and drew his heere  
 Of loue he playned him so sore  
 That tormented him so deathly  
 Of thee I must my death take  
 Loue he sayd, let me haue rest  
 Or certes thou wilt my hart rest  
 This lyfe may not long endure  
 So too in trouble was neuer creature  
 Thou doest me my comforte take  
 And makest me I may not escape  
 I may not ceases defend me  
 So sore I am tormented with thee  
 Ofte thou doest me fall to grounde  
 And ofte thou makest me sigh and sound,

quod

iii. et

Alas

Alas loue what may I saye,  
 Thou dost me hurt both night and daye,  
 Certes I would fayne be deade,  
 For now it were my best grade,  
 O death haue thee vnto me,  
 Thou dost me wrong thus in wor to be,  
 Loue doth my handes wring,  
 And oft tyme well a way to bring,  
 All my witte is cleane gone from me,  
 Wherefore death I may take me to thee,  
 For I haue no ioye of my lyfe,  
 Loue hath me brought in such a stryfe,  
 That I am worthy my death full well,  
 For well I wote she loveth me neuer so well,  
 He tuene to me then will he be myght,  
 For whome I am in this wor brought,  
 For holden he is a feile of all,  
 That taketh a charge that doth him fall,  
 So did I, when I was a boye,  
 To the wynde and to the wynde,  
 And behelde that tower so hye,  
 A tower, then sayd I, O my,  
 In thee is that mayden light,  
 For whome I molleat both day and night,  
 O the I may haue no den,  
 Loue hath gyuen me a feble wren,  
 Alas to wer why dost not fall,  
 Castell, stones, and chambers all,  
 Then might I see that mayden light,  
 For whome I am in this plight.

C.i.

After

He woulde doe me hang and drabe,  
 Or in some other wyse me slabe,  
 As he sayd for her. I saue,  
 That neuer more my wolffe I shall haue,  
 For wo he sayd my heart will bryse,  
 Forde he sayde what is my lyfe,  
 When I should lye, I tye with myne,  
 When I should sleepe, with woe I wylke,  
 Meate nor drinke will I none haue,  
 Nor no comfort that I will ceade,  
 Though my hart should bryse though he sup,  
 No man shall wete wherefore nor why,  
 Leau him were in wo to lye,  
 Unto the day that he should dye,  
 Than the Carle should dye in lye,  
 Or to lye in wo to lye,  
 Thus ledde Cup euer his lyfe,  
 In wo and care, and with styfe,  
 Unto the ending of that lyfe,  
 That all wo to home made and leaue,  
 Then sayd Cup with outen cease,  
 That he must needes dye his best,  
 Much wo he sayde I haue forthought,  
 And to tell it dare I nought,  
 But I haue heard say, and yet I shall,  
 That hunger breaketh a stonde wall,  
 So shall I wete my lyfe,  
 Or I will expresse my lyfe,  
 My paynes and my wo to lye,  
 Which I suffer both tyme and moore,  
 In

In her mercy I shall me doe,  
And if she will, she may me doe  
I will not abyde for no thing,  
For doubt of Cardons of King,  
fayre Pheliss to wende unto,  
And in her mercy I shall me doe,  
If she will, she may me doe  
So is me leauer than I have this word,  
For leauer me wote with a knyfe,  
My selfe to the charyte of this lyfe,  
Now listen how I shall wende  
To Court unto that of the wende  
For to shew his paynes of  
And for to wote of her will,  
I came to Court  
And greete the court with  
for Pheliss haue pittie and mercy  
And greue the thought with my  
But lieth wote unto my prayer,  
No longer may I wote to  
for loue doe me to  
And the wote that I haue  
for the Pheliss wote night and day  
Thou arte the thing that I  
from my harte that I  
Quet all thing I wote  
And much wote for the  
My harte to the wote  
Euer unto my lyfe

shad

B.iii.

for

For vnder Heauen is nothing, I would doe it  
 But I would doe it at thy bidding, I would  
 For nothing would I haue, I would doe it  
 Though men should my lyfe of me reave,  
 Thou arte my lyfe, thou arte my deede,  
 Thou arte my counsaill, thou arte my reede,  
 More then my selfe, I loue thee,  
 For thy lone death would I be,  
 And Lady Whelpe haue on me mercy,  
 That liueth for thee in this great malady,  
 The great woe can I not tell,  
 For thee Whelpe that I in dwell,  
 Deare loue then sayd he,  
 On me Captiue haue pittie,  
 Whelpe answered hastily,  
 What he sayd, arte thou not Guy,  
 Segardes sonne my Lordes Steward,  
 Thou speakest a foule forwarde,  
 In great folly thou werte brought,  
 When thou this thing tooke at thought,  
 Though thou it oughtest thou werte myngler,  
 Thou holdest me at a little price,  
 A great foole thou holdest me now,  
 And at euill schoole taught were thou,  
 Thou shamest me, wotest thou not that,  
 That Earle Bohound me begat,  
 How should I loue thee now Guy,  
 That thou arest me such folly,  
 Yet found I neuer old man nor yong,  
 That durst aske such a thing.

Earle

Earle, Barren, & Knight of the shire,  
 And if I loved now a woman,  
 Euill had I led me than,  
 Thou arte my fathers liege man.  
 If I should thee to Leinman take,  
 And so many Lordes as I haue forsake,  
 Kinges, Princes, Earles and Barons,  
 And Lordes of many good Townes.  
 That would haue had me to wyfe,  
 And neuer had me in their lyfe.  
 Then did I bid her to fynde,  
 When might she say then that I were dynde.  
 But by my faith that I might be,  
 If I tolde my father of this.  
 He would thee to hang and draw,  
 So that all other should haue a we,  
 And beware by thee how to say,  
 Their Lordes daughter to bid to say,  
 By she he sayd, and from the wyfe,  
 That I thee here no more see.  
 Then sayd Guy, as he was to do,  
 Lady he sayd by my faith to do,  
 That I of thee no more shall haue,  
 Certes for thy loue when shall I come,  
 As a mad man of love I see,  
 For loue of thee my faith I see,  
 Certes my loue is so upon thee sette,  
 That no man here to say I see,  
 Unto that I be dead certes,  
 Myselfe under the more payne,  
 B.iii. Guy

Guy then rose vp and went forth full ofte  
 Unto his chamber sighing full oft  
 Now listen I desire what you  
 That Guy suffered for Iabels sake  
 More sorrow then that time had he  
 He had no man before in he  
 Unto his chamber came Guyon  
 And in great sorrow he layde him downe  
 He thought his hart would to peeces  
 For he of loue might neuer weake  
 Ofte he sayd alas what shall I doe  
 Now have I Iabels no more go to  
 He late in his Chamber all alone  
 And truly he made there his moane  
 So sorry a man was he neuer yet  
 He rote his clothes and drew his beard  
 Of loue he playned him sorely  
 That tormented him so deadly  
 Loue he sayd but thou art fake  
 Of thee I must my death take  
 Loue he sayd let me haue rest  
 Or certes thou wilt my hart rest  
 This lyfe may not long dure  
 So too in trouble was neuer creature  
 Thou doest me my clothes rive  
 And makest me I may not churye  
 I may no: certes defend me  
 So sore I am tormented with thee  
 Ofte thou doest me fall to grounde  
 And ofte thou makest me sigh and sounde

Alas loue what may I saye, I quod such will  
 Thou doest me worse both night and daye, and  
 Certes I would fayne be deade, this I woe  
 For now it were my best reade, I quod such will  
 O death hast thee vnto me, I quod such will  
 Thou doest me worse thus in woe to be, I quod such will  
 Loue doth my handes wryng, I quod such will  
 And oft tyme well I maye to sing, I quod such will  
 All my wittes is cleane gone from me, I quod such will  
 Wherefore death I may take me to thee, I quod such will  
 For I haue no ioye of my lyfe, I quod such will  
 Loue hath me brought in such a stryfe, I quod such will  
 That I am worthe my death full nathe, I quod such will  
 For well I wote she loveth me neuer a deale, I quod such will  
 He turne to me then will he nathe, I quod such will  
 For whome I am in this woe brought, I quod such will  
 For holden he is a foole of all, I quod such will  
 That taketh a charge that doth him fall, I quod such will  
 So did I, what shall I doe, I quod such will  
 To the wyndmills I will be hynthe, I quod such will  
 And behelde that tower to hye, I quod such will  
 A tower, then sayd I, I will, I quod such will  
 In thee is that mayden bight, I quod such will  
 For whome I molme both day and night, I quod such will  
 Other I maye haue no dell, I quod such will  
 Loue hath gyven me a feble melle, I quod such will  
 Alas to woe why doest not fall, I quod such will  
 Castell, stones, and chambers all, I quod such will  
 Then might I see that mayden bight, I quod such will  
 For whome I am in this pite, I quod such will

C.I.

After

After that Guy sighed sore,  
 Then was his care more and more,  
 Soone after upon a morning,  
 In swooning he fell down to ground.  
 Alas he sayd, that ever I was borne,  
 For lone I haue my life forlorne,  
 Loue he sayd, woe thou hast had my heart,  
 For thou haste my life departed.  
 Thee may not deare, deare no, shew  
 Into thy mercy therfore I me yeele.  
 He is leauer to dye certayne,  
 Then longer to suffer this woofull payne,  
 No worth the hope of a day,  
 That ever I take thy body of mye.  
 To serue thee well I did me payne,  
 And ill I haue my meede againe,  
 I loue thee with all my might,  
 And thou not me, that is mye might.  
 Thou haste the wele, and I the woe,  
 It greueth me not my life to looe.  
 Certes thou art a wicked wight,  
 If I dye for loue of thy sight.  
 When I saw thy middle small,  
 I was so inuironed withall,  
 Where through I am brought in such trouble,  
 That I hope neuer to be heyle.  
 In such wo was Guy right,  
 That seuen day, and seuen night,  
 All they that might him see,  
 Of him had great pitee.

**T**he Earle Robard the death to sayne,  
 Was woe yonghe for Guyes payne:  
 All men eake of that Countrey,  
 Of Guyes woe had great pittie:  
 Listen Lordinges I shal you teache,  
 How Earle Robard sent his leche,  
 To wete at Guy what euill he had,  
 To leche him and make him glad,  
 The leche came to Guy forth,  
 And asked him often syth,  
 Where he felt his euill met,  
 On back, on syde, or on his brest,  
 Then sayd Guy with great desyre,  
 I haue an euill as hote as fyre,  
 My body brenneth as any glede,  
 Night and day such lyfe I leade,  
 After the heate I haue a colde,  
 That greeneth me more a thousand folde,  
 That me thinketh my lyfe will awaye,  
 Such lyfe I leade night and day,  
 Of my payne can I no more,  
 But thus I liue in paynes sore,  
 The Leche sayd it is a fevery,  
 Thou sayest truth then sayd for Guy,  
 The Leche did that he could done,  
 But Medicine might awaye him none,  
 But that he might haue that Day at will,  
 The Leche yede, and Guy left still.  
 Alas he sayd fayre Creature,  
 How long shall I in payne indure.

C.ij.

The

The death I pray that the tender,  
 That it may bring me to an end,  
 Well I wote she loveth me thought,  
 For whom I am in this woe brought,  
 For I saw never her body gone,  
 Thus am I brought in great torment,  
 And if I go to her again,  
 To her Lorde she will be gone,  
 But thereof I will not care,  
 Though I should dye right downe there,  
 That I shall to her gone,  
 What give I forte though that the night,  
 The sonne that is to hote above,  
 Ne as neuer so hote as is my love,  
 Unto her I will what so betide,  
 And say to her what woe I bide,  
 If she me blame for my sake,  
 Love I shall to wait and bide,  
 And say he made me hither to flee,  
 That I ne might withholde me,  
 Of Cup let we a stound be,  
 And of a byspon he will be,  
 Which befell vpon a night,  
 In Chamber before she lay the bright.

How an Angell came to Phyllis the bright,  
 In her Chamber as she slept in the night.



**A**S Phelys laye and wepe in her  
Her thought the cause of her weeping  
In the fourme of a thyng  
That to her sayde with wordes myght  
Phelys dreade the right myght  
That I thee delt in the thought  
Bethynke the for thou doest  
And art brought in a wretched world  
That thou wilt not that lone lone  
That true is and lasteth long  
Neuerthelless though it poore be  
All thy desyre yet might thou see  
Despyte how may be sayde than  
That is thyn owne true love and man

Can.

For

For coneyte of wordes good,  
 Who so it doth, I holde him wood,  
 Bethinke thee now in thy thought  
 And loue that man that loue hath sought.  
 And leaue thy coneyte wyll,  
 O elese than the wyll.  
 For loue is here and loue is colde,  
 And loue maketh a man both yong and olde,  
 But true loue is good to haue,  
 Though it be of a poor knaue.  
 Loue for riches is false and feinte,  
 When pouertie cometh it is afteinte,  
 For whether they saye alas alas,  
 That euer them betide that cas.  
 That we shoulde dwell same,  
 For in our hart was neuer game.  
 But of our game and of our cas,  
 And such loues must needs be cas.  
 Suche loue is coneyte,  
 That tendeth in the deuiles seruise.  
 Therefore whelpe I rede thee wel,  
 That thou tynge thy thought enen dele.  
 And loue him with all thy might,  
 That loueth thee both day and night.  
 With that worde he went away,  
 Out of the chamber there whelpe lay.  
 Whelpe held well in her thought,  
 The word that the Angell her thought.  
 Of whelpe let me now see,  
 And of Guy here shall see.

Now

**N**ow Guy role by some anone, and he  
 An intowarde is he gone, all that way  
 Lorde he sayde, I forsooke, I wol not be  
 I go to seeke my dearelye, mynyn and myn  
 He thinketh it a foolis orde, to goe  
 That goeth to seeke his owne dearelye  
 With that fell Guy in fowling, and he  
 And when he rose with dulle mynde  
 Alas he sayde this full his herte  
 No wonder though I me be wene, and he  
 Forsooth he sayde I wyll goe, and he  
 Whether it turne to weale or woe, and he  
 Guy came to court, and he sayde, and he  
 And care he had, and he sayde, and he  
 He yede into a garden, and he  
 And there he founde, and he  
 On knees he fell, and he  
 Weppng he sayde, and he  
 I wote it well, I am but shene, and he  
 For I have broke thy commandment, and he  
 For I am come thus agayne, and he  
 But why it is, I wyll you sayne, and he  
 On lyue may I no longer bee, and he  
 But I have the love of thee, and he  
 Thy love, and he  
 Hath brought me in great misery, and he  
 Well I wote, I deede, and he  
 But if thou have on me mercy, and he  
 Myne hart ever hath thee to be, and he  
 So is my love, and he

C. iij.

Though

Though men sette any body hate,  
 My harte shall neuer from thea departe,  
 I shall thee loue forsooth to say:  
 Ever vnto my ending dayes,  
 Whoe were lether my death were come,  
 Then thus in love to be alwaye none,  
 Loue mee doth so forethwart,  
 That I haue to chine harte stored,  
 If thy Lorde wylt than sayde he,  
 That I so fore thus loued thee,  
 He woulde mee to death doe,  
 And no man shoulde me shelde therefro,  
 And that I helpe shelde to thee,  
 If I for thy loue dead shoulde be,  
 But though I dye in paynes full,  
 For thee I take it with good will,  
 I ne reche what come to mee,  
 For thy loue dead woulde I be,  
 With that Guy felbin a fellowing,  
 And I helpe shelde his falling,  
 Of him she had great pite,  
 Vnto her mayden then sayde she,  
 Kyle and go take my Guy here,  
 And make hym come hither,  
 The mayden yddel Guy dyd,  
 And took hym with good wyll,  
 She sayd by God this Guy,  
 Were I the fayrest mayde of all,  
 And my father can Guy take,  
 The richest aloue of them,  
 I shoulde

If his love were so set on me,  
 As me thinketh it is on thee,  
 All my love should he have,  
 Though he were but a pore knave,  
 Guy rose by then fro swooning,  
 Him helpe by the mayden yong,  
 Unto Guy sayd I helpe thee free,  
 Nayl thou slea thy selfe for me,  
 Unto my Father send shall I,  
 And altogether him say why,  
 How thou of love haste belought me,  
 To death then will he doe thee,  
 Then sayd Guy as him they,  
 He would God that were so,  
 Of my death then thou were in chafe,  
 Were it wrong, or were it reason,  
 To have the death leaue me woe,  
 Then to drinke when me thou seest  
 With that Guy fell in swooning,  
 For feeblenesse of his moeruing,  
 Then sayd Phelis I have pittie,  
 Of that woe thou haste for me,  
 For certes Guy the sayd than,  
 In this world is no woman,  
 Pe Lady lofayr and free,  
 That thou ne shouldst thy love have,  
 And thou thereafter no more care,  
 Then sayd Guy Phelis let be,  
 For well I wote thou lovest me,  
 Neuerthelesse but thou love me be sayd,  
 Guy

All my loyes do home be layde,  
 Guy she sayd thou haste lone sought,  
 Therefore chaunged is my thought,  
 Therefore she sayd harken hinto me,  
 And all my will I will say thee,  
 But though I say thee my will,  
 Holde thou not my wordes at all,  
 I will she sayd lone no bight,  
 But if he be a dubbed knight,  
 Fayre and good, and of blood copall,  
 Thereto holde, and curteous holden ouer all,  
 And when thou art proued in a town and feeld,  
 The doughtyest knight with speare and sheeld,  
 That in this world lyand,  
 And weyne haste into thy hande,  
 Noble Citties, Castels and Towers,  
 In sondry Landes with great honours,  
 Come to me, and thou shalt haue myng and ned,  
 All my loue to God me canel,  
 And when he hearde this tyding,  
 He tooke by a sore syghing,  
 For loy swoned certayne,  
 and Whelys rayled him loone agayne,  
 Guy then tooke his leue to go,  
 In hundered wynter he thought and mo,  
 Tyll he was dubbed knight,  
 Of the Earle that Roband hight,  
 Guy to the Earle on his knees him set,  
 And full curteously him greete,  
 So he sayd, I pray you fight,  
 That ye would do make me knight,

I shall you serue that I maye  
 Be my lord and shalbe ayde  
 Forsoth sayde the Cite I well gladly  
 Harneys he dyght redy for Guy  
 And dubbed him knight to make  
 And thirty squyers for his sake  
 It fell ryght at the tyme of the Trinite  
 That Guy dubbed knyght should be  
 And with him thirty squyers  
 Barons sonnes that were his peers  
 There was no squier of them a plight  
 That wanted ought when they were dyght  
 Of clothes of sylke ryche and spene  
 And Mantels furred with good amptie  
 Good armes they had, and good destriers  
 And good halfrayes, and good bowmen  
 Guy was anon dubbed knyght  
 Noble and gay he was to dyght  
 To Whelis then Guy can gone  
 And sayde to her, deare Lammion anon  
 well thou wotest that I have bee  
 In greate mourning for the wise of the  
 And now I am full hale and ryght  
 and for thy loue made a knyght  
 Now am I come to doe thy will  
 and with thee to speake my fill  
 Whelis answered and sayde on the  
 Haste thee not to doo thy will  
 For right now art thou widd and mowe  
 Of doughty dedes then thou wotest wel  
 Nor no better arte thou a plight

Saue onely thou hast the order of knyght,  
 But when thou hast bene in dures landes,  
 And proued to doughty of thy handes,  
 That thou haue in this world no pite,  
 Of doughty dedes farre ne nether.  
 Then sayd he helpethou that haue me,  
 Certes hee sayde that shall neuer be,  
 That I shalbe so doughty,  
 But for thy loue traunple shall I,  
 In dyuerse landes nyght and daye,  
 His leue he tooke and went his way,  
 And to his father then went he syght,  
 He sayde syr now I am knyght,  
 I will passe ouer beyonde the sea,  
 In dedes of armes proued to bee.  
 Then was his father glad certayne,  
 He prayde God sende him some wynges,  
 Of my treasure some sayd hee,  
 At thy wyll take it unto thee,  
 And all thyng that longeth thee too,  
 At thyne owne wyll therewith to doo,  
 Guyes father also yerned,  
 Sought after Heraude of arberne,  
 For he shoulde go with guy,  
 His mayster was a baron hardy,  
 Heraude he sayde listen vnto mee,  
 With guy thou must passe ouer the sea,  
 For he is right tender and shy,  
 I be take him into the helyng,  
 And take with you Heraude and guy,  
 I holde you three knyghtes doughty,  
 with

with Guy ye shall face all thre,  
 For well in you trust I mee,  
 The knightes sayde all there,  
 Gladly they woulde with him fare,  
 Then Guy tooke leaue at Erie Rohande,  
 And came agayne and tooke he rand,  
 Syr Borsde and good syr Gery also,  
 And all that he had neede of tho,  
 They went into the sea anone,  
 And passed ouer fayre euery chone,  
 Lysten now without tanglyng,  
 How Guy dyd in his beginning,  
 And how he wanne the fyrr pyce,  
 And how he him bare for fayre Phelys.  
 In Normandy then came Guy,  
 To winne him pyce as a knyght hardy,  
 He rode forth be fath and fell,  
 Of dedes of armes to heare tell,  
 I tell you sekerly without delay,  
 He rode many a wylsome way,  
 Auentures to to seeke and fynde,  
 On dedes of armes was all his mynde,  
 And thus he rode day by day,  
 And himselfe well can assaye,  
 For where soeuer that he came,  
 The maystry all toth him he name,  
 Unto Rone in Normandy,  
 Full fast they ther the wylde Guy,  
 So it fell agayne in charyte,  
 That he myght no further ryde,  
 Then acquainted woulde he bee,  
 In Rone in that fayre Cytie,

Anone they were redy to suppere,  
 Guy and his knyghtes in feare;  
 Ryte was the meat that before them was set  
 So was the wyne both wyment and Claret,  
 Syr Guy to him byd call his hoste,  
 To suppe with him without hoste,  
 And when they had supped everythone,  
 To his Hoste Guy spake anone,  
 Some tydinges he sayde tell thou mee,  
 If thou canste of this countrie,  
 Where any Justes shalbe nigh hande,  
 Holden any where in any lande,  
 Of toynement or of assembly,  
 Of Barons or of knyghtes free,  
 For in the strete shieldes sawe I,  
 Therefore I am sayd for Guy,  
 Syr then sayd that good man,  
 Tydinges tell you I can,  
 All together why and what it is,  
 Of the sheeldes that ye sawe I wis,  
 There is a mayden bright and shene,  
 That in this countrie woneth I wene,  
 Her father forsoth to sayne,  
 Is the Emperoure of Almayne,  
 A toynement he hath done crye,  
 Was neuer such in Normandye,  
 There is no knyght in al Spayne,  
 Ne in all the coste of Bortayne,  
 Ne no squire that armes hath none,  
 That they ne shall thether come,  
 And who so may with good defence,  
 Wate

Beare him best in that tourment,  
 And can ought of paramour;  
 If he be a man of any honour,  
 So in happe God may them speede,  
 If he his lyfe in loue woulde leade.  
 His desyre then may he haue,  
 And no more thereafter cease;  
 And who so be dooughty that day,  
 In that place win he maye,  
 Great manhoode, and great honour,  
 And that Mayden Blaunch flower,  
 Thither shall come knightes many a one,  
 From all the sydes of the world great wone,  
 To Turney for Blaunch flower,  
 Keyners Daughter the Emperour,  
 At that Tourament shall she be,  
 It self is him that may win that free.  
 With her shall come a Gersawcon,  
 Whyte as mylke, to fight well bowene,  
 And a whyte mylke Scedde also,  
 And two whyte Greboundes thereto,  
 And that Mayden gent and free,  
 All forsooth haue shall he,  
 That best may beare him there,  
 Be he knight, or be he Squire,  
 Thus he tolde Guy this Tyding,  
 and Guy was neuer so glad of thing,  
 Guy his knightes began to call,  
 Lordinges he sayd, be glad all.  
 Good tydinges I haue this day,  
 Therefore his Host he gaue a Balfray.

D.iii.

And

And on the Maypole Guy and his knyghtes,  
 Rode forth on their way anon rightes,  
 Till they came vnto that tournameynt,  
 There they found many a knight gent,  
 Houed in a fayre large field,  
 With Helme on head, with speare and sheelde,  
 All about hem Guy ganseene,  
 And saw many a man armed cleene,  
 All the feelde both dale and den,  
 Was full of cleane armed men,  
 Both with Target and with Speare,  
 And eche sayed other Downe to beare.



**W**hen they were brought all thence ymmed  
 Of Iudas there began a ghastrous din  
 There were princes and barons with the Duke,  
 Dukes, Barons, and many nobles to be seen,  
 Out of a rage there rode a knight,  
 Fryke and force he had in hand,  
 Guy axed a knight of his name,  
 What man it was that rode so fast  
 He sayd he was the King of Castile,  
 A proude knyght, hardy and valiant,  
 To Iudas he would be no foe,  
 If he fynde any that was a knyght,  
 And when that he had sayd this,  
 That Guye to Iudas was a knyght,  
 Guy picked out of his hand,  
 A knyght he founde hardy and valiant,  
 And he rode away from the place,  
 And Iudas was wroth with Guy,  
 Guye smote Iudas with his sword,  
 Northward he rode with his horse,  
 That his horse was a good one,  
 Good was the horse that he rode,  
 Guy smote Guye with his sword,  
 That horse and man were both dead,  
 Guy took the horse and the man,  
 And let the horse and the man go,  
 How began the story of Guy,  
 Also fast he was a knight,  
 He dyd his name to the world,  
 Among the knyghts that were there,

Many a good freghted toke that day  
 And many a horse he had in hand  
 And many a good horse he had in hand  
 All that he had he had in hand  
 Guy knoweth he had in hand  
 That he had in hand he had in hand  
 The fellow he had in hand he had in hand  
 Had to go with him he had in hand  
 For he had in hand he had in hand  
 And that he had in hand he had in hand  
 Through the shoulder he had in hand  
 Down to the ground he had in hand  
 He may say that he had in hand  
 Another time he had in hand  
 Fourth then came he had in hand  
 Of Celoppe he had in hand  
 With grace he had in hand  
 And sayd abowt he had in hand  
 Euell he sayd he had in hand  
 That thou gaue he had in hand  
 For him I wote he had in hand  
 He is my own he had in hand  
 And I am my own he had in hand  
 For he is my own he had in hand  
 Curle and I am my own he had in hand  
 Forsooth I am my own he had in hand  
 Guy tush'd him and he had in hand  
 That in the feeble he had in hand  
 Guy toke the he had in hand  
 And rode and he had in hand

Have here agayne the story of the original of the  
 well might of the noble knight of the red  
 The Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 And left the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Syr knight of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Where the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Guy of Warwick knight of the North and the Duke of the South  
 In England the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Forth then came the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 An hardy knight and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 With a sharp sword and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 And fought Guy of Warwick knight of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Guy him mette and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Together they fought and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Harde byntes they fought and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 As men that had the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Eche on other so fast they fought and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 That through the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Both they were hardy and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 But the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Forth with that came the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 And to the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Such a stroke he gave the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 That horse and man for the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Hereaude no longer the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 But to another knight the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 So he fought the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 That he fell down and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 Hereaude bare him and the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South  
 And so did the Duke of the North and the Duke of the South

All the knyghtes that were there were arrayed  
 To fight with them in the field of battle  
 There men of arms and other knyghtes were  
 And every man of arms and other knyghtes  
 There men of arms and other knyghtes were  
 Eche ladydon with great array  
 Their names all in a list were set  
 For all to long then was the list  
 No man may in this world find  
 Of hardy knyghtes of this degree  
 Then was the day of the battle  
 That day he had a great victory  
 And on the place of the battle  
 The day was the day of the battle  
 He had the pyrron battle  
 For man that could be so hardy  
 And for the hardy knyghtes of the world  
 When it came to the battle  
 That every knyght was hardy  
 The Duke of Burgundy was hardy  
 A daughter of the Duke of Burgundy  
 He layde a daughter of the Duke of Burgundy  
 Leth all the world knowe  
 This Gersamont and his wife  
 And these Gersamont and his wife  
 For whome these Gersamont and his wife  
 He shall them knowe  
 That is the name of the Duke of Burgundy  
 For in the world of the Duke of Burgundy

The Duke sayd to all his sannes, to all his doughters  
 That Guy was worthy the chivalrye, and  
 Then crye they all that turne myghte, adsy on  
 That Guy should have that fayne present, most  
 when the tyme of tounge all done, and all done  
 Guy rode to his inne well soone, and dallas ynd  
 And vnarmed he had his gloues, and his  
 For of Iustice he was worthy, and of vnder  
 Now listen all that be here, I am to shew you  
 How the Emperour of Rome, and his doughter  
 Sent to Guy that fayne present, and his  
 For cheste knight of this tyme, and his  
 The Emperour of Rome, and his doughter  
 To Guy that fayne present, and his  
 The Squire sayd, and his fayne present, and his  
 Knight of this world most worthy, and his  
 Therefore the Emperour of Rome, and his  
 Gretefully the hall to his fayne present, and his  
 And sende to the fayne present, and his  
 From his doughter, and his fayne present, and his  
 This Gerfawon and his doughter, and his  
 And these Grephounde, and his fayne present, and his  
 And the loue of the Emperour of Rome, and his  
 Euer to be at the fayne present, and his  
 Guy sayd my friend, and his fayne present, and his  
 This present I will be glad, and his fayne present, and his  
 And the loue of the Emperour of Rome, and his  
 For euer she shall call me knight, and his fayne present, and his  
 Guy dubbed her, and his fayne present, and his  
 For he came from the fayne present, and his  
 And gaue him gifts, and his fayne present, and his

And all that came to the court of the king  
 That saw the king's daughter, and the king  
 And the queen, and the king's daughter  
 From the king's daughter, and the king  
 and she was never so glad of thing  
 Guy called his men to him, and he said  
 That gladly would he do the king's command  
 Take here he said, this is the king's daughter  
 and make it into England, be the king's daughter  
 and give it to the king, and the king's daughter  
 for my chiefest love, and the king's daughter  
 Unto England, and the king's daughter  
 at the court of the king, and the king's daughter  
 They greeted him with great joy, and the king's daughter  
 and delivered him to the king's daughter, and the king's daughter  
 They said, Guy, with great joy, and the king's daughter  
 and Rayner's daughter, the king's daughter  
 and as they were at the court of the king, and the king's daughter  
 They told him of the king's daughter, and the king's daughter  
 when the king's daughter of that time, and the king's daughter  
 he was never so glad of thing, and the king's daughter  
 for that Guy had done, and the king's daughter  
 his father and his mother, and the king's daughter  
 and all their friends, glad of the king's daughter  
 for Guy was so noble a man, and the king's daughter  
 when Guy had such honour, and the king's daughter  
 with Rayner's daughter, the king's daughter  
 at the court of the king, and the king's daughter  
 Leave he said, and the king's daughter  
 To win him, and the king's daughter  
 In duers, and the king's daughter

In Almanace in Hamberde and ending out  
In France in the countie of Normand  
From turning out his hand he got from and out of  
And over all he had the best of his and his  
Greate honour he went into the countie of  
And when that he got to the countie of  
Into Normand the way he went of  
In Rome his time took he to go to  
The best of his time he took to go to  
Then sayde Heraude to Guy,

And giftes he gaue him great plenty  
 Glad was his father of his coming,  
 So was his mother with her young son or  
 And all his friendes of that countree  
 So Noble a man was he  
 Now listen lordings how he sayd  
 I wende to helpe you fader and mow  
 For to wote of her we had or ann  
 And what answer he gaue to the



My husband hath bene a good lord  
 And curteous to great her honour, yet yet  
 Lemman he sayde to her, for yet  
 For certayne for my life I have, not yet  
 Haddest thou not bene, I had ben dede, not yet  
 Or fallen in some other queues, not yet  
 To take any, althou mightest me,  
 And then saydest my lemmann free, not yet  
 That when I were in lands forny,  
 Prayed for most noble and doughty, not yet  
 Then thou wouldest me the love give,  
 Without that may I not live, not yet  
 Now I am come my lemmann free,  
 The wyll to myde and to here, not yet  
 Whelys and word him haffely, not yet  
 Haffely not yet the sayd Guy, not yet  
 Yet art thou not so happy, not yet  
 But that another is my lord, not yet  
 Thou arte the sayde noble knight, not yet  
 Hardy bold and myghty of myght, not yet  
 But Guy he sayde that other knight,  
 If I were at the wyll to myde, not yet  
 So amorous thou shouldest become,  
 And with my love to be true, not yet  
 That thou shouldest armes leue,  
 And all thy price it shouldest thee reue,  
 That thou hadst become into love and feebe,  
 Through dures and cruel with love and free,  
 And that were a happy thing,  
 That thy price for my love I geve.

of myght and myghty  
 There

Therefore by this world the world is full of  
 My will to thee now will I shew you  
 At thy will gettest thou my will, I shew you  
 Till thou be doughty a knight be thou  
 That thou have in this world no peer  
 In no lande farre as yett I know  
 And that thou be the myrrour of the world  
 and flour of all chivalrye I shew you  
 And when thou shalt be able to be  
 That in this world be none so bold  
 Thou shalt then have the love of many  
 At thy will so will I be, I shew you  
 Whyle that my life maye laste I shew you  
 No man but thou my love shalt have  
 When Guy herde her thus speake, I shew you  
 Him thought his heart was full of love  
 Whels he sayd to Guy, I shew you  
 Then get I never the love of thee, I shew you  
 For that shall never befall, I shew you  
 That I should be the flour of all chivalrye  
 But my love is full of love, I shew you  
 and into strange landes I shew you  
 Of the death I shew you  
 For if I dye it were for thee, I shew you  
 But when Guy herd this tale, I shew you  
 with mery chere I shew you  
 And sayde I shew you  
 And weeping he wente to his home, I shew you  
 Home he wente to his home, I shew you  
 There thought he to dwell in love, I shew you  
 Forth to the Erie of Barre went he,

To take leaue to passe the sea, and to seeke adventure  
 Sir Guy sayd to his father, I am come now, I am ready to  
 Leave to take I am come now, I am ready to  
 To passe the sea I will undertake it, I am ready to  
 To winne my pryce in diuers landes, I am ready to  
 For if I may once pryce my self, I am ready to  
 The more I may be in the world, I am ready to  
 And well the more is my honour, I am ready to  
 That ye haue my great chalour, I am ready to  
 And the more men shall be with me, I am ready to  
 In every lande rounde about, I am ready to  
 Leape Sir Guy sayd to his father, I am ready to  
 Tell me wherefore I am to be in the world, I am ready to  
 Of horse, of armour, of bow, of sword, of shield, I am ready to  
 Of gold, of silver, of other thing, I am ready to  
 For Gods sake, I am ready to  
 And thou shalt haue my horse, my armour, my bow, my sword, my shield, I am ready to  
 and at thy will, I am ready to  
 Of hunting, and of reuering, I am ready to  
 And what thou wilt, I am ready to  
 Therefore Guy, I am ready to  
 I will be at home, I am ready to  
 Certes, I am ready to  
 Of all good deedes, I am ready to  
 Leane he tooke, and forthwith went, I am ready to  
 To his father, or he would, I am ready to  
 Father he sayd, I am ready to  
 For to take my leaue, I am ready to  
 Fare I will be, I am ready to  
 To win me pryce with spere and launce,

f.4.

Therefore



Guy came into Normandy,  
 And there he did many mayntes,  
 Wyth he went into Spayne,  
 And after that into Italye,  
 In his yowth trauayle must he,  
 To Turnament and to Joustes fight,  
 To win him prey as an hardy knyght,  
 And so he went to Spayne truely,  
 He had the flower of chivalrye,  
 To Lombardy then went he,  
 There found he knyghtes great plenty,  
 There was Barone ne knyght none,  
 But that they loved Guy every thynge,  
 For he was both curteous and large,  
 Doughty and good vnder a Targe,  
 Upon a day without leasing,  
 Guy came to Jousting,  
 In his syde he had a wound,  
 That sore greened him that wound,  
 That wyse full well Duke Otton,  
 Of Bary that foule felon,  
 He thought to slea Guy certayne,  
 For Guy him wounded in Britayne,  
 There he was at Turnement,  
 Therefore he gaue meent,  
 Unto sye Guy that reche wound,  
 That he had a sore wound,  
 He called the Targe Lombard full light,  
 That holden was a doughty knyght,  
 And other of his knyghtes to slea,

In euery neede harde and heome  
 Lordinges he sayde hilen vnto me  
 All my leege men be ye  
 I will that ye at one assent  
 That ye doe my commaundement  
 Make you redy for to fyght  
 wryth a doughty wounded knight  
 That in my Lande certayne  
 Is come to warre me agayne  
 It is Guy that hath that wounde  
 Therefore ye shall weare this bounde  
 That ye shall ryde him agayne  
 Into the Forrest that night playne  
 And him abyde for any cyle  
 Pryuily in that same place  
 And hyde you vnder a tree  
 There Guy shall come wryth his knyghtes thre  
 Slea his men hastily  
 And bring me his childe body  
 Into my pryson I shall him do  
 For no raundome he shall be go  
 Syr they sayd, we shall all plect  
 Go do thy wyl in that Forrest  
 They ridden forth armed with payde  
 Good Syr Guy thete to abyde  
 And as Guy came ryding forby  
 Horse he hearde theyng on hye  
 He looked and saw he was many one  
 Lord he sayd we have my gone  
 But good God vs he we full of might

Here

Here we shall dye in this place,  
 Of his fiede he lyght a doone,  
 And on his maile keel swyn,  
 And his armour he tene wel boone,  
 As a good knyght ought to doone,  
 Fellowes he sayd god be speede,  
 Defende vs now for our halle neede,  
 Defend you well this eche day,  
 And what I say if I may,  
 But god wyll no Lumborde,  
 This daye shall fynde no cowarde,  
 Heraude say he ye have a wounde,  
 Therfore with drawe you a fownde,  
 And here god you here and see,  
 For this path hope well we see,  
 For leuer we are to dye mee so,  
 Then thou to dye and we also,  
 Nay Heraude sayd swyn anon,  
 Fro you certes shall I not goon,  
 Lysten Lordings geare and crye,  
 Of guy and of bakyngher sneye,  
 Howe they were kepte in that place,  
 And fallen looke at that place,  
 A Lumborde came by that way,  
 A him selfe hee held full noble and free,  
 He rodyng on a steed full good and true,  
 Heeld thee hee for a good knyght,  
 To dyke and to dore hee was,  
 And with my hande I may the see,  
 Onk

Thou:

Thou lyest quod Guy so mote I thee  
 And right with that Guy gave him a dunt  
 That anon right his life was stunte  
 Guy thought then no man to spare  
 Another Lumbard he smote there  
 Through the body with his honde  
 That he fell dead under his honde  
 Forth came Heruade Guyes fellowe  
 To the Lumbardes stode he none awo  
 With a stout Lumbard he mette  
 And with a stroke he hym grete  
 That his head felle of full fyghte  
 And so he leached him to fight  
 Forth then came Sir Morow  
 And there he made as good fowld  
 To a Lumbard that he met  
 Suche a stroke he hym set  
 That through his body glode his honde  
 And he fell dead upon the sonde  
 Forth then came Sir Arrey  
 On horse or foote a knight hardy  
 He met a Lumbard in that battayle  
 And smote him so without faule  
 That he bare him do lowe on the sonde  
 Through the body with his honde  
 There men might see many fighting  
 Of fewe men without leching  
 Suche venter they gave with the hand  
 That none armour might them withstande  
 Now haue ye hardy knyghts Guy  
 And

And his three knyghtes are hardy,  
 Borne them agaynst the Lumbardes there,  
 and what the Lumbardes shalpe hall heare,  
 forth then came Erie Lumbardes, god and chere,  
 Stoute on Steede with a sworde,  
 Guyes knyght he slue Werry,  
 Therefore Heraude was sorry,  
 Heraude smote him with hasty rebbe,  
 For venge he woulde Werryes dede,  
 Through the hart he bare him toone,  
 That he was dead it was well done,  
 Forth then came Syr Hewson,  
 A knyght belibbe Duke Oton,  
 The doughtyest of that Lande,  
 On a Steede well commande,  
 Guyes knyght he slue Bonolde,  
 Right before Syr Heraude,  
 when Heraude saw him fall to ground,  
 He was sorry ynough that sound,  
 To Hewson he ran him thow,  
 To smyte him he stode none awe,  
 Through the hert Heraude him smote,  
 There he dyed well I wote,  
 Forth then came Syr Gancere,  
 A proude knyght, hardy and fere,  
 Syr Heraude he smote tho,  
 That many a day he might not go,  
 He smote him thowgh at the res,  
 That Heraude there with his horse les,  
 when Guy saw Heraude persey,  
 Fallen downe do wone of his palfrey.

For woe certes he was nere woode;  
 Gynther he smote with angry moode,  
 Right through the harte Gyn him stonge,  
 With his good sword that was so longe,  
 Gynnes knyghtes were felled euerichone,  
 And in that place was Gyn alone,  
 Such care was come him to,  
 That nyghe his hart brast in two;  
 The knyghtes of Lyndardy also;  
 To death every chone were doo,  
 Out take thre knyghtes doughty,  
 That layde on eche syde to Gyn,  
 Gyn in the body had a wounde,  
 And his enemies whole and sounde,  
 Gyn fought with them all thre,  
 One of theyr heads smote of he,  
 Forth then came Syr Gincharde,  
 That was a stout Limbarde,  
 Gyn he layde pesse the fight,  
 Thou mayst no longer endure to fight,  
 In many peeces I see thy sheelde,  
 All to broken in the feeelde,  
 Thyne hauberke that is double mayle,  
 and thyne helme thee now fayle,  
 Thou arte wounded that is not good,  
 Out of thy syde runneth bloud,  
 I see right well by thy chere,  
 Thou mayst no longer fight here,  
 I shall thee leade to Duke Otton,  
 He shall thee done in his prisson,  
 Gyn answered him on hye,

As egre Lpou with hart hardy, red had nod  
 Though my shield be all to broke, forst coahise  
 Met arte thou not on me toche, ynd ei mndou  
 whyle I may on fote stande, ynd dealed in  
 And whyle I haue my good brande, ynd an dms  
 Gyncharde could well of fight, ynd dms  
 And smote Guy in the shield bright, ynd dms  
 A quarter of Guyes shield he brake, ynd dms  
 To the shoulder of he spake, ynd dms  
 an hundred nayles he share asunder, ynd dms  
 It hurt not Guy, and that was wonder, ynd dms  
 For that stroke Guy was wroth, ynd dms  
 But if he were wroken he were loth, ynd dms  
 worth yre Gyncharde he smote, ynd dms  
 That he felt where it bote, ynd dms  
 I dint he gaue him with great strength, ynd dms  
 Through his bodye his sword length, ynd dms  
 Then turned Gyncharde faste endy, ynd dms  
 And guy after full faste suard, ynd dms  
 His horse was good, he rode his way, ynd dms  
 Guy turned agayne forth to say, ynd dms  
 Gyncharde rode forth soyer, ynd dms  
 Towarde the Duke of pany, ynd dms  
 He saw the Duke to Towne warde go, ynd dms  
 The Duke beheld him also, ynd dms  
 The Duke stode, and bode a throwe, ynd dms  
 Till he could gyncharde know, ynd dms  
 He was a sorry man to see, ynd dms  
 The Duke Otton sayde come speake with me,  
 Gyncharde he sayd, what may there ayle,  
 G. in Thou

Thou hast bene in stronge battayle,  
 And with a wicked stroke thou hast slayn thy knyght,  
 Where is Guy of warre to the now? he is dead.  
 Syr he sayd Guy we mette, maynynge algeden  
 And as ye had me him belette,  
 His knyghtes were slewe every chone,  
 And him selfe myghte not gone,  
 He had done his shewe I knowe,  
 All my felowes but me he slawe,  
 Where is he woldan my cosyn,  
 He sayd dede by saynt martyn,  
 Where is the Erie Lamberte the doghty,  
 Syr he sayde heeth dede hym by the way,  
 When Duke Otten first of this,  
 With care he wente to home I was,  
 He ne wist what to rede,  
 For his knyghtes were to dede,  
 Now let ye he be dede,  
 And ye shall here of good spyn upon,  
 Of great dole and great pteyn,  
 That he made for his knyghtes three,  
 Guy rode to his knyghtes agayne,  
 Him was woe ynough the certayne,  
 When he sawe his knyghtes dede,  
 That should him both wylle and rede,  
 Alas he sayd he made hardy,  
 Alas good Boorde and curty,  
 Alas that I should see thus seyn,  
 Thus he dede before me,  
 Alas he helis that I was borne,  
 For thee I haue my knyghtes lorne.

Of chynalry now dyed the flour,  
 Alas that I am in this flour,  
 I ne am the fyrst in the last,  
 That women haue in woos caste,  
 But now I may other teche,  
 How woomens loue taketh woeche,  
 I herauide my dere frende,  
 What thou were curtyse and hende,  
 In turnamentes who shall helpe mee,  
 Create honoure haue I had for thee,  
 and euyl haue I serued thee agayne,  
 That art thus for my sake slayne,  
 This dede full sore I rewe,  
 For thee my care is euere newe,  
 Heraude shall I thee now forgoe,  
 alas that death ne wyll me sode,  
 where be now these Lombards,  
 for certes they be cowards,  
 That they ne had slayne me with you,  
 and nought left me a lous now,  
 Rohande had I doone after thy counsaile,  
 My knyghtes had bene all in hyle,  
 Had I bene at home with thee,  
 This shame had not befall mee,  
 But he that wyll not doe in skyll,  
 His fathers and his mothers wyll,  
 Some shame shall hym betyde,  
 whether so he go and ryde,  
 For sorow of his knyghtes that stonde,  
 and for payne of his owne wound,  
 Downe to grounde he fel certayne,

And when he rose by agayne,  
 One of his knightes he tugged and drew,  
 Him selfe for woode nigh he flew,  
 To an Hermyte then rode he,  
 and sayde Hermyte come and go with me,  
 And bury two knightes of myne,  
 That in the Forrest dead lyne,  
 and I shall gyne thee a Halfray,  
 The Hermyte sayd, gladly per say,  
 To that Forrest he went with guy,  
 Guy he tooke them Porrold and Werry.  
 And lepte himselfe vpon a Steade,  
 and forth with him Heraude he can leade,  
 And as he rode by the way,  
 Besyde he saw a fayre abbay,  
 Thither guy rode well I wote,  
 and there he found a noble Abbote.  
 guy sayd Syr for charite,  
 and in the name of the trinitie,  
 This dead body with thee thou haue,  
 and with honour doe it in graue,  
 He was a noble knight certayne,  
 This day he was with treason slayne,  
 I shall thee quyte thy meede quod Guy,  
 This day my three knightes and I,  
 were assayled as I say you,  
 with Robbers vnder the bowe,  
 My three knightes they slue to ground,  
 Or I there came, I had a wound.  
 Therefore I wote soone and rathe,

My knightes caught the more feathe,  
 Now listen to mee without tangelyng,  
 And ye shall heare a wonder thyng,  
 How Heraude came by godes grace,  
 To life againe in that place,  
 The abbote tooke the body fro guy,  
 For him his harte was soyy,  
 In a fayre chamber he let him layne,  
 And let him vnarm certayne,  
 When he was vnarmed a plight,  
 He seemed a fayre bodped knight,  
 There was a monke behelde him well,  
 That could of leche craft some dell,  
 That monke saue by his wounde rede,  
 That he was not wounded to dede,  
 Full well he sayde he myght line,  
 Who so wyl him medecine giue,  
 And so the Monke for godes sake,  
 Whole agayne Heraude can make,  
 But of Heraude let now bee,  
 And of Guy now speake we.  
 He tooke leaue at the abby,  
 And rode forth in his way,  
 He weende to haue seene Heraude no more,  
 Therefore he sorrowed and syghed sore,  
 To an Hermite then rode Guy,  
 That he knew before cruelly,  
 That Hermite in a little stound,  
 Looked to Guy and healed his wound,  
 When he was whole of the Hermite thare,  
 His leaue he tooke and forth gan fare,

Unto the King of Poles he went right,  
 That welcommed him with all his mighte,  
 Then the King bad him Silver and Golde,  
 But take thereof he ne would,  
 So bare him Guy without leasing,  
 In that Countrey with Turnement & Justing  
 That knightes loued him tho,  
 For Turneing and iusting also.  
 That pryce of armes there had he,  
 Farre and neare in that countrey.  
 He tooke his leaue vpon a day,  
 And into Selesyne he tooke the way,  
 Then went Guy to the Duke Raynere,  
 Which welcomde him with louely chere,  
 And so long in that Lande was he,  
 At Justes and turnamentes at eche semble,  
 That he wan ouer all moste honour,  
 And of knightes he bare the flour,  
 Vpon a day I vnderstande,  
 Guy thought to fare into Englande,  
 The way he tooke from Selesyne,  
 Unto Duke Nolon in Burgoyne.  
 The riche Duke as I say to pou,  
 Welcommed him with ioy now,  
 And prayed him gladly anone,  
 With all his Lande his will to done,  
 To euery Turnement and game,  
 The Duke and Guy ridden same.  
 Of euery man prayed was Guy,  
 For most gentle and moste doughty,  
 And

And for the beste in towne and feilde,  
 That euer Iusted with spere and sheld,  
 Poore knights Guy hadde and founde,  
 And poore prysoners in euery lande  
 All that were in mischiese,  
 To help them Guy was leefe,  
 Poore knights that were downe,  
 Horse and harnes he gaue them glady,  
 Well beloued then was he,  
 Of all the Ladies in that countrey,  
 Was there none of hye he loue,  
 Wherefore his name was fore knowe,  
 But none of them he wedde woulde,  
 For Whelchs hath his loue in houlde,  
 And for his greates largenesse,  
 and for his giffes moles and lesse,  
 No man was beloued more then he,  
 Farre ne nere in that countrey,  
 Now listen me without lettynge,  
 Of one the gladdest rydng,  
 That euer came to syr guy,  
 He shal now heare truly.

Wy came fro hunting upon a day,  
 And mette a Palmer in the way,  
 I pray thee wylte thou say me nowe,  
 Quod Guy fro whence comest thou,  
 The Palmer sayde without lye,  
 I come out of Lombardye,  
 There I loste my lord trewe,  
 Of the world the best body.

GUY

H.i.

Betraied

Betraied were we through Duke Otton,  
 Yet hath he god his malison,  
 Thus shall I gabell I ope,  
 For my lordes soule to pray,  
 What highe the Lorde sayd Guy tho,  
 That Duke Otton betrayed so,  
 Guy of near wy he sayd he asyght,  
 Of the worlde the best kuyght,  
 When Guy harde of thys tiding,  
 He tooke vp a sore sighing,  
 What is thy name he sayde perne,  
 Heraude he sayde of arderne,  
 And when he wyfte is was heraude,  
 Of his hoile he made assaute,  
 He tooke heraude in his armes than,  
 So glad was he neuer of man,  
 And hundreth fishes I was and more,  
 Guy him kytt weping sore,  
 Such myrth he made for hys sake,  
 That no man might more make,  
 Alas Heraude doughty baron,  
 Why knowest not thou thy Lorde Guyon,  
 That loued thee some tyme so well,  
 Why wepest thou not with me now dell,  
 When he hard heraude him name Guyon,  
 For ioye in fornyng he fell downe,  
 Guy toke him up withouten lette,  
 There men myght see freendes mette,  
 They set them downe both right there,  
 And eche tolde other of theyr fare,

Chaucer

1. 1

And

And Guy told her a wonder right,  
 How he bare him from the fight,  
 For to bury him in an abbay,  
 And her aude told Guy per say,  
 How he to lyfe agayne was brought,  
 And many a Lande he had him fought,  
 On Guyes see de both left they,  
 And rode togither to the Citie without delay,  
 Heraude without long rest,  
 Was clothed and habited with the best,  
 No byte clothes of felle, and mantles fene,  
 Furred with gyves and good amysse,  
 When Heraude was glad and dight,  
 To Duke Mylon they went right,  
 And told them of their chauce,  
 All togither their governaunce,  
 And tooke leaue at the Dukes brude,  
 Into their owne Countreys to ride,  
 The Duke would give him no logge,  
 Neyther by mozte w, neyther by coue,  
 For certayne he was of them so glad,  
 That he would them have had,  
 But with the Duke truly to tell,  
 Would they no longer dwell,  
 Leaue they tooke for to go,  
 Towardes Flaunders they rode a lone,  
 To saynt Dunces they rode that night,  
 The Sea to passe they thought fight,  
 When Guy had his shipp named,  
 And was in his chamber come,

H. II.

Out

Out of a wyndo he sawe there,  
 In the streete come a Palmer,  
 Diseased and feeble seemed he,  
 Palmer quod Guy, God save thee,  
 I rede thee dwell all night by me,  
 Palmer quod Guy, fere nighte it is,  
 Suppe with me thou shalt quod Guy,  
 The Palmer sayd sye gadderer,  
 And came into Guyes hostell,  
 He was welcommed fayne and well,  
 Palmer quod Guy where haste thou bene,  
 And what adventures hast thou seene,  
 Hast thou bene brought as thou haste went,  
 Of any Justinges of tournament,  
 The Palmer sayd I shall you tell,  
 Of aventure that I can tell,  
 Tell me I praye thee quod Guy,  
 Sye he sayd I shall you telle,  
 Now listen to the thinges both long and old,  
 Such a tale the Palmer told,  
 And after I shall you saye,  
 What sye Guy durste saye,  
 That Palmer sayd as ye may heare,  
 The riche Emperours Mayner,  
 Hath besieged the Duke of Lanchestre,  
 And brent his Landes and his men Mayner,  
 For he his cote armur receyved,  
 And had he doughty knyghts agayne,  
 The Duke he shold have dyed and wente,  
 as they were at a Tournament.

In what maner it befell,  
 all together I shall you tell.  
 There was a Duke Segwain the bold,  
 That all Lauayne had in holde,  
 And Duke Loxe of Lozayne,  
 and Duke Raynere of Selayne,  
 And knightes of many Landes mo,  
 To winne the pryce thither came tho.  
 at the ending of that turnament,  
 Duke Segwaine should home haue went,  
 He felled there a knight downe,  
 That was holden a bold Barrowne,  
 Then came a knight that bight Sadock,  
 a doughty man in euery flock.  
 To Duke Segwaine he had enuy,  
 for he was bolde and worthy,  
 The Emperours Colyn was he,  
 His sisters sonne, a Lady free.  
 Of iusting he was weary,  
 and cast of his armour hastily.  
 His Hawberke also was good,  
 and in playne harneys forth he stode.  
 Sadock sayde to the Duke Lauayne,  
 To iuste with me turne agayne.  
 Duke Segwaine sayd Sadock let be,  
 I haue no will to iuste with thee,  
 Thou art my Lord the Emperours Colyn,  
 And I loue thee sayd Duke Segwain.  
 And another I shall sayne,  
 We thinke thee vnarmed certayne,

H.iii.

full

Full euill then loued I thee,  
 to iust whyle I thee naked see,  
 Sadock sayd a Coward art thou,  
 that darest not iust with me now,  
 For a Cowarde shall I thee ever holde,  
 Also my soule, Christ haue would,  
 and ruer I shall thyne enemy be,  
 But thou tourne and iust with me,  
 Sadock rode wyth great greeuance,  
 to synpte Duke Segwyn with a Lance,  
 when Duke Segwyne saw Sadock come so  
 To Sadock he tourned him tho,  
 But Sadock smote first in the field,  
 Right in the myddest of Segwyns shield,  
 through all the armour it ranke or he spake,  
 That his speare all to brake,  
 when Segwyn saw him synpte so sore,  
 He thought to spare him no more,  
 He gaue him through the heart a wound,  
 that he fell dead to the ground.  
 Then fled the Duke out of that Rock,  
 And made great rare for Sadock,  
 Sadock was taken, and borne away,  
 And buryed in a fayre abbay.  
 Duke Segwyn homewardes gan flee,  
 to Besoyne that fayre Cittie,  
 And workemen he let take,  
 and strong enough he let it make,  
 with walles and turrets round about,  
 For of the Emperour he had great doubt,

For he sadocke his colyn slough,  
 That he woulde doe woꝛe ynonghe,  
 Segwyne withhelde many a knight hardy,  
 For doubte of warre hee was sorpe,  
 Tydings came to the Emperoure,  
 That Sadocke was slayne with erreure,  
 Then let he gather with great boſte,  
 throughe his landes all his hoſt,  
 Burgeyles and princes ynough anon rightes,  
 Dukes, Erles, Barons, and knights,  
 All they wente with great power,  
 To helpe the Emperour Raynere,  
 Agayne Duke segwyne certayne,  
 And all that be in Lenuyne  
 The Emperoure is wonder wroth,  
 and hath ſwoꝛne and made his oth,  
 That he ſhall neuer out of Lauayne,  
 Tyll he Duke Segwyne hane ſlayne,  
 Oꝛ his head haue in hande,  
 And bꝛente and deſtroyed all his lande,  
 And ſo forth dyd hee,  
 He hath leſte him but one bare Title,  
 That is Reſoyne Citie certayne,  
 The ſtrongest in Lauayne,  
 Thus tolde the pylgrime every dell,  
 And Guy vnderſtoode him full well,  
 He called Heraud and told hym ſone,  
 And axed him what was beſte to done,  
 Noꝛ we go helpe the Duke quod guy,  
 Oꝛ ſpede vs homwarde haſtely,

For

For as thou sayest I wil done,  
 Syr sayde Heraud to hym anon,  
 I am hold to be vnto you trewe,  
 The beste counsell I shall you shewe,  
 I rede we arme vs well and fyne,  
 And wende to helpe Duke legwyne,  
 And take with you fyfty knyghtes,  
 Well armed at all rightes,  
 The hardyest men in feelde and to wone,  
 For fynde them well ye mo wone,  
 For better is I haue harde sayde,  
 That if a man should doe a brayde,  
 To helpe and be with the ryght at neede,  
 Then helpe the wronge for any meede,  
 And if ye do the Duke succour,  
 He may yow winne great honour,  
 Gramarcy Heraude quod Guy,  
 Thy counsell full good holde I,  
 Now wote I well so mote I thee,  
 Thou lovest myne honour and mes,  
 Guy tooke with him sheelde and launce,  
 And fyfty of the best knyghtes of fraunce,  
 They riden forth with ioy and glee,  
 Till they came to the Dukes Citie,  
 In that Citie harboured was Guy,  
 That nyght and all his company,  
 On the morow rose and herde masse,  
 And all his knyghtes both more and lesse,  
 And as Guy wente in the streete right,  
 He sawe men runne as they would fight,

Guy

Guy aied a man at the last,  
 why that men raio so fast,  
 That man answered guy agayne,  
 and sayde sy: I thalt you sayne  
 Here is a stewartde with the Emperoure,  
 a noble man of great valure,  
 Of Almayne he is the proudest,  
 knightes he hath hardy and prest,  
 and if any man of this Cite,  
 without the wales taken bee,  
 anon ryght he doth him stone,  
 Or to his prison for to gone.  
 Now lyften lordinges every chene,  
 Howe guy toke his knyghtes ane,  
 and saw the proudest stewartde baste,  
 Net wylt the Duke nothing of Guy,  
 Guy aied his best weide,  
 Shelde and Spere and noble stede,  
 arme you felowes anon and guy,  
 and lepe vpon your horse on by,  
 forth he rode anone righte,  
 Out of the towne with his knyghte,  
 Guy rode a noble pade,  
 There the proudest stewartde was,  
 The highe stewart of Almayne,  
 To mete with him Guy woad fayne,  
 and also fayne was he truly,  
 for to Just with guy,  
 and sy: Guy rode with good weide,  
 and bad his knyghtes abyde there styll,  
 I. i.

There

And he sayd cometh a knight,  
 That seemeth hardy and bold in fight,  
 He sitteth upon a steede of price,  
 It shall be myne by saynt Denis,  
 Be I neuer whole ne sounde,  
 But I it win within a stonde,  
 The Stewarde picked to for Guy,  
 Out of his company,  
 Their horse they smote under the syde,  
 and fast they gan togyther ryde,  
 And smyten on their shieldes bright,  
 Great dintes with all their might,  
 The fyrst stroke smote Guy on,  
 and soone he fownd the Steward downe,  
 when he was downe in the field,  
 Guy shate a quarter of his shield,  
 that betokened with reason thre,  
 That he was his slayer,  
 when the almayne saw the Steward layde,  
 that doughty was in every brayde,  
 they came to succour him tho,  
 Guy thought to doo them some woode,  
 Guy tournd him full hastily,  
 So did all his knyghtes hardy,  
 the Almaynes he thought to let,  
 and hard strokes on them they set,  
 the knyghts of the Citte echone,  
 were glad that Guy smote them downe,  
 they rode a longe waye to the towne,  
 and all armed into the towne,  
 There

65

There men myght see in that doctour  
 Many a stroke and many a kinde  
 That there was geuen on helmes bright  
 And there dyed many a doughty knight  
 Some with sworde and some with spere  
 Eche man other thorough gan bere  
 Wounded knightes there were many  
 That made for woe an hidous cry  
 Guy did his might them for to floe  
 and so dyd good sir heraulde tho  
 So sped that daye good sir guyon  
 Through the helpe of the towne  
 That all the Almayns so ouercame  
 Some he slew and some he name  
 Unto the towne then rode sir guy  
 And so did al his company  
 with them they led prisoners good  
 Noble Barons and Kyles that were proude  
 when they came into the towne  
 To his Junc wente sir guyon  
 When the Duke wist of that tidings  
 he was neuer so glad of thing  
 As soone he wist that guy was come  
 and had the proude steward home  
 On a stede stert duke Segwinc  
 and rode anon to guyes Junc  
 Of guyes companyng was he full fayne  
 And so were all the folke of lauarne  
 Guy he sayde blessed thou be  
 welcome thou art now to me

J.ii.

Now

Now shall I shew thee alone,  
 Be doubted of a while; fone,  
 Gramer, I sayd Guy,  
 For to helpe thee I am redy,  
 The Steward to the Duke Guy goide,  
 And bad he should him done in holde,  
 Through him thou gettest holibute,  
 Of that fickle Emperour,  
 Then axed the Duke Guy full soone,  
 Of their fone what were best to done,  
 Guy sayd he should send,  
 His messenger fappe and hende,  
 Into every Land withone fe,  
 After great chynalepe,  
 To Guy they came from deuens lande,  
 Afore that he send his lande,  
 Then Guy began to waere certayne,  
 and won the Duke his landes agayne,  
 All the Townes that the Duke had,  
 Guy won agayne of that he had,  
 nohan ally had with the Emperour,  
 That the Duke had such lucke,  
 And that was due his men to done,  
 His steward taken and in prison,  
 He was then a sorry man,  
 He called his Barrons the one than,  
 and sayd Lordinges what shall I doe,  
 Certaynly my sor is goe,  
 Till I be venged on the Duke and Guy,  
 That haue done me this wrong.

Chan

Then bespake him Duke Otton,  
 Of Dany that fowle felon,  
 Syr he sayd care ye nought,  
 For nothing that is mis wrought,  
 Or seuē dayes be passed euery deale,  
 Thou shalt be benged full well,  
 Take Sarons of great prouaunce,  
 That be doughty with speare and Launce,  
 Of Besopne the Duke Raynere,  
 And the Constable wāndomere.  
 I shall go with them in this neede,  
 and good knyghtes with me lede.  
 and sende vs to the Dukes Citty,  
 And if the Duke and Guy there be,  
 But we the traytours bring thes to,  
 In pryson thou shalt vs all do.  
 The Emperour sayd thou Duke Otton,  
 Thou sayest to me good reason,  
 Thou shalt be sayd thou Duke Raynere,  
 and thou Constable wāndomere.  
 And thou Duke Otton of Dany,  
 with all thy good chynalrye,  
 Unto Besopne the Citty fynde,  
 and if ye fynde the traytours there,  
 Bring them anone vnto me,  
 and great honour haue shall ye.  
 Syr they sayd euerychone,  
 To morow we shall thither gone.  
 Their leaue they tooke, and God to borrowe,  
 They rose and armed them on the mayrowe,

The

And to the Cite went they tho,  
 With thirty thousand men and mo,  
 When they of the Cite saw them come,  
 Theyr counsaile was sone nome,  
 Nowe we be mette at busette steuen,  
 Therefore we shall make vs even,  
 They smote together with full great eny,  
 Tyl they fel downe both sperly,  
 Then they drew out theyr swordes kene,  
 For to fight with great tene,  
 Then Duke withstood at the last,  
 And Heraude him assayled fast,  
 With his swerde in the feeble,  
 The Duke oft fode and behelde,  
 The came the kinges men on a route,  
 And besette Heraud al aboute,  
 To heraude they smote without faye,  
 Sauen they woud theyr lordes faye,  
 Heraude defended him with his body,  
 His men came pearne to his body,  
 And halpe him wel in that neede,  
 While he lept on his heed,  
 Then smitten they together eft,  
 And many a man his life there left,  
 That time forth by Heraude,  
 To duke Otton gaue sith the a saue,  
 That he alone an hundred flow,  
 Of his men as I sape you,  
 To bepe the walles of the towne,  
 It thought them best in their realowne,

The

The Duke called Heraude the bolde,  
 and his witte he him tolde,  
 And he sayd take thee hundred knightes,  
 well armed at all rightes,  
 and goe into the field ech one,  
 and giue them battayle anone,  
 And take thee Guy the whole pufand,  
 the best knightes in all my lande,  
 And if thou see Heraude in neede,  
 Syth that thou to him speede,  
 and I shall take all my meynie,  
 If thou haue neede I come to thee,  
 God graunt vs strength and might,  
 that we of them may with the right,  
 Heraude rode into the fieldes,  
 and soone he brake many shieldes,  
 He saw Duke Otton come with hoste,  
 Ducking to him before his hoste,  
 Heraude sayd thoui Duke of Many,  
 Defende thee of that vilany,  
 That thou diddest me and Guy,  
 In the forrest of Lumbardy,  
 He was well woe Duke Otton,  
 for Heraude slue his men to do tone,  
 To his men then sayd Otton,  
 why slea ye not these theues do tone,  
 Se ye not a man alone,  
 That doth great shame to vs eche one,  
 He sleath our men with his broude,  
 All that comneth vnder his hande,

I.iii.

But

But I on him auenged be,  
 He neuer get the loue of me,  
 Then ran they all heraude about,  
 And layde ou him a full greate route,  
 They sued him to flea certayne,  
 But he fought full sone agayne,  
 And many of his men were none,  
 For werines of fyght they were ouercome,  
 But when heraude had great neede,  
 Guy wyth his knyghtes to him gan speede,  
 Guy saue how heraude syng,  
 Out of the battayle that was strong,  
 His helme was betwen all a sonder,  
 And his sheelde eke that men had wonder,  
 And his horse wounded wyde,  
 He was good that durst abyde,  
 Guy rescued him in that stounde,  
 And all his men whole and sounde,  
 All that were taken in that stoure,  
 Guy wan agayne with great honour,  
 When Guy saue Duke Otton,  
 If he sayd thou soule felow,  
 Defend thee of that felow,  
 That thou diddest mee in Lumbardy,  
 When thy men come me agayne,  
 Into the forest men clepe of playne,  
 For this time I thee defra,  
 As my deadly enemy,  
 I shall neuer glad be,  
 Tyll I be hanged on thee,

with

neith that they fustred together  
Also fast as they were in the  
Both they fought so fast  
That none armoure might them save  
the Duke smote Guy with his battle  
That his sheelde all to beate  
Guy gaue him a fustre blow  
Than through his bodye he fustred  
Then they drew theyr swordes both  
And foughten fast for they were both  
Guy shoulde haue slaine him in that houre  
He had not come to him so soone  
But there came another knyght  
Many a hundred of hardy knyghtes  
And all ryght for the nones  
to sye Guy they luytened at once  
Guy fought agayne agayne  
Al that he smote theyr fustres  
Guy smote Duke Oron  
that he ne foote myght go  
But as his men in the fustre  
Bare him out of that place  
Guy bad his knyghtes fight fast  
while their good fustres myght last  
Harde they holpen Guy too  
And sye Guy hente also  
So that the hundredes that were  
were upon the fustre  
for Guy and his men won the fustre  
Of them slewe so great a number

tag D

R.I.

And

And they on them withouten faile  
 Certes there was stronge battayle  
 That no man wist what shoulde befall  
 But as they shoulde haue dyed all  
 To smyte Duke Barnere Guy wente  
 And such a stroke Guy him lente  
 That man and horse fell downe tho  
 Another Lymbarde Guy smote so  
 That he yede neuer more on honde  
 then came Heraude in that sounde  
 and with duke wandowere he met  
 And such a dyce he on him let  
 That man and horse to grounde wente  
 another Lymbarde a stroke he lente  
 with his good byting honde  
 That he fel dead under the grounde  
 then came forth the gyloun  
 That was Duke Shermans son  
 The Erie Bartule he smote so wel  
 that man and horse to grounde fell  
 Guy did his might to do him fal  
 So did his good knights all  
 That saue the monde Duke Barnere  
 And the conffable wandowere  
 Their meill to fo death gone  
 They cryed horsing anone  
 And as I with with greute haste  
 They gathered to gether theyr Ose  
 They thought to make them on Guy  
 But Guy thought truly trun

Ouf

J. A.

That

That all the way the floures, no might shoulde  
 Lay full of dead men and shelles, thus had  
 the Lincoln shire from that place, though the  
 Guy and his men after that chase. I saw that  
 Then came forth the Duke of Lancaster  
 and the Countess of Arundel, thus had  
 Downe from an hill with his great wone,  
 and destroyed many a man, thus had  
 Then sayd the Duke of Lancaster  
 Lordings listen now to me, thus had  
 We see coming a daye, thus had  
 Many a thousande wounded here,  
 There is Duke of Lancaster  
 and the Duke of Arundel, thus had  
 with many a knight in their route,  
 and they will be round about you  
 fayne they would doe us wrong, thus had  
 I reade that we should go, thus had  
 For better it is that we should go,  
 then to be slayne with our foes,  
 I rede that we make a way,  
 Home ward agayne them away,  
 Great honour winne we may,  
 If we be so well to daye, thus had  
 Then sayd the Duke of Lancaster  
 Thus sayd the Duke of Lancaster  
 If we fayle in this daye,  
 nabyte us with any we,  
 Forth they rode as knights of old,  
 And layde fast on their enemies.

To knocke them on the head with cleave. He said  
 Then came forth the Duke of Burgundy to him  
 and through the body smote the duke's sword  
 That was Duke of Burgundy's sword. And thus  
 He was loth his life to tyme. And thus he fled  
 and fled anon to Duke of Burgundy.  
 The Duke was full of wrath. And thus he  
 when he his colyn saw bloody. And thus he  
 Syr Duke then said the knight of the  
 why wilt thou not flee thyself away  
 thou doest thy selfe great dishonour  
 For thou doest thy men no service  
 They bene in paynt to flye  
 And when the Duke with his sword  
 with his spurs he smote his horse  
 as a doughty man in every maner  
 with him he took knightly hardy  
 Hye we by he said unto Guy  
 For but he hath our help in this  
 He and his men get great shame  
 and if Syr Guy be taken as a slave  
 I tell you forsooth the countess  
 For ever is your name dishonoured  
 and all our Lande lost  
 Ryde we he said unto Guy  
 with all your might to help us  
 To Guy they came anon right  
 Then was the Duke of Burgundy  
 He smote as he was riding  
 On the helmet both the countess

A doughty knight he smote for  
 that many pecced the host the  
 Guy helpe well enough that day  
 That many loste their lives for  
 The Duke Segur and his men  
 Tooke their men together the  
 that of them from other went  
 But foughten all at one place  
 Many men with women were  
 Lay there dead on euery side  
 And many a knight hardy and  
 Lay there sprawling in their blood  
 In that place they lay long  
 all to hewen, and all to fame  
 Some the foot, and some the arm  
 there caught the almaynes much harm  
 The noble knightes with frend and kin  
 Lay all to hewen in the field  
 that great lordes founde there  
 That came thither to see the  
 And when their friends with them deade  
 It was for them a full cold  
 Forth then came the Duke  
 and slough a knight that  
 That was the best knight of  
 In field and to me with his  
 Guy saw his knight was deade  
 He smote agayne with his  
 And so he smote the Duke  
 that he fell of his horse

And the first stroke of the malmey ydward  
 Terry clane ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 their good ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 That were ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 Cyther ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 that through ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 with such enny fought they ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 and such dintes ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 That the ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 Out of their bright ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 Hardy and ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 and fierce to fight as any ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 Then came forth ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 an hardy knight, ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 A knight of ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 that he blane his body in the ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 That ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 and his hart ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 He weide to ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 northhold ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 Great ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 with their ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 forth ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 among ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 He dubbed ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 That he ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 Syr Terry of ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 How he ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 Syr Heraude ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 That Heraude from ~~and the first~~ dodely ynam and  
 And

And as a man of great honour  
 The duke he conquered in that honour  
 forth then came he forth with his army  
 On a stede well fast running  
 Syr wandour he smote the  
 That of his horse he geynde he fel  
 the Duke overcame him in that honour  
 But epyther hurt other with great rigour  
 So fought they the Lombards againe  
 That they tookethen care to payne  
 The other rode away flying  
 The Duke and Guy rode after chasyng  
 forth then came the Tery  
 Of gormyle the Erles sonne Aubrey  
 and Thirty knyghtes with him broughte  
 which rode to felle the duke and Guy  
 Terry came forth fast much  
 to his felowes that were there  
 Lordinges he sayd and knyghtes of pees  
 Turne agayne to your enemies  
 To haue you overcome in battayle  
 And boldely we shal them assaile  
 Or by God that made me  
 I shall tel the Emperour that ye see  
 For a fewe men that ye see  
 And that ye saynt cowards be  
 Terry turned then agayne  
 with the duke to warrayne  
 to syr guy then rode Terry  
 And to blinthe smote with his hande

Chan

Then called Terry his knyghts and  
 And let crye he was a knyght  
 and sayd a word of great myght  
 fyght Lordynges and knyghts  
 Unto duke Segwaine Terry his knyght  
 And many of his men he chose  
 And with strength dide them  
 and all he had them  
 And all that sawe duke Segwaine  
 He ware right worth by saint Martine  
 For Terry his men to do wile  
 How the duke fell in the  
 It is great scorne a knyght  
 That he thus fleth out men  
 Turne we agayne sayd the duke  
 And fight with the duke  
 For better it is to die  
 Then cowardly to flye  
 Then fought they manfully  
 Both the duke and the Guy  
 that Almaynes they thone  
 They conquered saue Terry alone  
 But Terry abode fast  
 with sword in hand  
 But sone after in that fyght  
 Terry fledde to save his lyfe  
 The duke and Guy with the  
 Rode home to the  
 with them many  
 Noble Erles and Barons

and

The

The Duke went into his tent,  
 And did then kepe with grete honoure,  
 Guy he made with hym to dwell,  
 And all his good knyghtes with,  
 The Duke Raynere of Seloyne,  
 The Erle wandomere of Colborne,  
 and Syr Gonthere the good Steward,  
 with many Almaynes and many a Lombard  
 That they tooke in that battayle.  
 Ful fayre were kept withouren fayle.

**N**ow duke seg wine called his Tullis free,  
 A mayden gent, and bright of blee,  
 These prisioners he sayd I thee betake,  
 and fayre semblant loke that thou them make,  
 And ouer all the Duke Raynere,  
 For I him lone with harte entere,  
 Syr layde that mayden bright,  
 To kepe them I shal do my myght,  
 But yet wist the Emperoure nought,  
 How his men to deeth were brought,  
 But as he sat with the duke of Burgy,  
 and played with him at the Chess truly,  
 Terry came fast prehande,  
 with his sword drawn in his hande,  
 a lone he came as he was bozne,  
 all to wounded and all to tozne,  
 On his body men might se,  
 that he in strong fight had be,  
 His good hauberke was all to rente,  
 His heade bewen and all to hente,

L.i.

The

**T**he blood out of his body ran  
he made good space, as an hardy man.  
In his shield he had a stroke,  
halfe a foote deepe, for looth it to be.  
Syr Emperour then sayd he,  
Sory tydings, I bring to thee,  
taken is the Duke Raynere,  
And the Constable and Andomere,  
And many und Barrons certayne,  
that thou winnest neuer agayne,  
some slayne and some take  
And some fled away with make,  
and Duke Otton of Bary,  
hath a wound through his body,  
That he dreadeth him to dye ywis,  
And when the Emperour wist of this,  
such sorrowe he had for that fit,  
that he for woe here lost his wit.  
He swore by God that hath him bought,  
he should neuer be glad in thought  
Till he the Duke had in hande,  
and brent and destroyed all his Lande,  
I note he let his beames blow,  
thereby his men did him know,  
That he would wend to fight,  
and they were armed and dight,  
And forth they rode on the playnes  
that were vnder the Mountaynes,  
when they came the citie nere,  
with him rode Ol Cayre.

nothy

noyth a thousande knyghtes boldes  
they of the Citty can them beholde  
And sawe all the wyde field  
Ouerspread with speare and shield  
Duke Segwynne starr on his steede  
Well armed in yron toorde  
and sayd sye what wylle ye do  
wylle we wete these folkes to  
Or on the towne waller bicker  
for there we may be most liker  
I shall you say sayd Guy  
take a thousande knyghtes  
and wende to hitte with hardy chace  
for vnder the wynde I see the  
houing on a steepe light  
and with many a proude knyght  
Before the hoste cometh he  
to seeke warre with this cite  
But if we may helpe them fight  
to towne we will agayne fight  
Out of the citty then rode Guy  
noyth a thousande knyghtes  
To iust with the enemy  
and much woode was hitte  
Many a knight in that stound  
he and his men slitten to ground  
Guy smote wylke to sye Guy  
and felled him vnder of his dier  
he ouercame him in the stound  
as a man of myght with great honour

L.ij.

And

And all the knyghtes that he brought there  
Guy discomfited them all. Some he  
Some ryden away fast. Some he  
and guy after fast chasing.  
Some he took alive to the ground.  
and some he smote dead to the ground.  
Many were withouten faile  
wounded and slayne in that battayle.  
When the hoste their men sawe  
Some taken and some slawe  
and that he in that place was  
Gaye the Emperours sone  
Then rode they in with hartes hard  
to fight with the Duke and with guy.  
Then began segwyne great strife.  
Many a knight there lost his lyfe.  
On both sydes men dyed there.  
But Duke Segwyne lost well more.  
For he had but few with him.  
therefore he caught with guy.  
Neverthelesse all his men  
Bare them right well and manly.  
the Duke and guy foughten yerne.  
So did the heraulde of androme.  
forth then came the Teryll.  
a doughty knyght and an hardy.  
Duke Segwyn he smote that heraulde  
that from his horse he fell to the ground.  
The Duke start by with guy.  
as a man that were nere wood.

He dyed his wounde. And goodly he was requyred. And  
 as a doughty man he was. And he was a noble knight. And  
 he home to he. And he was a noble knight. And he  
 Ever after he felt his hande. And he was a noble knight.  
 all that he hit in the hande. And he was a noble knight.  
 He felled the hande. And he was a noble knight.  
 The Almaynes all in the hande. And he was a noble knight.  
 Belet the Duke. And he was a noble knight.  
 there had he his lyfe. And he was a noble knight.  
 So he was he. And he was a noble knight.  
 In his body a wounde. And he was a noble knight.  
 that for sore he was. And he was a noble knight.  
 for he blinne. And he was a noble knight.  
 But as a doughty man he was. And he was a noble knight.  
 when guy saw the wounde. And he was a noble knight.  
 for him he was woe. And he was a noble knight.  
 And for his love. And he was a noble knight.  
 that in the place. And he was a noble knight.  
 Another guy. And he was a noble knight.  
 that had the Duke in hande. And he was a noble knight.  
 And at the fyrt stroke. And he was a noble knight.  
 the head flew from the body. And he was a noble knight.  
 Then guy him halpe. And he was a noble knight.  
 as a doughty man. And he was a noble knight.  
 And ofte they smote. And he was a noble knight.  
 as a doughty knight. And he was a noble knight.  
 There was begonne a new. And he was a noble knight.  
 And many a man. And he was a noble knight.  
 But Segwyne. And he was a noble knight.  
 Many Almaynes. And he was a noble knight.

Onk

A.iii.

The

The Emperour saw his men were so fewe and so  
 two thousande were his enemies he sent to  
 to fight agaynst them. And the Emperour  
 That of fighting were so fewe. And the  
 Guy saw them come a great light. And the  
 to Duke. So Guy and he then fought. And  
 I rede we fare to the more in the battle. And  
 for here come knights and many more. And  
 and ever the longer we were. And the Duke  
 the stronger was. And the Duke was so  
 And we the whyles they were so small. And  
 Great fooles they were. And the Duke was  
 Therefore goe we to the Duke. And the Duke  
 and so is better. And the Duke was so  
 The Duke and Guy. And the Duke was  
 sped them fast to the Duke. And the Duke  
 when the Emperour saw his men were so  
 that his sonne was so. And the Duke was  
 He sayd and made him so. And the Duke  
 assaile the Cittie. And the Duke was  
 his men so did without fail. And the Duke  
 the Cittie they fast assaile. And the Duke  
 stones they threw at the Duke. And the Duke  
 for to sell the Duke. And the Duke was  
 They shoten with noble arrows. And the Duke  
 and great plenty of good archers. And the Duke  
 They clymed upon the walles of stone. And the Duke  
 for to take the Duke. And the Duke was  
 But they with their strength. And the Duke  
 with strength through the Duke. And the Duke

And all the aduises that they might  
 they slue them with their own hands  
 So speed the aduises that day  
 they had bene better than bene aduise  
 That day was they right wofull  
 But woe ynough to them was aduise  
 Euery day they bene aduised  
 And euery day of them they laped  
 For Segwyne and Guy and heraud  
 Gaue them many an hardy saute  
 They withynne had no doubte  
 But slue yf to wofull they were  
 The Emperour saw he might not stand  
 then had he wofull and he was  
 So it befell upon a day  
 The Emperour wofull was he was  
 After his knyghtes he was laped  
 On hunting he laped he was laped  
 On the morrow right early  
 That the Duke he wofull was  
 Into the Forrest he laped wofull  
 To hunt with his pryncie menne  
 These wordes heard a lady chely  
 he pedy and told it to Guy  
 How that the Emperour Raparte  
 On hunting wofull in this manere  
 Therefore the lady sayd sy I neede  
 Take your knyghtes hardy as neede  
 A iorney to them that yf neede  
 For all them chely may you take

I gene you leue to doon the wyte  
 when the duke hath comen to us  
 and hundred times the wyte he bitt  
 If this be so that thou tellest me  
 A man for ever thou shalt be  
 His Barons then gan he say  
 Guy and Ysaac first of all  
 Syr Wylke and the Countess  
 and Doche Lord Emeere  
 And Jonas that was of Spayne  
 the wyfeste man of that tyme  
 Of countaile Jonas was wyse  
 Then sayde the duke and Barons of wyse  
 Counsele me howe the best  
 to make us free to the world  
 Cometh the Emperour to free  
 To hunt with his play mynde  
 If ye will we may well  
 Be denged on ben euery dell  
 And on his Barons also  
 Or they fro the forest go  
 Syr sayd guy I wil say you  
 the best counsaile that I can now  
 Take a thousande knyghts of paye  
 Hardy in battaile boide and wyse  
 and I my selfe wyll therether face  
 And if I fynde the Emperour there  
 In peace I shal to him becom  
 And grete him with wordes becom

II

And

And shall pay him his bounty pay, I then said  
 He to lysten thus I shall pay him his bounty  
 and that he will be here, and all his men  
 and all his men both glad there.  
 at Kefopne the good City, and richly  
 and richly welcommed shall ye be here  
 And your Barons all be here,  
 Here at home shall ye be here  
 for you shall not seek your Lord,  
 for to make with him discord,  
 Our Baloye doe righte shall ye  
 with meate and drinke great plenty  
 agayne the Emperours comming  
 That defaute be in nothing  
 and if he will not come with long  
 By Iesu Christ that siteth above  
 with strength we shall on them fall  
 and doe him come, and his men  
 Guy quoth the Duke of Burgundy  
 All myne honour is in this  
 Hee thee forth I say the Guy  
 with a thousande knights hardy  
 and bring the Emperours home  
 for nothing that ye shall  
 Guy rode forth anon righte  
 with a thousande hardy knights  
 On the morrow the Emperour was  
 and rode to hunt in the forest  
 A great hart he found alone  
 and chased after him anon  
 And

And as the Emperour rode that wyde, he had thus  
 he saw a glemering linge and wyde shyl of shylde  
 Of helmes and Basenets bright, and of iron ones  
 and hore he hearde neigh on bight, and of the sun  
 Then saw he all the wyde fildes; as of a fild in  
 full of knyghtes with speare and shieldes, and of the sun  
 Of that sight he was a frayde, and of the sun  
 alas he sayd we be betrayde, and of the sun  
 Terry of gurnayle he sayd comete, and of the sun  
 with armed men beset at we, and of the sun  
 with Duke Segworne they be chowde, and of the sun  
 from us ywis they will not gone, and of the sun  
 Till they have us done some wyake, and of the sun  
 Or elle dead or quick us take, and of the sun  
 Guy cometh before with speare and shield, and of the sun  
 that was never ouercome in fild, and of the sun  
 Syr Emperour then sayd Terry, and of the sun  
 For Christes sake fere hall, and of the sun  
 And here this place kepe shall, and of the sun  
 and if I meete forth by the way, and of the sun  
 I shall doe him sorow and woe, and of the sun  
 and all that I may meete and slay, and of the sun  
 Or I slayne or take he, and of the sun  
 Passe ye may all this countrey, and of the sun  
 The Emperour sayd nay Terry, and of the sun  
 this day for no man flee shall, and of the sun  
 arme we us with them to fight, and of the sun  
 with that came Guy forth anon right, and of the sun  
 On a noble steepe full fast prich and, and of the sun  
 a braunche of Olyue in his hand, and of the sun

That betokeneth peace to be, will of emper  
 the Emperour well saye greete he,  
 Gude sayd God that is full of myght,  
 Save thee syr gentle knyght,  
 and give thy men happye and grace,  
 well to rede thee in this place,  
 Duke Segwyne sendeth me to thee,  
 that in good maner will loue thee,  
 with glad cheare he prayeth you,  
 to herborow with him now,  
 he shall you welcome, and your Barons,  
 with swannes, Crayles, and herons,  
 And make you right well at ease,  
 these wordes quod say be no lesse,  
 Duke Segwyne will reelde thee,  
 his Castle and his good Cittle,  
 and all landes lowde and full,  
 and himselfe at your owne will,  
 Therefore syr I watne you,  
 to him ye must with me now,  
 for what more can he to thee do,  
 then thus meekely send thee to,  
 when the Emperour heard gupon,  
 what loue he shewde in his reason,  
 anone he called the king of Hungary,  
 the Duke Otton and syr Terry,  
 and of Clene syr Herkenbale,  
 and Zantnot and Slerenbale,  
 Lordinges he sayd what will we doe,  
 Of these tydinges that comeneth us to,

Say me whither ye will or none,  
 To Duke Segwyne with fy: guyon,  
 Then answered fy: as he note the Emperour,  
 He hath thee done great honour,  
 When he hath him yielded to him and still,  
 And all his lande at thy will,  
 To be his frende well owe ye,  
 therefore I ryde to him go we,  
 The Emperour sayd to him agayne,  
 then will I doe as ye me sayne.  
 The Emperour anon let call fy: Guy,  
 Syr he sayd I will gladly,  
 The Duke Segwyne take with thee,  
 So that I him with eye not see.  
 till that I haue heard of other reasons,  
 and taken counsaile of my Barrons,  
 for be it warre or peace truely,  
 after them doe shall I,  
 To the Cittie forth ryde they,  
 and speake of peace by the way,  
 when the Emperour came to the Cittie,  
 full richely welcommed was he,  
 So were his Barrons everychone,  
 Meate and drinke there was great mooney,  
 The best that could any where be found,  
 Syr Guy did his might that stound,  
 To make the Emperour glad there,  
 and serued him in all manere,  
 the Duke eats not with him that day,  
 fro the Emperour he was away.

That

That day he yede with the Barons, and on the  
 which that were his Barons, and on the  
 On the morrow rose the Emperour and his  
 and his Barons with great honour, and on  
 At Saint Laurence Church, and on  
 He rode to hear Mass, and on the morrow  
 Duke Segworne rose on the morrow, and  
 and to his chamber he came, and on the  
 Full fayne he grete the Barons, and on  
 The which were his Barons, and on  
 To them he sayd with good meene, and on  
 Loadinges hartely I praye you, and on  
 Helpe me now for this day, and on  
 That the Emperour his friends be, and on  
 and that ye praye for me now, and on  
 to the Emperour his Barons, and on  
 For that is the thing that I most desire, and on  
 that he forgive me my sins, and on  
 Thus sayd the Duke, and on  
 and prayed them to praye for him, and on  
 to the Emperour their own, and on  
 that day to make them a good, and on  
 The Barons for his sake, and on  
 the Duke yede to the church, and on  
 Of he was with his Barons, and on  
 His weede save his hennel clothes, and on  
 Both barefoote, and naked yede he, and on  
 In hande a branche of the tree, and on  
 And when he came to the church, and on  
 He fell on his knees with good bolow, and on

And sayd the Emperour certayne wordes and said  
 I will no more warrether agayne, for that I have greved thee yll from this  
 For that I have greved thee yll from this  
 I and all mine is at thy will; and thou shalt see  
 I am known sayd the Emperour, and I saye that  
 that I my selfe slough the Emperour, and I saye that  
 But he on me made it eche deale, and I saye that  
 then saw the Emperour, and I saye that  
 and many other mightes, and I saye that  
 If any man will it, and I saye that  
 But if I may defende me, and I saye that  
 I give you leave to head me, and I saye that  
 Then stood forth gentle, and I saye that  
 The Emperour, and I saye that  
 father he sayd by saynt, and I saye that  
 a noble man is Duke, and I saye that  
 and a daughter man of deede, and I saye that  
 he may you helpe, and I saye that  
 Forgive him, and I saye that  
 That he hath trespasssed, and I saye that  
 Or certes, and I saye that  
 Love get ye none of me, and I saye that  
 So then sayd the Duke, and I saye that  
 for Duke, and I saye that  
 That ye be friend with Duke, and I saye that  
 For still it is, and I saye that  
 That he doth, and I saye that  
 and will ane, and I saye that  
 And ever more, and I saye that  
 and his lande, and I saye that

For I dare say for God me godes sake I say and  
 That your Cosen brother is made Duke and  
 that Duke Segworne has taken him, and  
 who sayeth nay, I dare right now, in danger  
 for Duke segworne take the fight, and  
 for I wote well he hath the right, and  
 But thou have mercy on Duke Segworne, and  
 thou shalt have half of all my land, and  
 Then sayd he and others that were with him  
 My Emperour I say hath taken the Duke  
 The Duke hath ever been good and honest  
 and ever right well loved by all men  
 And sworne by the right of his hand  
 and if ye doe him any wrong  
 I forsooth and all my men  
 shall be agayne the Duke and his men  
 The Emperours men made land there  
 My the Duke is a good man  
 Great honour he doth to you now  
 when he humbleth himself to you  
 And all his lande to you and his men  
 at your owne will to have  
 You owe to forgive him and his men  
 Thereto I pray you in good intent  
 My Emperour then sayd for the Duke  
 for Duke Segworne you may see  
 That ye forgive Duke segworne  
 That he hath trespassed agaynst you  
 And evermore I will be ready  
 to serve you in all your need

Op. III.

Then

Then sayd Terry of Southfolke and I to  
Syr Emperour with myne wyffe I praye  
Haue mercy on this man and his wyffe  
the which flew to the Emperour  
In his greede he made them weep and  
a doughty knight of the tyme  
when they had played thus together  
the Emperour and his wyffe  
Lodwige I praye you to make  
Syr Emperour to be his  
That I might see him  
The death of Sabon my Colyn  
for I see him stand in the  
and putteth forth his hand  
and also for he loveth me  
I forgue him my wrath  
All the Lordes of the court  
thanked saye the Emperour  
and when he saw they were  
They fell on their knees  
and kissed the Emperours feet  
And for ioy every man did weep  
and they went home  
They went home from the court  
Then sayd the Duke of Burgundy  
Syr Emperour I praye you  
Haste thou to the Duke of Burgundy  
That thou might see him  
Thou didst the grete wrong  
when thou killest him

my

am. 42

noho

noho shall dreade thee from hence forwarde,  
for euer thou shalt be holde a coward,  
Syth thou forgiuest him that misdeede,  
Thou shouldest haue shame ynough to meede,  
Thou shouldest haue done him hang and drow,  
Then should men haue done thee aw,  
for Duke Segowne and Guy both,  
Euer haue bene with ther myght  
agaynst thee euer hane they been,  
Now be they best be loued with thee,  
When Guy heard Duke Oton,  
Up he start as eger as yon,  
Thou lvest false traytour sayd Guy,  
that thou sayest of the Duke and me,  
But that thou art a false traytour,  
Here before the Emperour,  
Droue I will also blyue,  
Therefore euill mote thou forue,  
for the foule treason thou diddest me,  
When thou slewest my knightes three,  
that thou sentest me agayne,  
In Lombardy in the Forrest of playne,  
and that thou diddest me that bylanyng,  
I shall pexie on thee good Guy,  
and right with that sye Guy there,  
would haue smitten him vnder the eare,  
But knightes yede betwene them rath,  
that guy did him no malice at all,  
The Emperour let crye withouten leache,  
that euery man should haue peche.

A. l.

Than

Then wedded Duke Raynere with glee,  
 Segwyns syster a mayden free,  
 and led her as I vnderstand,  
 to Burges byke his owne Lande,  
 Then sayd the riche Emperour,  
 to Duke Segwyne wyth great honour,  
 Now neuer more to be at streye,  
 therefore I will giue thee a wyfe,  
 a fayre mayden that is meek and pure,  
 Gramercy syr sayd Duke segwyne,  
 Of them was made a fayre wedding,  
 Richer was neuer of Duke ne king,  
 When this wedding was all dole,  
 Guy sayd to Duke segwyne and he,  
 I wyll wende now fro thence,  
 But ever thy knight wold I bee,  
 Then sayd segwyne syr gramercy,  
 But yet I haue not giuen thee why,  
 But gentle knight syr Guy sayd he,  
 abyde here still and dwell with me,  
 I shall you giue into your hande,  
 Citties and townes and halfe my Lande,  
 Guy wold neyther gold ne fee,  
 But leaue he tooke and forth went hee,  
 The Emperour tooke leaue also,  
 and lead Guy home with him tho,  
 He bad Guy Landes and fees also,  
 But of them Guy would none tho,  
 Into abmayne went he,  
 to espye that rich Citee,

and

and

There

There was he with the Emperour  
a little stound with great honour,  
They rynde their facours,  
and tooke Craynes and Herouns,  
And when Guy would in forrest chase,  
His will he had in every place,  
So it befell upon a day,  
as Syr Guy came fro his play,  
from hunting as he came ryding,  
he saw a Dormour came capling,  
To that Dormour anon doun he,  
Lordinges he sayd, God you fre,  
I pray you of what countrey be ye,  
He thincketh that Marchant be ye,  
Syr sayd a Marchant full light,  
from Constantinople we come right,  
for warre durst we no longer there be,  
another countrey there we see we,  
There is a Soudan come with way,  
and hath vs dyuen our landes fro,  
with thre thousand of horsemen,  
and so many of footmen,  
And that Soudan hath besieged the Emperour,  
destroyed he hath all his landes,  
and all his landes save one Cite,  
where he hath come from him to save,  
that he he had vs all dayes,  
we have plenty of Marchant,  
Riche, Yellour, Craynes, and geese.

A.ii.

Clothes

Clothes of sylke and bysander, and  
 and Hatres also. Salamantides  
 who so will buy such Marchandise,  
 He shall haue of vs ready,  
 when guy had heard the Maryner,  
 he thanked him with louely there,  
 and rooke his leaue without letting,  
 and tolde Heraude of that thing,  
 Therefore he sayd Heraude my friend,  
 take we our leaue for to wend,  
 to Constantynople to helpe Cenis,  
 that with the Soudan thei were,  
 For syth the Soudan thei his came,  
 He hath bestrooped many a man,  
 Syr Heraude sayd he his aduise,  
 as a man that was counsaile worthy,  
 Syr if yee be so him succore,  
 He shall you doo great honour,  
 To the Emperour Bapurre went they,  
 and asked leaue to goke their way,  
 the Emperour prayd them to dwelle,  
 But they ne would not tarry so long,  
 Certes they had the Emperours  
 for cause they would fro him go,  
 He bad both handes and feet to guy,  
 But he would none thereof take,  
 A Thousand might he them to see,  
 the best of al mayntene,  
 he went to helpe the Emperours,  
 and when he was in the way,

He sent the Earl from his hall,  
 to welcome Guy and his men all,  
 they brought him to the Emperours  
 with much toy and great honour,  
 welcome be thou sayd Ernis,  
 Knight of this world moſte of pyce,  
 welcome be ye to me now,  
 for great neede I haue of you,  
 Sarasyns my lande hath bereſte me,  
 and left me but this bare Cittie.  
 fower thousand men I leeſe on a day,  
 what ſlayne, and what led away.  
 But now through helpe of thee ywis,  
 I hope to overcome myne enemies,  
 My fayre daughter I will thee giue,  
 and halfe my Landes whyle I liue,  
 Gramercy ſayd Guy,  
 and I behote you myne enemy.  
 Duely for to ſerue thee,  
 as long as I ſhall liue with you.  
 Guy tooke leaue of the Emperour,  
 and thought to doe his ſome ſerour.  
 to his Inn went ſayd Guy,  
 and heard great noyſe with the ſound.  
 Then asked he full haſte,  
 why men made ſuch a crye,  
 and why men armed them to fight,  
 and ran ſo faſt to the battell fight.  
 A Burgher he ſayd as I bidde him,  
 That was borne in England.

269.

A.iii.

Here

Here is an Aimerall that hight Goldran; that is  
 that is Colyn into the riche soudan; he is so  
 he is so doughty and so feare, that he hath in this  
 that he hath in this world no peare,  
 The weapons that he beareth with him,  
 Bene full of quicke venim,  
 no home so he giueth any dinte,  
 anone right his lyfe is fynte,  
 One day he did vs woe ynough,  
 when he the Emperours sonne slough,  
 No man was in this Cittie,  
 Durst fight with Goldran but he,  
 the king of Turky is with Goldran,  
 And with him many a noble man,  
 with him be Turkes twenty thousand,  
 the best knightes of that Lande,  
 Guy sayd to his knightes anone,  
 arme you Lordinges everychone,  
 for to the Saralyns shall we ryde,  
 for any thing that may betyde,  
 they armed them in noble weede,  
 and every man upon a steede,  
 all whole Guyes mainie,  
 as Bachelers of that Cittie,  
 To the saralyns they rode with guy,  
 and many a stroke gaue them hastily,  
 Guy rode to Goldran the Aimerall,  
 and such a dint gaue him with his  
 That helme and shield with it to blast,  
 and do wone to the ground he him cast.

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144

Thorob

Thorow the body guy him smote,  
His good bynde his head of bote,  
To the Emperour guy it sent,  
and he was glad of that present.  
Her aude smote the kyng of turky,  
The strongest man of all Surry,  
he gaue him a stroke full swel,  
that down to the ground he did him fell.  
Then came forth syr Tybante,  
the fayrest of fraunce at assaunte,  
Elmadant he gaue a knock,  
a strong sarasyn among the flock.  
that dead fell that sarasyn,  
with sorow gre and much pyne,  
forth then came syr Guntet,  
that was Guyes owne Bachelor.  
He rode to myte Rodian,  
a sarasyn next the strongest man,  
wyth his sword his heart he cleue,  
and there he dyed with sorow gre,  
forth then came syr Morgadoure,  
that steward was to the Emperour,  
Bold he was and hardy,  
falle he was and full of felony.  
So he smote a knight sarasyn,  
That dead he fell as any stone.  
Guyes knightes that were doughty,  
foughten all full boldly,  
So did him selfe guyon,  
Many a sarasyn he felled dead downe.

A.iiii.

And

And good syz Heraude also,  
Many a Sarasyn he slue he done tho,  
forth then came syz Abdelarde,  
a bold knight and no coward,  
That Sarasyn slue Bayner,  
Gyves owne Bachelor,  
when Heraude saw it was so,  
To smyte that Sarasyn he rode tho,  
and that Sarasyn Abdelart,  
He bare through with a dart,  
Estelarde came pycking as fyre  
to smyte Heraude with great desyre,  
Heraude and he fought that stound,  
That eche of them fell other to ground,  
they foughten as they had be wood,  
and both they were doughty and good,  
But syz Heraude should him hane slayne,  
had not come helpe certayne,  
An hundered Sarasyns reynid about,  
On heraude made an hydious shoute,  
Heraude agayne them fought manly,  
But there he had be slayne full nyg,  
had not guy come in styde,  
And manlye done to him succoure,  
Guy rode and halpe heraude to,  
A Sarasyns head he ran of byde,  
another he smyte of the,  
that dead to ground he fell he,  
Guy made that tyde mang a Sarasyn,  
with his bowde that he storyne.

Out

11111

The

The sarasyns fled and gaped in chafe,  
and oꝝ they might the souldan's palle  
there was many a sarasynic flayne,  
with great wo, and much payne.  
after all this then fell it so,  
that Eskeldart turned them to,  
And swore he should never be glad,  
till the head of guy he had.  
A mayde he sayd I had it hight,  
the Soudans Daughter a mayden bright  
Cyther on other shore hight,  
But Eskeldart smote full for guy,  
that through his shield, and his habourke,  
that was made of full noble worke,  
He had good helpe haue beene,  
that stroke had flayne Guy the queene,  
Guy smote agayns truely,  
that sat Eskeldart full hie.  
Thorow his double habourke it towe,  
and through his body the speare ranne,  
Eskeldard fell downe tho,  
Guy him followed, and bid much wo,  
But for guy overlooke them in night,  
and that soze his heart forethought.  
Then rode guy his folke agayne,  
and they of his coming was full faine,  
Then rode they home to that Citie,  
for of fyghting they warte weary.  
All the folke of the towne,  
thanked fayre for guy on.

¶

C. j.

fo:

for cause they had slayne their sone,  
 and the Emperour Ernis anone,  
 Sent after good Syr Guy,  
 and thanked hym as was worthy,  
 And sayd Syr knight of knyghts flower,  
 I shall thee make an Emperour,  
 I shall thee give my Daughter free,  
 Ouer all my landes Lord shalt thou bee.  
 Then the steward Morgadour,  
 Chi:fe steward with the Emperour,  
 In his heatt for wo was mad,  
 that such a pryce Syr Guy had,  
 The traytour thought with great enuy,  
 how he might Syr Guy destroy,  
 But a sound let we now be,  
 and of Eckeldart speake we,  
 that sarasyn that fled fro Guy,  
 with halfe a speare through his body,  
 to his hynder arlon was hee,  
 \* Breched with Guyes speare of tree,  
 His helme was all to he wen downe,  
 and many a knock was on his crowne,  
 he might not beare by his shield,  
 he went and dyed in the field.  
 The Soudan sawe him come hastily,  
 and sayd to him with his heart sorry,  
 Eckeldart fro whence comest thou,  
 In strong battayle thou haste be now,  
 was thou alone in that citty,  
 tell me who hath so wounded thee,

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Sn

\* Breched ] a misprint for broched, i. e. spited.

66

Syr sayd Ekeford withhall,  
Colbran is flaine your ancerall,  
the King of turky is flaine also,  
and with him fower thousand and mo,  
Then sayd the prowde Soudan,  
Be thele wordes sooth eche one,  
wonder I haue certes he sayd,  
that my men thus doxone be layd,  
Hath that prowde Emperour,  
to helpe him any succour,  
Syr he sayd anone right,  
in that battayle I fought with a knight,  
In this world there ne is none such one,  
Most strong eger as any Lyon,  
Of warwick he highte gylon,  
So doughty in this world is none,  
Therefore may no man suffer his dinte,  
But anone of his lyfe he is finte,  
with him he hath a thousand knyghtes,  
that can warre at all rightes,  
through the body he me smote,  
It is my death well I wote,  
then I swore the prowde Soudan,  
By his Gods euerythone,  
he should neuer be glad no stound,  
Till that Littie were brought to ground,  
I shall he sayd giue him battayle,  
within fower dayes he sayd sauns fayle,  
These wordes heard a spretruelly,  
that was dwelling with synnys.

These tydings to tell guy rode he,  
 How the Soudan would to that Citty,  
 The Emperour wold not it was so,  
 For if he had he had bene wo,  
 Glad was the Emperour Cris,  
 For guy had slayne his enemyes,  
 So vpon a day without kising,  
 The Emperour went on reuering,  
 In the meane while the she ward more,  
 Toward guy fast can he gone,  
 A false traytour he was aye,  
 To syz guy both night and day,  
 He would haue seene guy to day,  
 And yet he she wold in his say,  
 Also fayre loue vnto syz Guy,  
 As any man in his body,  
 Guy he said I loue thee,  
 ouer all thinges that may bee,  
 Landes and fies great and litle,  
 and he sayd certes, Guy,  
 at thy will they shall be,  
 So is my loue layde on thee,  
 So we he sayde to the chamber lene,  
 at the Chesse to play a game,  
 Before Loret that mayden fere,  
 the loue of her is geue to thee,  
 And well I wote that mayden geue,  
 is thynge of one of thy talente,  
 But all the wote he treche,  
 that the she ward had to guy

shd

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was

was for the Maydens sake, for guy should her to wyfe take  
 The steward him selfe as I you sayd, and so he was  
 wooed sore that fayre Mayde, and so he was  
 and would haue had her to wyfe, therefore was al the stryfe,  
 But guy wist it not per say, forth they yede to that Mayde  
 Hand in hande yede he to the chamber that Mayde frae,  
 to Loets chamber that Mayde frae, Guy greete that Mayde full curteously,  
 the mayde sayd welcome syr guy, Guy tooke that Mayden in earnest woo,  
 with louely cheare he kist her thio, Guy and that stewarde Morgadoure,  
 playde in that Maydens boire, at the Chesse, and syr guy won  
 Three games all of that he playd, Then was the stewarde wode wode  
 and by he roled as I say you, and sayd to syr guyon,  
 I haue to doe in the towne, Be ye here he sayd to guy,  
 I shall come agayne hastily, He thought to doe guy some shame,  
 Guy left with Loet with game, And for rode syr Morgadoure,  
 and rode till he came to the Emperours, The Emperour sayd to guy  
 hath any Saracyns nide done by you,

The steward sayd I haue bene euer, **thou** hast  
 true to you and shall sayle neuer,  
 thou haste he sayd a souldier,  
 that is to thee a faile traytour,  
 To thy Daughters chambte he is went,  
 and with force he hath her hent,  
 her maydenhead he hath her rest,  
 and there he is with her leste.  
 If ye leene me not of this,  
 We may go see the sooth p'ois,  
 For with thy Daughter thou mapest him take  
 In her chamber his mynth to make,  
 Therefore I come hastily,  
 ther to warne of his folly,  
 I rede thee take that theefe gyon,  
 and cast him deepe in thy pryson,  
 And doe him hang vpon a tree,  
 and then shall all traytours dread thee,  
 Be nought adread to take him,  
 though he be both stoute and grim,  
 For if thou doe him hang certayne,  
 I shall wend into almayne,  
 To riche Raynere the Emperour,  
 and bring thee such succour,  
 To winne agayne thy Landes echone,  
 and destroy all thy fone,  
 Then sayd Ernis the Emperour,  
 Let be thy tales of degadour,  
 that gentle knight would not doe this,  
 For all the Emppre p'ois,

I him hight my Daughter free,  
 to doe thus what neede hath hee,  
 when Morgadour saw it was so,  
 that the Emperour would not after him do,  
 Unto the Cittie right hastily,  
 he rode agayne to Syr Guy,  
 To speake wyth Guy rode hee,  
 Into that Chamber so fayre and free,  
 Syr Guy he sayd as true as Steele,  
 In my heart I loue thee well,  
 I will not fo: hele thy dishonour,  
 Tolde it is the Emperour,  
 That thou hast lyne his Daughter by,  
 Agayne her will by maystrye,  
 Therefore he will don hang thee,  
 If thou he sayd here found be,  
 Therefore he sayd I rede thee guy,  
 That thou reneue hence hastily,  
 Certes then sayd Syr gupon,  
 That were greatly agaynst reason,  
 If I should in any wyse,  
 For that mayden haue lewde,  
 For certes it was neuer in my thoughte,  
 Such a dedde to haue wrought,  
 at the morrow he sayd I vnderstood,  
 That the Emperour would nothing to me bue,  
 For then hee sayd without tefing,  
 He hight me loue ouer all thing,  
 Lord merrey quod Guy than,  
 who may beleue any man.

D.iii.

when

nehen he sayd he loued me so,  
 and for a false leasing would me vnde,  
 Her loue he sayd were to me deare,  
 For here to dye in this manere,  
 Out of that chamber then went guy,  
 fro that mayden with heart sorry.  
 To his inne hastely anone,  
 Arme you he sayd my knightes eche one,  
 for we ne shall sayd Guyoun,  
 No longer dwell in this towne,  
 To the Emperour we bene impaired so,  
 that he will vs to death doe,  
 But so God mought me glade,  
 that night and day both made,  
 Or we be other slayne or take,  
 Him and his men we shall doe wake,  
 That shall be weete or ought long,  
 that we be impaired wth wrong.  
 Guy and his knightes eche one,  
 Out of the Citie they ryden anone,  
 Toward the Soudan a great pace,  
 All wroth and no wonder was,  
 To helpe the Soudan I praylight,  
 agaynst the Emperour for to fight.  
 And as guy rode without leasing,  
 the Emperour home did renering,  
 Ryding towarde the Citie,  
 and saw guy armed and his meinie,  
 He asked a man that rode before,  
 What armed knightes the prynces,

Syr sayd that man it is syr Guy, and his knyghtes hardy,  
 and his knyghtes hardy, fro your Citty they be went,  
 no path and full of melancholent, they shall go he the Soudan,  
 they shall go he the Soudan, agayne thee to fight eche one,  
 when the Emperour wist it, was so, Certes him was never so wroth,  
 He smote his freede on the fyde, and to syr guy then can he ryde,  
 And sayd gentle knight syr guy, to make amendes I am redy,  
 for certes Guy without doute, thou art the man that I have moste  
 I trow the Soudan hath sent for thee, Therefore wilt thou wend from me,  
 And certes if it be so, for evermore my ioy is do,  
 Then sayd guy to the Emperour, Certes I was no traytour,  
 In the Citty it is tolde me, that ye had made your anoy,  
 To wicked death to have me brought, for thing thadme never in my thought,  
 and that forsooth sayd guy, Is all together my nicholen,  
 to serue another in his neede, that will me quyte better meede,  
 In armes the Emperour took Guy, and sayd gentle knight hardy,

19.1.

Certes

Certes it was never thought for me; I praye  
 Such a thing to haue wrought. **Sy** he sayd  
 But sy he sayd I praye you that ye will praye for  
 tourne agayne. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 and to guyes knyghtes. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 I praye you that ye will praye for me. **Sy** he sayd  
 Guy he sayd I praye you that ye will praye for me.  
 all my landes lowe. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 for I holde him. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 that other then. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 Guy heard the. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 and with good will. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 And thought by. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 that the. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 Guy lete. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 and to the. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 But guy and his knyghtes. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 Ryde agayne with the. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
**Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 I haue vnderstande. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 That the. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 will to morrow. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 The. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 Com. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 He shall neuer. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 till thy men be. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 with him. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 But thou be. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 Then. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye  
 all my succour. **Sy** he sayd I praye you that ye will praye

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.1. 4

no hat

what thing that thou wilt do. And a yong  
 I am ready he sayd the into our mind and yeth  
 Guy would no longer tarry with the lord  
 But called forth the Duke of Gloucestre  
 and sayd to morrow must we be ready  
 To fyght with our enemyes  
 agaynst the peccable lordes  
 and for thou art to my lord  
 for to be true here my counsaile  
 to thee I shew forth the way  
 So we shall win the day  
 Or that they come to the field  
 and be defend with our men  
 agaynst the louding great  
 and for Guy sayd both the  
 I redde the word  
 Doe crye in your right  
 that all your men ready  
 To morrow early  
 and all that may  
 Twenty thousand  
 and forth they went  
 to fight agaynst  
 then sayd Guy  
 Lording  
 Bene assayed  
 Therefore  
 that ye defend  
 and benge your  
 that be slayne  
 and  
 id. ii.

Many

Many a Castle and many a good towne, in  
 they haue brent and cast downe, and  
 therefore fyght this day echone, and  
 and venge you vpon your fone.  
 But keepe you well in this beelde,  
 Or they take the playne felde.  
 They may be with great weake,  
 If they the playne felde take,  
 therefore I rede you in this place,  
 Pray to God he giue you grace,  
 Agaynst the Saracyns to helpe your lande,  
 and for to haue the higher hande,  
 Forth they rode with this tale,  
 and looked beforne into the vale,  
 They saw all the woode felde,  
 full of knyghtes and chivalrye,  
 then the Soudan cryed out,  
 and all the chresten companye,  
 He called Eymon of Cypre,  
 a strong man and a stout fyre,  
 Myghty he was and of great bouite,  
 and passing strong in every route,  
 the Soudan sayd Eymon I wolle,  
 thou go agaynst them in topon hill,  
 Take with thee two thousand knyghtes,  
 well armed at all rightes,  
 and looke thou be the better echone,  
 for much too they haue me bouite,  
 Eymon with his knyghtes hardy,  
 Rode to the chresten companye

ynas

ii. c.

They

They weende with strength to have wonne the  
 But soone they lost many a shilde; wroth (shilde  
 when they were entered into the place;  
 Guy with his folke agayne them was,  
 fight quod guy fellows with harte;  
 whyle that ye be whole and quare;  
 for if the Sarasyns win the playne,  
 we be but dead men certayne;  
 But if we be vpon yon hill,  
 Or the Sarasyns come by still,  
 we shall them cast downe at last;  
 with sharpe speeres and bladd flounders  
 Then slue they many a Sarasyn;  
 Guy taught them such a medecyn;  
 Guy and his men kept that place;  
 that no Sarasyn might passe;  
 Downe they slue them with their handes;  
 By hundreds and by thows and by thows;  
 when Elman the King of Tyre;  
 with strong hand and a sturte;  
 Saw guy and his men in that bound;  
 fell his men so to the ground;  
 with a sharpe sword and a strong;  
 the chrisien knights be yede among;  
 And slue anone a chrisien knight;  
 then rode Guy to him right;  
 In his hand guy bare a barbe;  
 and thereof he gave him part;  
 Guy lift his hand with grete;  
 and so he smote the king of Tyre;

**T**hat there he dyed with his de wound, and yet  
 that he flow that galle had an hounde and in  
 That sawe the fowden in the wende, yett noy  
 anone he called the King of the wydes (thou art)  
 Syr King he sayd mayest thou not seege up thys  
 how our men thus slayeth, and egge up the  
 So helpe me O aboun of myght that I may  
 and Termagant my God so bright and so  
 I shall neuer loue thee, and noy noy and so  
 But thou on them abashed be, and so  
 So ye he sayd to them agayn, and so  
 and with strength take the Mountayne  
 we bene an hundred agayn the hounde  
 and euery man ye shall them slay, and so  
 the Mountaynes they beset round about,  
 the chysten men had great doubt, and so  
 Here began a battayle strong, and so  
 For many men there dyed, and so  
 There might men see, and so  
 whyle that his good word would be,  
 In that place, and so  
 and many a Saracen he slew, and so  
 And all that, and so  
 he smote dead, and so  
 In that place, and so  
 and his shield all to bright, and so  
 So many Saracens, and so  
 that eyther on other, and so  
 Of dead men there was, and so  
 that came, and so

Syr heraunder faught there full fast,  
 and many a sarasynе dalye he cast;  
 with a deuemyng in his hande;  
 No man might his dunt withstand,  
 Out of his mouth the whete foam ran;  
 So fast he slue the sarasyns than;  
 his good hauberk with dunt he rent;  
 Then men might see his malapryde;  
 who so he hit with a stroke of his sword  
 he dyed at the first stroke;  
 And right so did good guyon;  
 no home so he hit he smote dead downe;  
 Carte wheelles they let take;  
 and good engines he let make;  
 The Engyns were so sore castande;  
 that to the sarasyns they came nere hande;  
 There with he smote them in sunder;  
 so sore they threwe that it was no wonder;  
 Many an hill they threwe downe;  
 That congreled were with stones browne;  
 Many a sarasynе his death there name;  
 the day past the night came;  
 The men sayd of that Countrey;  
 that men dyed there so great plenty;  
 That .xv. acres brede and mo;  
 Might no man but on dead men go;  
 A sarasynе there was that hight Parabel;  
 New made knight without fable;  
 Guy him smote a blow to the body;  
 and to the soudan he rode hastily.

Syr

Syr he sayd I rede you flee,  
 Or else certes dead ye bee,  
 All the Gods that we honour are,  
 Full little or nought they helpe vs to daye.  
 That we home fare I rede ye now,  
 and lead your wounded knightes with you,  
 For when they be whole and sounde,  
 they may you helpe another tyme,  
 with sorow and with care echone,  
 the Saracyns hyed them home anone.  
 Then sayd the Soudan so grim,  
 to bring his Gods before him,  
 Gods he sayd euill more ye the,  
 for euill he sayd haue ye tult me  
 with honour he sayd I haue fetterd you,  
 and euill I haue my meede now.  
 Therefore I shall on you be worke,  
 all your neckes I shall doe breake,  
 He began to lay on fast,  
 whyle a staffe in his hande might last,  
 He all to heto them and gan sayne,  
 We shall be brent forsooth certayne,  
 for ye be worse then boundes,  
 That euer I sawe ye wo be the boundes,  
 Some he brent on a lowe,  
 And some into the sea gan throwe,  
 Then sent he many a messenger,  
 after Saracyns fawce and nere.  
 There was no king in hethen londe,  
 Prince, ne Duke, more in londe.

fro thence vnto the red sea, and so forth  
 But they came at his will to her.  
 Says Guy sayd to his men,  
 almighty Iesu blest be thou,  
 for thou in the helpe of God alone  
 this day we haue ouercome our foes.  
 Then they tooke their weapons and  
 and rode home againe right glad.  
 Then was guy lede and here,  
 with all that Lande and many more,  
 That good Emperour of this,  
 through Guyes helpe to winne by his pyce,  
 Syr guy he gaue a goodly house,  
 with all his Lande and his to do,  
 when that with his good gabour,  
 the false stowarde that traitour,  
 he did nigh slay him,  
 he thought him to be a good villaine,  
 he thought to come to the Emperours,  
 and all his barons of great honour,  
 On message to the Soudan to sende Guy,  
 for he well wist for certaynte,  
 That who so went to the Soudan,  
 that in haste he should be there,  
 Into the towne of de Babilon,  
 and sone he founde the Emperour,  
 he sayd syr the Soudan as I gesse,  
 hath sent his sonde through becheleste,  
 After knyghtes lesse and more,  
 all that bene in Lande there.

A. J.

fo:

for to fyght thee agayne; and thus he said  
 his men were stronger then certayne, so you may see  
 and your be nygh. **S**ayemall dooing, and saye  
 Overcome you light by him stone. **T**he ynglish  
 But ye haue now a knyght for heare, as you saye  
**I**n this world is none his peare, as you saye with  
 That in this world for heare, as you saye with  
 the best in his world at assautes much more than  
 To the soudan ye may them sende, as you saye  
 for well I wote that they will wende, as you saye  
 syth the Soudan will haue your Lande, as you saye  
 we it wote into his hande, as you saye  
 sende him word to take a knyght, as you saye  
 that for him will take the fight, as you saye  
 and another knyght ye shall take, as you saye  
 to doe battayle for your sake, as you saye  
 And doe the soudan as he doo stande, as you saye  
 that ye will defende your Lande, as you saye  
 If case be that his knyght there, as you saye  
 through dint of sword your knyght compleere, as you saye  
 Truagye ye shall him geue, as you saye  
 Evermore while ye lyue, as you saye  
 and if so be that your knyght, as you saye  
 Overcome his in the fight, as you saye  
 Out of the Lande say him he wende, as you saye  
 and neuer more to come there hence, as you saye  
 Then sayd the Emperour thus, as you saye  
 He thynke that thou sayest agayne a lye, as you saye  
 Doe come my knyghts together, as you saye  
 and who so will wende to the soudan, as you saye

My message to doe now,  
 I may say he is hardy pnow,  
 For who so goeth to him certayne,  
 he cometh no more agayne,  
 The Emperours Barons echone,  
 Before the Emperour they came anone,  
 Lordinges he sayd give me intent,  
 For after you I haue sent,  
 I thinke to send to the soudayne,  
 that with wrong will vs all slayne,  
 I will no longer with him warray,  
 therefore I shall sende him to say,  
 That if he will haue Lande & mone,  
 that he chuse him a fardyne.  
 That may defend his Lande,  
 with battayle of his hande,  
 And I shall fynde another knight,  
 with him to fige & to fight,  
 and if he the soudayne therofe,  
 Quercome knight myne,  
 I will him ge aduantage,  
 Duer all my Lande & the fardyne,  
 and if the knight that I sende,  
 Quercome the soudayne therofe,  
 fro my Lande I will he wende,  
 and neuermore come there hende,  
 who so wpll this messaye do,  
 agayne if he cometh to,  
 I sweare by God that I shall,  
 For euermore I shall warray,

36. 1391

Q. 11.

But

But in that hall was none tho,  
 That durste profer him to go,  
 Elester sterte by with the wyghte beard,  
 to speake he was nothing afeard,  
 A long beard to his gyddle had he,  
 Syr Emperour he sayd listen unto me,  
 Hee that this counsaile gaue thee,  
 Aourth thee but little by my leuote,  
 A traytour he is to thee and thyne,  
 For who so goeth thou shalt him tyne.  
 As well thou mightest thy selfe him slo,  
 as make him to the Soudan go,  
 Thinkest thou not on thy cosyn Gryffon,  
 that was thyne owne bolde Baron,  
 that thou sentest thither certayne,  
 the soudan thee sent his head agayne.  
 And neuer syth did none,  
 From thee wend to the Soudan,  
 But vnderstande it well for thyne,  
 that I say it for no cowardise,  
 For were I now as much of might,  
 as I was whyle I was a young knight,  
 I would wende that I shuld fynde,  
 though I wist for to fynde,  
 But now I am gray beard and elde,  
 and little of might, and less of wyghte,  
 an hundred yere it is synce,  
 syth that I way dubbed knyght,  
 And now I am so old and so,  
 that I ne may doe the myghte,  
 I praye you to

Herande behelde Guy the bolde, and moche more  
 Unneathes might he him behelde, and moche more  
 That he ne profersd amonge, and moche more  
 to haue gone to the soudan. And moche more  
 But by encheison of his Lord Guy, and moche more  
 he would not profersd any more, and moche more  
 for well he hoped withowt feining, and moche more  
 that guy would vnderstande that thing, and moche more  
 But guy helde him alway, and moche more  
 till he wist all their will, and moche more  
 if any knight would vnderstande, and moche more  
 the Emperours message for to make, and moche more  
 when he sawe no man would go, and moche more  
 with eger mood he helde, and moche more  
 Syr Emperour Guy sayd, and moche more  
 lyth no man this message, and moche more  
 I shall doe it for thy sake, and moche more  
 though I should be slayd, and moche more  
 That the soudan in his hall, and moche more  
 shall it heare and he will, and moche more  
 The Emperour thanked Guy, and moche more  
 And sayd gentle knyght, and moche more  
 for certes he sayd, I will, and moche more  
 to the soudan sende, and moche more  
 for halfe my land, and moche more  
 for I sayd it but for to assay, and moche more  
 To weete for me, and moche more  
 and whome I might be slayd, and moche more  
 And now I wote, and moche more  
 that would it do for me, and moche more

Certes then sayd Guy anoure,  
 I shall wende to the shroude,  
 For ought that any man can sayne,  
 though I shall there be slayne.  
 Out of the Pallatce then went Guyon,  
 to his Inne into the towne,  
 The Emperours with good deuotion,  
 and many a noble Baron,  
 and all the Emperours men certayne,  
 Prayed God bring him agayne,  
 Guy asked his armes aone,  
 Hosen of yron guy did bpon.  
 In his hawberke guy him clad,  
 he dyad no stroke whyle he had,  
 Upon his head his helme he cast,  
 and hasted him to ryde full fast,  
 a sycke of gold thereon stonde,  
 the Emperour had hangen good,  
 Aboute the sycke for thynge,  
 where set many peryllous stonys,  
 Aboue he had a good wynde,  
 his sworde he took he by the hys,  
 and lept bpon his horse anon,  
 Styrope with foote touched he the ground,  
 Then sayd his knight byd and one,  
 we will go with thee this way,  
 Heraude sayd in that way,  
 If ye dye, I shall strake dead agayne,  
 Nay quod guy here he shall be,  
 and forth he rode on his horse.

All the men of that to hille, and yd a' on sight a D  
Prayed fast for good guye, and yd qd at Gns  
for well they wold be in a daye, theyd Gns  
that they should wnt dailie for agayne  
Guy rode forth without doubt, and yd qd  
Alone to the soudan host, and lo ano engagn  
Guy saw all the host, and yd qd  
full of tentes and p'p'le, and yd qd  
On the Dauidson of the host, and yd qd  
Stoode a Carbuncle, and yd qd  
Guy wist that it was the Soudan, and yd qd  
And due him the honour, and yd qd  
At the meate he f'nd the Soudan, and yd qd  
and his Barons, and yd qd  
and tenne kinges, and yd qd  
all they were stoute and yd qd  
Guy rode forth, and yd qd  
till he came to the Soudan, and yd qd  
he ne rough, and yd qd  
But on this wyse, the Soudan, and yd qd  
Lorde that shap'd our daye, and yd qd  
and all this, and yd qd  
and suffred on a crosse, and yd qd  
To buy mans soules, and yd qd  
Gine the soudan his name, and yd qd  
and all that leuen on, and yd qd  
Gods name, and yd qd  
and tho that were on, and yd qd  
The good Emperour, and yd qd  
Hath me sent with good, and yd qd

guy

A.iii.

Co

For to fyght thee agayne, and thus cometh on  
 his men were stronge and certayne, so good in  
 and your be nygh, saye all gooding, and saye  
 ouercome you lightly by hande, and by hande  
 But ye haue now a knyght by hande, and saye  
 In this world is none his peare, and saye  
 That is my hande by hande, and saye  
 the best in his world, and saye  
 To the soudan ye may them sende, and saye  
 For well I wote that they will sende, and saye  
 syth the Soudan will haue your hande, and saye  
 he it wylle sende to his hande, and saye  
 sende him word to take a knyght, and saye  
 that for him will take the fight, and saye  
 and another knyght ye shall take, and saye  
 to doe battayle for your sake, and saye  
 And doe the soudan to his hande, and saye  
 that ye will sende to your hande, and saye  
 If case be that his knyght there, and saye  
 through dint of sword your knyght cometh, and saye  
 Truage ye shall him give, and saye  
 Euermore whyle ye lyue, and saye  
 and if to be that, and saye  
 ouercome his hande fight, and saye  
 Out of the Lande saye him he wende, and saye  
 and neuermore to come therehence, and saye  
 Then sayd the Emperour thus, and saye  
 He thynke that thou shalt a gooda time, and saye  
 Doe come my knyghtes to the fight, and saye  
 and who so will wende to the soudan, and saye

My message to doe now,  
I may say he is hardy pnow,  
For who so goeth to him certayne,  
he cometh no more agayne,  
The Emperours Barons echone,  
Before the Emperour they came anone,  
Lordinges he sayd give me intent,  
For after you I haue sent,  
I thinke to send to the soudayne,  
that with wrong will be all slayne  
I will no longer with him warray,  
therefore I shall sende him to say,  
That if he will haue Lande more,  
that he chuse him a souldier,  
That may defend his Lande,  
with battayle of his hande,  
And I shall fynde another knyght,  
with him to fige for myght,  
and if he the soudayne shall see,  
ouercome knyght wyne,  
I will him graunte gably,  
ouer all my Lande the same,  
and if the knyght shall see,  
ouercome the soudayne the same,  
fro my Lande I will he wende,  
and neuer more come there hende,  
who so wyll this message do,  
agayne if he cometh to,  
I sweare by God that he shall,  
for euermore I shall him slay,

361. 194

D.ij.

But

But in that hall was none tho, of age that was  
 That durste profer him to go, and as he was  
 Elester sterte by with the whyte beard,  
 to speake he was nothing afeard,  
 A long beard to his gyddle had he,  
 Syr Emperour he sayd listen unto me,  
 Hee that this counsaile gaue thee,  
 Louth thee but little by my leuote,  
 A traytour he is to thee and thyne,  
 For who so goeth thou shalt him tyne.  
 As well thou mightest thy selfe him slo,  
 as make him to the Soudan go,  
 Thinkest thou not on the cosyn Gryffon,  
 that was thyne owne bolde Baron,  
 that thou sentest thither certayne,  
 the soudan thee sent his head agayne.  
 And neuer syth had none,  
 From thee wend to the Soudan,  
 But vnderstande it well for thyne,  
 that I say it for no cowardise,  
 For were I now as much of might,  
 as I was whyte, I was a yong knyght,  
 I would wende thither full sure,  
 though I wist to be slaine,  
 But now I am gray beered and eldes,  
 and little of might, and less of weald,  
 an hundred yere it is syth I was  
 syth that I was dubbed knyght,  
 And now I am so old and so,  
 that I ne may doe the myght I was wont to do.

III

.ii.C

Heraude

Heraude behelde Guy the bolde, that northward  
 Unneathes might he him behelde, and now had he  
 That he ne proferd amonge, ym ym had to go  
 to haue gone to the soudan, and now had he  
 But by encheson of his Lord Guy, he  
 he would not profer first to day, and now had he  
 for well he hoped without waiting, and now had he  
 that guy would undertake that thing, and now had he  
 But guy helde him alway, and now had he  
 till he wist all their wills, and now had he  
 if any knight would undertake, and now had he  
 the Emperours message for to make, and now had he  
 when he sawe no man would go, and now had he  
 with eger mood he set on his foot on the ground  
 Syr Emperour Guy said vnto him, and now had he  
 syth no man this message would take, and now had he  
 I shall doe it for thy sake, and now had he  
 though I should die for it, and now had he  
 That the soudan in his hall, and now had he  
 shall it heare and he will saye, and now had he  
 The Emperour thanked him, and now had he  
 And sayd gentle knight, and now had he  
 for certes he sayd, I will do it, and now had he  
 to the soudan, and now had he  
 for halfe my kinde, and now had he  
 for I sayd it but for to saye, and now had he  
 To weete for me, and now had he  
 and whome I might best trust, and now had he  
 And now I wote, and now had he  
 that would it do for me, and now had he

Certes then sayd Guy anoure,  
 I shall wende to the foudan,  
 For ought that any man can sayne,  
 though I shall there be slayne.  
 Out of the Pallatce then went Guyon,  
 to his Inne into the towne,  
 The Emperours with good deuotion,  
 and many a noble Baron,  
 and all the Emperours men certayne,  
 Prayed God bring him agayne,  
 Guy asked his armes apon,  
 Hosen of yron guy did bren,  
 In his habour he gart him clad,  
 he dyed no stroke he byt he had,  
 Upon his head his helme he cast,  
 and hasted him to ryde full fast,  
 a sycke of gold thereon stonde,  
 the Emperour had hangen a good,  
 About the sycke for the good,  
 were set many precious stones,  
 Aboue he had a good,  
 his sword he took he by the hilt,  
 and lept upon his horse,  
 Styrope with foote touched he the ground,  
 Then sayd his knight by the name,  
 we will go with thee the same,  
 Heraude sayd with a good,  
 If ye dye, I shall saye,  
 Ray quod guy here he was,  
 and forth he rode of the towne

All the men of that to hille, and yf a man wold  
 Prayed fast for good yere, and yf a man  
 For well churche, and yf a man wold, and yf a man  
 that they should, and yf a man wold, and yf a man  
 Guy rode forth without dore, and yf a man wold  
 Alone to the soudan, and yf a man wold  
 Guy saw all that, and yf a man wold  
 Full of tentes and, and yf a man wold  
 On the Dauidon of the, and yf a man wold  
 Stoode a Carbur, and yf a man wold  
 Guy wist that, and yf a man wold  
 And due him, and yf a man wold  
 At the meane, and yf a man wold  
 and his Barrow, and yf a man wold  
 and tenne kinges, and yf a man wold  
 all they were stoute, and yf a man wold  
 Guy rode forth, and yf a man wold  
 till he came to the, and yf a man wold  
 He ne rougt, and yf a man wold  
 But on this wyse, and yf a man wold  
 Lorde that, and yf a man wold  
 and all this, and yf a man wold  
 and suffred on Crosse, and yf a man wold  
 To buy mans, and yf a man wold  
 Gine the soudan, and yf a man wold  
 and all that, and yf a man wold  
 Gods, and yf a man wold  
 and tho that, and yf a man wold  
 The good Emperour, and yf a man wold  
 hath me sent, and yf a man wold

To thee now Syr Soudan, of right to name of the  
 and to thy knyghtes every chynge that shal be done  
 And sayeth if thou have right of haubde, or of  
 To have chalenge of his lands, I will give it to the  
 He biddeth thee take a knyghte, and a good knyght  
 agayne one of his for to fight, and the best of the  
 And which of them withen ten dayes, and the best  
 Overcome other in the field, and the best of the  
 Late so your right be quyte, and the best of the  
 without any lenger tyme, and the best of the  
 If thy knyght be overcome of his, and the best of the  
 thou shalt give him the best of the field, and the best of the  
 That thou have the best of the field, and the best of the  
 and go from his land, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 And if so be that our knyghte, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 Be overcome in the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 Then shall we have the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 and all his lands, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 And evermore, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 thus bad he me to his land, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 And if thou have the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 But with wrong, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 fight I will for him, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 who will the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 Before thee here this day, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 thus sayd Guy, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 Then sayd the knyght, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 that thus proved, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 Yet found I never, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the  
 That such wordes, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the field, and the best of the

Guy sayd thus to the king of the north  
My right honourable father I have of late  
Guy of warwiche hath been slain by the hand of a  
then sayd the king of the north that he was a good  
Arte thou the better knight Guy sayd olde for  
that arte here Guy sayd thus to the king of the north  
what thou shalt do thou shalt do as I say  
that maketh thee to be a knight of the north and  
Thou shalt be a knight of the north and  
Of all Saracens that be in the land of the north  
Many a Saracen hath been slain by the hand of  
Therefore thou shalt be a knight of the north  
Forsooth Guy that was a knight of the north  
and little loved he the king of the north  
when he thought that he was a knight of the north  
this message now of the king of the north  
My men be here and they will do as I say  
therefore shalt thou be a knight of the north  
The souldan of the north was a good man  
He had men take him and he was a good man  
and doe hym in pyson and he was a good man  
then shall we see what he will do  
the souldan of the north was a good man  
arose and he was a good man  
Then sayd the king of the north  
It is not good to be a knight of the north  
his sworde he hath and he is a good man  
and rode to the north and he was a good man  
He sayd souldan thou shalt be a knight of the north  
here I be a knight of the north and he was a good man

40

15.

Guy

Guy smote of his horse with that long spear  
 that it fell down right in the water; right yee  
 Guy took it by the hilt and he was in the water  
 And rode away full of wrath and he was  
 for whose honour he was so angry, and he was  
 he smote him so hard with his spear, and he was  
 That many a man was slain that day  
 Guy smote of his horse with that long spear  
 Through the shoulder of the knight that was  
 and lacerated his body with his spear; and he was  
 They fought all day long and he was  
 that he was so angry that he was  
 Let me now a hundred years ago  
 and of the world that was then

**A**fter the time that Guy was in the water  
 Certes Heraude was a man of great worth  
 that he was a knight of the round table  
 for night and day he was in the water  
 that he was so angry that he was  
 to have had his horse with that long spear  
 and as he was by the water he was  
 him thought he was a knight of the round table  
 and with sword he was a knight of the round table  
 for he was a knight of the round table  
 from them he was a knight of the round table  
 and he was a knight of the round table  
 Out of his hand he was a knight of the round table  
 and to his hand he was a knight of the round table  
 Arise you say, and he was a knight of the round table  
 and goe we to the water

For certeyn dayes he was dysposed to chace Gylles  
 and every man upon a horse of his was dysposed  
 Ryden forth full hastily, and so called Gylles was  
 Till they came to my lordes camp, and then Gylles  
 they sawe Gylles was dysposed to chace Gylles  
 with twenty thousand men, and Gylles was  
 and all they layd out to chace Gylles, and Gylles was  
 and he at that tyme was dysposed to chace Gylles  
 Some by the aduantage of good daye, and some  
 and some by the middyl waye, and Gylles was  
 and some his knyghtes all to chace Gylles, and Gylles was  
 and some by the aduantage of good daye, and Gylles was  
 But there was one that came more quickly, and Gylles was  
 But that he had a horse that was dysposed to chace Gylles  
 and some their knyghtes all to chace Gylles, and Gylles was  
 and some their knyghtes all to chace Gylles, and Gylles was  
 when he sawe that he was dysposed to chace Gylles  
 Came to helpe Gylles, and Gylles was  
 To bid them fight it was no more, and Gylles was  
 and many one they were dysposed to chace Gylles  
 then they were dysposed to chace Gylles, and Gylles was  
 Barthelemew the first of Maye, and Gylles was  
 that Gylles was dysposed to chace Gylles, and Gylles was  
 when Gylles was out of his camp, and Gylles was  
 For loe he had his knyghtes all to chace Gylles, and Gylles was  
 The Saracens turned with Gylles, and Gylles was  
 and buryed the body of the Saracen, and Gylles was  
 and Gylles rode to the city, and Gylles was  
 and the head before him bare he stode, and Gylles was

And with grete myght he offered it vp to the emperor and all the belles of the church sang hym a mass and all the people praised hym with grete joy. And the emperor was so glad that he gave hym a hundred thousand marks of silver. And the emperor said to him that thus hath brought us out of this tribulation.

**W**hen the emperor saw that Guy was so good for him, he gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. And that tyme as many men were there, and a hundred thousand marks of silver. They of the nation were so glad that they gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. For Guy had done them much good. In the middle of all this, there was a pillar of stone. Thereon Guy put a hundred thousand marks of silver. and the louds were so glad that they gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. To give grete joy to all the people. that the emperor was so glad that he gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. To bring him out of this tribulation. and when the war was ended, Guy was so glad that he gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. The Emperor said that he would give him a hundred thousand marks of silver. with grete joy. For to amend the world, he gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. that the emperor was so glad that he gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. and so upon a stone he gave him a hundred thousand marks of silver. as they cryden. They saw a Lyon and a Dragon.

one

the

The

The Lyon durst not stand before him  
 he was so bold and so valiant  
 his head was black great and long  
 and there both moode and might strong  
 his eyes blacke as any cole  
 his body rugged and solemne  
 his teeth long his throat deep  
 that a man there might glyde  
 To his knyghtes then sayd Guyon  
 I will go fight agayn the Dragon  
 That would slea yowre gentle knyght  
 abyde me here both while and least  
 Guy stert by on his good steed  
 as a doughty knyght in any dede  
 He tooke a gleve in his hand  
 to the Dragon he rode forth  
 to him he ran and leste  
 he ran to Guy and caught him  
 Guy let to him a spere  
 In at his mouth  
 with his glayue  
 That stroke  
 that the Dragon fell  
 Then drough Guy out  
 and smote of the head  
 Guy touned  
 The Lyon  
 Before his horse  
 as comely as any man  
 And

And for sayne playe the kynge and his knyghtes  
for guy had slayne the lyon, and so the  
Guyes horse was the first to go and the  
Guy weene the first to go and the  
and doone he sterte full right as a wild maye  
with the Lyon there for to fight, and good and  
and when he was start and the  
as still as a Lambelap the Lyon  
And there licked he guyes feet,  
and then guy saw he was so meke  
Guy would him no harme do,  
But lett him be by him the,  
and euery where guy was,  
the Lyon ran alway by his side,  
To the Emperour agayne to be,  
with myrrh, ioy, and such grete  
The Emperour was gladd to see  
and sye guy tolde him the  
Then were they glad of that dede,  
and to their hostell guy went,  
At night when guy was in his bed,  
the Lyon him selfe came in,  
On nightes when guy slept fast,  
the Lyon before him lay,  
All this iorney was done,  
and of an other heere shall we  
when the Guyes came to the  
and the Guyes came to the  
To Constantinople then to be,  
to dwell there at his chiefe city,

One

10.21

There

There helde guy all his toymes and guy dounpys  
 Many a day both the Emperours and the  
 Upon a day solt the Emperours and the  
 The Emperours called forth the guy and the  
 and sayd sy guy make the guy and the guy  
 to morrow to church and the guy and the guy  
 My Daughter sayd I am to the guy and the guy  
 thou shalt be the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Gramercy sy sayd the guy and the guy and the guy  
 On the next day the guy and the guy and the guy  
 He and his knyghts and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 By by two and two the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Eche of them had a guy and the guy and the guy  
 Of good guy and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 When he had made the guy and the guy and the guy  
 So richly his knyghts were guy and the guy and the guy  
 when that he came to the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Princes and Dukes and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Carles, Barons and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Archbishops, abbots and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 That riche guy and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 The Emperours by the guy and the guy and the guy  
 He sayd sy guy and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Loret my daughter and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 And half my guy and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 And alto guy and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Here before my guy and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 all that euer hold the guy and the guy and the guy  
 Shall hold the guy and the guy and the guy and the guy  
 and honour the guy and the guy and the guy and the guy

Syr quod guy God peche it ouer and redress  
 Of this great wronge that he had done  
 The wedding Ring he had thought he had  
 Guy then on a sudden he thought of  
 He had her night before the last night  
 Alas he sayd to himselfe in his heart  
 and thought in his heart how he had done  
 agayne the same thing that he had done  
 Guy sayd penance for his sinne  
 None other way but by the way of  
 I had leauer the body of the woman  
 then the fairest woman in the world  
 Of all this world he thought he had  
 with all the good that he had  
 He thought him selfe to be a good man  
 In sorrow he felt his sinne  
 and when he was in the church  
 He sayde his prayer for his sinne  
 Of this wedding he had thought  
 Till I of this world was made  
 The Emperours daughter  
 Repenteth of her sinne  
 The Mayden he had thought  
 for that carrying her  
 for care of her  
 for she weende  
 Syr guyon a knight  
 And to his Inne  
 And unto his bed  
 And there he lay

me

That

That he ne passed doore ne gate,  
 The Lyon saw him in such place,  
 and such sorrow made for his Lord free,  
 that eate ne drinke nothing would he,  
 then called gay Heraude and sayd,  
 all my counsaile in thee is layde,  
 whether readeest thou I wed this May,  
 Or let her bene that me say,  
 For I shall thee say the sooth at hande,  
 Phelis my Lordes daughter Robande,  
 all my loue in hold hath ther,  
 wherefore Heraude what redest thou mee,  
 Heraude sayd sy: if ye take,  
 The Emperours Daughter to your make,  
 To you it shall be great honour,  
 For then ye shall be an Emperour,  
 and ye shall haue in your hande,  
 an hundred Citties and more lande,  
 and mo Lordships in your hand,  
 then the Erle sy: Roband.  
 Therefore Loret now take ye,  
 Doe away quod Guy that shall not be,  
 Heraude he sayd thou lovest not me,  
 thou counsailest me from Phelis the free,  
 Heraude sayd, I wist no dele,  
 that ye had loued Phelis so well,  
 But ware shall I be while ye lye,  
 Or you counsaile more shall giue,  
 But now I haue heard your aduise,  
 I rede ouer all ye loue Pheliss.

**A**t the fyfteene dayes ende,  
 Guy to the Emperour gay wende,  
 with him ran his fayre Lyon,  
 that syth was slayne through treason.  
 When the Emperour saw guy in hall  
 Glad he was and his men all,  
 to the meate went syr guy,  
 and his Lyon lay him by.  
 But on a day in this manere,  
 The weather was both hote and cleare,  
 the Lyon in an herber did sleepe,  
 the steward Morgadour took good keepe,  
 And for enuy of guy and Loych,  
 the false steward withouten lette,  
 to syr gupes Lyon he start,  
 and with a sword smote him to the heart,  
 a mayde it saw as I say you,  
 how that he the Lyon slue,  
 thou wicked man she sayd tho,  
 why haste thou slayne the Lyon so,  
 when guy it wote he will be wo,  
 He shall it wit so might I go.  
 when the Lyon was hurt so,  
 to gupes June he ran tho,  
 In chamber syr Guy he fonde,  
 he ran to him and licked his honde,  
 and as he licked he fell downe deade,  
 well away sayd guy what is befreade,  
 I would not he swore by Gods honour,  
 For a thousand pound of treasure.

Haue

Haue seene him thus to death gone,  
 Guy gyrt him with his sword adone,  
 and yede to the Emperours hall,  
 Lordinges he sayd God saue you all,  
 Doe tell me he sayd certayne,  
 which of you haue my Lyon slayne,  
 and I shall giue him that doth me tell  
 Syre hawberes and syre sterdes thell,  
 all that were in the hall certayne,  
 they wist not who the Lyon had slayne,  
 But searching in the court guy went,  
 and met with a mayden gent,  
 She sayd good day syr guyon,  
 where is now your fayre Lyon,  
 Guy sayd he is dead certayne,  
 I saw she sayd how he was slayne,  
 fayre Lemman then sayd guyon,  
 who hath me done that villain,  
 Syr she sayd Morgabour,  
 and when guy wist it was that traytour,  
 All about guy him sought,  
 to venge his Lyon he thought,  
 In chamber then found guyon,  
 Morgabour that foule felon,  
 thou Morgabour then sayd guyon,  
 why sleest thou my fayre Lyon,  
 Guy out his good sworde brayde,  
 thou haste traytout thy le me betrayde,  
 Thou shalt neuer betray man more,  
 his head in two guy claued right thore,  
 S.ij. The

The traytoure fell dead downe hastily,  
 his Cosyn drew a knyfe there ready,  
 But his right arme guyfynote of truly,  
 and syth to the Emperour he went on hy,  
 he sayd I haue be long toith you,  
 and euill I haue my meede now,  
 The stewart hath slayne my Lyon,  
 But I haue guyte him that treason,  
 all to peeces I claue his head,  
 For he shall neuer be man more quede,  
 and here my leaue I take of thee,  
 For wende I will into my countreye,  
 For I saw not many a yeare,  
 My father ne my mother deare,  
 But when ye haue ought to do,  
 Homely syr send me to,  
 Be it warre, or be it peace,  
 I shall come withowten leaue,  
 The Emperour sayd merre syr guy,  
 Why wilt thou from me bye,  
 If any man hath done thee yll,  
 take vengeaunce at thine owne wyll,  
 Thou shalt haue that I thee bed,  
 To morrow thou shalt my daughter wed,  
 All thy men in a route,  
 as their Lord they shall loute,  
 Syr Emperour then sayd Guy,  
 To wedde yet I am not ready,  
 For if I took the daughter certayne,  
 all thy men would haue my daigne,  
 That

That thou wouldest make an Emperour,  
 Of a pore Manassour.  
 Therefore say so God me saue,  
 whyle I loue of thy men haue,  
 To my countrey wende would I,  
 The Emperour therefore was sorry,  
 All his men without leasing,  
 were sorry of guyes parting,  
 when the Emperour saw truly to tell,  
 that guy would no longer dwell.  
 Two cofers of golde he let fill,  
 and gaue them to guy with good will.  
 he would them as if you say,  
 he wan of Saragunough per say,  
 when the Emperour saw that guy would none  
 to Guyes knight sh he gaue great wone,  
 he gaue them great plenty of riches,  
 for they should say of him goodnesse,  
 Then Guy toke leaue and rode anon,  
 The Lorden brought him forth the one,  
 And euer after that lound truly,  
 all Englishmen for loue of guy,  
 To the sea guy due certapne,  
 the wynde droue him into almayne,  
 and when he was landed there,  
 he went to the Emperour Marner,  
 welcome he was to the Emperour,  
 But there he made but little tounre,  
 fro thence he went into Lorapne,  
 and of his conuning the Duke was fayne.

And when he had a stound there be,  
 Fro thence he went to the sea,  
 So it fell on a summers day,  
 Guy passed forth his way.  
 As he rode through a forest free,  
 To take the ayre good thought hee,  
 His men he bad to towne fare,  
 To take his Tonne and make it yare.  
 For he sayd dwell will I,  
 To heare the fowles sing merrily,  
 The men did their Lordes will,  
 To towne they ryden, and guy let still,  
 So through the merry fowles song,  
 Guy smote into a thought strong,  
 Guy heard a voyce that him bement,  
 Guy tourned him and thither he went,  
 And there he found binder a thorne,  
 A knight alone as he were boine,  
 A fayre man he was to see,  
 A better made man there might none bee,  
 So much blood from him ran,  
 That all his face wared wan.  
 Long face he had and eyen gray,  
 Fayre heyre he had also per say,  
 Guy saw his spures overgilt truly,  
 And a wound through his body,  
 Of riche Samite was his cloathing,  
 And for his sake guy made mourning,  
 Guy sayd syr knight tell me thy name,  
 And what men haue done thee this shame.

To helpe thee haue I thought,  
 If ought may thereto be wrought,  
 Syr I am in so much sorrow,  
 that no man may my lyfe borrow,  
 Therefore if I my state thee tolde,  
 the more it should thynne heart colde,  
 Therefore I will not tell thee,  
 But if thou wilt assure me,  
 to holde the for ward that I shall sayne,  
 Bes certes quod guy agayne,  
 Syr I was with the Duke of Loayne,  
 To serue him well I did my payne,  
 His daughter I loued aboue all thing,  
 and she me without letting,  
 Her loue made me steepe to take,  
 and then I traualled for her sake,  
 in France, and in Burgoyne,  
 in Almayne, and in Seloyne,  
 nowhere so was any tournement,  
 Of iustes of warre thither I went,  
 For loue of that mayden free,  
 Of iustes to win me pryce and gree,  
 A messenger then heard I sayne,  
 That Sarasyns were come into Romayne,  
 and had nere all that Lande,  
 vsone into their owne hand,  
 To that countrey I went right,  
 To helpe the Emperour for to fight,  
 Sarasyns I slayeth many one,  
 And when the warre was all done,

To me came tydings the wothe to say,  
 From my Lemman that fayre Maye,  
 That she should by maystrye,  
 Be wedded to Duke Oston of Wary,  
 a letter to me sent shee,  
 and as I loved her prayed me,  
 That I should come her to sette,  
 Out of that lande withouten lette,  
 and she should for any thing,  
 keepe her a mayde to my coming.  
 But I came she sayd hastily,  
 for euermore leese her should I,  
 Then rode I anone rightes,  
 and ledde with me seuen hardy knightes,  
 And when I came into Lozayne,  
 that mayden I sent to sayne,  
 That fro the castle she should come downe,  
 to myne Inne into the towne,  
 Of my sonde she was full glad,  
 She did as my letter bad,  
 By night tyme she came to me,  
 But all to long there were we,  
 for certes it was light day,  
 Out of the towne we went a way,  
 The wayte vs saw and knew Oll,  
 Then were we certes in great perill,  
 The wayte cryed and we perill,  
 Terry leadeth Oll a knight,  
 To chase me came many a knight,  
 they sayd they would see me right,

Thou

All my knyghtes I kyd to bedd there, and so I  
 and that was for they were wounded, and so I  
 after that my knyghtes were slayne, and so I  
 with good will I fought agayne, and so I  
 Many a Loynne I slo there, and so I  
 and many a Limbe I did raze, and so I  
 I trow there was no knyght, and so I  
 Bare him to in such a fash, and so I  
 agayne so many as I did truely, and so I  
 But if he were of near with me, and so I  
 and tohen that I might no more fight, and so I  
 with my Lemman I fled to the right, and so I  
 Till it was night I got to place, and so I  
 and fast after they came to the place, and so I  
 till I came to a water side, and so I  
 I wote not how long I there abode, and so I  
 an arme it was of the sea, and so I  
 But Gods grace to helpe me, and so I  
 that my Lemman I fled to the right, and so I  
 Bare us both out of the flood, and so I  
 There turned they agayne to the place, and so I  
 For to sue me they durst not, and so I  
 To this place I fled to the right, and so I  
 For here we made shelter to the place, and so I  
 So for hunger and long tarrying, and so I  
 I fell downe here in the place, and so I  
 My Lemman I fled to the right, and so I  
 My horse was reared to the place, and so I  
 My Lemman I fled to the right, and so I  
 and thus a shepe me can to the place, and so I

Therefore I hope I shall be able to do you  
 So feele I am without any help nor aid  
 Robbers all fynd me they becomen myn enemy  
 Why I emman they robbed away from me  
 Of my selfe ne charge I nought care  
 But on my kenne man for all my thought  
 through them fynd he might be shent  
 Now haste thou he and all my tale  
 My name he sayd with my be hope  
 is fynd Terry of my tale  
 Sometime I was holden daughter  
 My father he sayd he was myn  
 that sayd Terry he was myn  
 that thou highest  
 when I am deade  
 in some place good and merry  
 But ponder vpon you greene  
 Bene the Robber  
 noyth them is  
 in much dread and great perill  
 thou seeme  
 Speede thee to the Robbers  
 that bene ponder vpon you  
 For thou mightest be  
 Or else thou shalt  
 noinne thee pye  
 that thou wouldest  
 For all this  
 Thou mayest  
 and win the fagge

And my well remyning frendes i my iohus 10  
 in this worlde is no better than i am  
 I wan in Dany my hope and my iohus 10  
 Of the Soules of the iohus 10  
 I mighte for the iohus 10  
 Fifteene Castles and iohus 10  
 and .xv. somen castles and iohus 10  
 But for the iohus 10  
 My swearde with the iohus 10  
 Better is now to iohus 10  
 thou seemest to iohus 10  
 to helpe my iohus 10  
 well I hope the iohus 10  
 for thou seemest to iohus 10  
 when guy iohus 10  
 for the iohus 10  
 to benge the iohus 10  
 Guy toke the iohus 10  
 and the shie iohus 10  
 and forth to the iohus 10  
 He yede iohus 10  
 therein he found the iohus 10  
 Weelde you the iohus 10  
 no hy haue you iohus 10  
 that lyeth yohus 10  
 He shall reman the iohus 10  
 One rose yohus 10  
 But guy iohus 10  
 and este anoth iohus 10  
 the fourth and the iohus 10

So taught guy them to freyne, how you shal  
 that he left his manly wy, on his shoulde with in  
 he fled and dyed, for adyng yns of his wound  
 a wound through his body he had, and shal  
 Then sayd guy to that mayden, I praye  
 Damsell, make thought of mee, and I praye  
 For vylayne, he hath more thane, and I praye  
 For from this place, I shall the same, and I praye  
 And leade thee fullenly, and I praye  
 to thy Lord and Kynman Terry, on his shoulde  
 Of that word he was full blythe, and I praye  
 that she shall be fullenly, and I praye  
 Guy toke by that sayd, and I praye  
 and set her on his horse, and I praye  
 And lept himselfe on Terry's horse, and I praye  
 Better in this world to be, and I praye  
 that mayden rode, and I praye  
 towarde, and I praye  
 and when they came, and I praye  
 then was he, and I praye  
 then fell that day, and I praye  
 But welles, and I praye  
 He sayd, and I praye  
 Terry, and I praye  
 Of their horse, and I praye  
 that hath him, and I praye  
 Damsell, and I praye  
 I shall bring, and I praye  
 at that time, and I praye  
 there, and I praye

Upon his hede then stode Guy, and shoon ynd  
and rode to fete the agayne Terry at mid del dnn  
Guy put him in an hede house, nas ythi nyd on  
for to doe sy Terry the knyght, and ythi nyd on  
then saw Guy Terry right am tader ni dnn wold  
How a steeple he had in sight as ynd dnn it nelly it  
four knightes was before the indubill holly  
Guy sayd to them holly knyghtes, for shewd dnn  
God that is to be shewd, I had shewd of shewd dnn  
Sawe you knyghtes that shewd be shewd dnn  
I pray you guy shewd a shewd to shewd dnn  
a little I have to shewd dnn in shewd dnn  
I prompted dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
when he were dead to shewd dnn shewd dnn  
One of the knyghtes shewd dnn shewd dnn  
the Dukes steward shewd dnn shewd dnn  
what may shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
that thus provably shewd dnn shewd dnn  
thou arte a gyle fellow shewd dnn shewd dnn  
One of his fellows shewd dnn shewd dnn  
We did a wicked shewd dnn shewd dnn  
that ye led dnn away, shewd dnn shewd dnn  
thou shalt shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
Guy sayd that shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
And gave him shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
that in his shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
there dyed he it shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
Anothers heart guy shewd dnn shewd dnn  
the thyrd also shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn  
Guy shewd dnn shewd dnn shewd dnn

most

C.iii.

Guy

Guy tooke Terry with him certayne and more  
 and led him to that chene agone. At that tyme  
 when they came they were in mid way  
 Then was the mayde that was with Guy  
 how and in what maner they were  
 A ysten Lordinges that were with Guy  
 and speake we of this maner that was  
 that rode to to wone his In that tyme  
 and great foules that were with Guy  
 when they were with Guy that was  
 Came not to them in that tyme that was  
 for him certayne that was with Guy  
 type and let him be with Guy that was  
 In that tyme that was with Guy that was  
 there they had left Guy that was with Guy  
 And as they rode they were with Guy  
 the voyce of a woman that was with Guy  
 Shee made care that was with Guy  
 that saw Guy that was with Guy  
 where shee stood that was with Guy  
 to her then can he be with Guy  
 And when they came they were with Guy  
 a fayrer mayde that was with Guy  
 Shee made care that was with Guy  
 Heraude sayd where that was with Guy  
 That mayde was with Guy that was  
 But forth he rode that was with Guy  
 Of Guy heard they were with Guy  
 But home they were with Guy  
 when

Then Heraud toke his office calling for the quene  
 that saye maye be dede here betwene the quene and  
 in a fayre chamber the old the quene laye and  
 But eate nor drinke would shee; and so shee was.  
 For sorow and care of her. Tarry, and so shee was.  
 Now let us heere and speake of gump and of his.  
 S. Came loore againe to the thirde night and  
 There he had left the quene and his. And so hee  
 and then was she led away. And so shee was.  
 Over all that. And so shee was. And so shee was.  
 But of her hee had left the quene and his. And so hee  
 The day was gone and the night was here.  
 to his. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 And with him hee left the quene and his. And so hee  
 and hee left the quene and his. And so hee was.  
 Glad they were of. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 and gump of them. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 Gump sayd to his. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 take downe. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 and looke. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 and lay him on a. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 for he on him. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 gump sent after a. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 I pray you be. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 to heale this. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 and ye shall have. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 an hundreded. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 and what ye. And so hee was. And so hee was.  
 with that he heard. And so hee was. And so hee was.

me D

T. iiii.

Gump

Guy asked what she was looking for, and he  
 his Chamberlaine said to him again, that  
 the fairest maid that he had seen, was  
 he found her under a tree, and he was  
 sorrow and care she might have, and he  
 fetch her quod Guy I will command you, and he  
 she was brought before Guy as he was  
 and when she saw her Lord, she was  
 she fell on her knees and said, what shall I  
 what ye be pale in the face, and he said  
 that sometime was both to her and to  
 alas she said that I am not dead, and he  
 she kist his hand and his face, and he  
 and ofte she sobbed with a piteous cry, and  
 Guy took her by the hand, and he  
 And said Lemman bright and by the  
 the Lecher hath made me, and he  
 whole and found that to be, and he  
 full soone Terry was whole, and he  
 then was that he was whole, and he  
 when he was whole, and he  
 went to make for his game, and he  
 So on a day, and he  
 weill we make, and he  
 thou me to love, and he  
 And wedded by the church, and he  
 Terry said by the church, and he  
 Here my lady, and he  
 that I shall never be, and he  
 though I will be, and he

quod

quod

Then

Thou hast me brought out of this and ordered  
and my deare Kynman shalbe nott a shew  
A wicked man then wote that he was of such  
But I thee loved as my Lord guy, and so I then  
then thought Guy as I understode, and so he  
for to fare into England, and so he was ordered  
he prayed Terry and that myden brude, and so  
into Englande with him to wonder, and so he  
for guy of him was glad yndro, and so he  
So was eyther of other as I say you, and so  
O it befell upon a day, and so he was  
Sas sy: guy at a wyndow lape; and so he  
And sy: Terry lay him by; and so he  
in the streete they saw a knight weare, and so  
Sy: knyghte quod guy I pray thee; and so he  
what seekest thou in this country; and so he  
Sy: I seeke Terry of mynynge; and so he  
Said the knight with mynynge; and so he  
whereto I pray thee quod guy; and so he  
I shall you say he sayd mynynge; and so he  
when Terry was a yong Batcheler; and so he  
He was with the Duke of Loye; and so he  
to deddes of armes the Duke him fondred; and so he  
for a doughty man was none in Lande; and so he  
then was that noble knyght; and so he  
the Duke had a daughter seemely; and so he  
that Duke Otton of Dany; and so he  
Should haue wedded her truly; and so he  
But Terry had her him bereaved; and so he  
and therefore he smote of many an hed; and so he

U. j.

There

Therefore his lord be the noble of worship; and  
 and Duke Orton also. And thus they went  
 Bene to ward Terris father. Whom they found  
 with three great horses. And they went  
 to him and say him and him. And thus they  
 therefore I seeke Terry. And thus they  
 His father to defende to them. And thus they  
 For he is aged and may not fight againe. And  
 to that knight then sayd he. And thus they  
 that is Terry that standeth me by. And thus they  
 Come forth and thou shalt see me. And thus they  
 and more of this thou shalt see. And thus they  
 And when they Terry told of this. And thus they  
 Great was he made. And wept with. And thus they  
 But yet he was of gladder cheare. And thus they  
 For he met for that knight there. And thus they  
 to wende with him. And thus they  
 For to helpe his father. And thus they  
 For if my father be slayne. And thus they  
 then all myne honour is downe sayd. And thus they  
 and if thou wilt go wende with me. And thus they  
 then may I ever trust to thee. And thus they  
 and if we together gone. And thus they  
 the better we shall overcome our foes. And thus they  
 Guy answered and sayd thou. And thus they  
 all the helpe that I may do. And thus they  
 Ever shall be ready to thee. And thus they  
 when I thee saye. And thus they  
 Wy into Almarque sent among. And thus they  
 Gafter good knightes great word. And thus they

fyne hundreded came in that nyghte, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 well armed in p<sup>er</sup>son, and the p<sup>er</sup>son of the  
 Doughty knightes, and the m<sup>er</sup>ch<sup>ant</sup> of the  
 Guy and Terry, they rode h<sup>er</sup>e, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 and to gurmoyle they rode h<sup>er</sup>e, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 for to helpe the good knyght, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Upon a night withouten daye, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 full still they came into gurmoyle, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 when the Earle saw Terry and Guy, and y<sup>ou</sup>ng  
 and all their fayre company, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Certes he was glad y<sup>ou</sup>ng, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Terry sayd father, I praye y<sup>ou</sup>, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 that ye welcome for my sake, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 and also his fayre man, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 for ye shoulde never have seene me, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Had not the helpe of Guy, we be, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 the Earle thanke Guy and Terry, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 and honoured him with all his might, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Terry sonne then sayd, I praye y<sup>ou</sup>, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 No more for age warren may, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Therefore have here all myne honoure, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 and londe to doe mynyn succour, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Guy came from Church, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 and in the towne he heard a crye, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 He asked a Burgeys, what it might bee, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 Here is a Constable sayd hee, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 that is with the Duke of Aquitaine, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 and cometh to warre, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 then sayd Guy, I praye y<sup>ou</sup>, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re  
 go and arme y<sup>ou</sup> ready, and of q<sup>ue</sup>re

U.ij.

Terry

Terry he sayd he wold make him a good knight  
 an hundred knightes to be his squire  
 and go anone them to the field  
 and I shall be with you  
 Terry rode forth into the field  
 and soone he brake many a knight  
 at the first he smote a knight  
 that he fell downe dead  
 another knight he smote  
 that neuer more he might go  
 the thyrd also Terry smote  
 And many more he did smite  
 Terry to the Countesse came  
 and with force should him have slain  
 Had an hundred knightes  
 that fell on Terry all becom  
 But Terry wold not be certayne  
 for many other he had slain  
 Heraude sayd, se ye not how  
 how Terry fighteth with hart hard  
 him to helpe guy rode a good pace  
 for Terry in great perill was  
 syngynge the warre prayer  
 that Colyn was to the Lord  
 that he caught a great good knight  
 for downe he bare him with his lance  
 Many a knight he smote  
 that neuer more he might go  
 Heraude his good squire was  
 and two or thre he smote  
 yrry

He dubbed knyghtes so with his swerde,  
 that he clawe the crowneye unto the bearde,  
 Guy and heraulde of the Sparchey,  
 noyake Terry of his enmyes,  
 On both parties there was great fight,  
 and boynedowne many a knyght,  
 who so had seen Terry,  
 with his fellowes and for Guy,  
 and good for heraulde of arderne,  
 how they fought all thre full perne,  
 And ever layde on without rest,  
 that no man wist who was best,  
 he should never forget truly,  
 the deedes of the Barons boughty,  
 the Lordinges downe to ground they bet,  
 But few of them on lyue they let,  
 Guy rode and smote a Constable,  
 that he fell downe without fable,  
 Guy took him with cleane battayle,  
 the other fled without faple,  
 But of all the Barons truly,  
 Escaped not full forty,  
 that they ne were taken and layne,  
 And Guy and heraulde with Terry toke thre,  
 bysoners they took great woone,  
 and to the Cytie they rode eche one,  
 fro that battayle there fled a knyght,  
 and rode to Duke Nober hall right,  
 he sayd for Duke anone rightes,  
 this day thoulddest send an hundred knyghtes  
 The

The riche Citty to assaile; and when he had said  
 and all that he sawe and he sawe sayle; and he said  
 then sayd the Duke of Damp; that he was this strategem; and he said  
 that all my men be thus sayde; and he said  
 Then sayd the Duke of Damp; Syr Duke Loye be not sorry; and he said  
 I shall to morrow to that Citty; and he said  
 and all my knightes with me; and he said  
 these traytours that bathe without leasynge;  
 Dead or quick I shall him bring; and he said  
 Home to thee within a stonde; and he said  
 if they may any where be founde; and he said  
 the Duke Otton on the morrow early; and he said  
 to the Citty rode full hastily; and he said  
 with a thousand knightes all prest; and he said  
 Of all Lumbardy the best; and he said  
 and all they threaten Guy and Terry; and he said  
 if they might fynde them truly; and he said  
 Syr Guy from Church came; and he said  
 and a towe on hys beame; and he said  
 That was for agayne the kinges hoste; and he said  
 and saw him come with all his hoste; and he said  
 He sayd Terry withouten lye; and he said  
 Here cometh the whole host of Lumbardy; and he said  
 Here cometh the Duke Otton of Damp; and he said  
 I know him by his armes guld guy; and he said  
 I loue him not quod guy; and he said  
 God will that I agayne him go; and he said  
 Terry sayd arme we be guy; and he said  
 and take we a thousande knightes hardy; and he said  
 They

They armed them anone arow, and shot with  
 and thow to the Cittle their begines gan blowe,  
 when they were armed together they come,  
 and out of the Cittle they nome,  
 Guy and Terry rode prichande,  
 and knightes with them a whole thousande,  
 with Duke Ottom and his hollie they met,  
 and hard strokes on them they set,  
 with their swordes many they flow,  
 and new swordes forth they drew,  
 and beat them downe of their stedes,  
 There men might see doughty deedes,  
 There were slayns great roome on every syde,  
 The Lumbardes lost the more tyde.  
 Guy rode and smote the Earle indane,  
 That was the Lord of Millayne,  
 Into the body throughoute the shield,  
 there he fell downe dead in the field.  
 Syr Terry smote Syr Amory,  
 Duke Ottoms Cosyn of Dany,  
 That from his horse he made assaunte,  
 Then came forth Syr Heraude,  
 He felled a knight that hight Gincharde,  
 that was Duke Ottoms lie warde,  
 with that the Lumbardes fled away,  
 Guy and Heraude and Terry persey,  
 Chased after them good woone,  
 they slue and took many one,  
 The Lumbardes made lovy crye,  
 for they were on the worse party.

Of this tooke Duke Otton good herde, an ynd  
 and fled to an hill good speede, Deth was call'd then  
 that none fled of them there none,  
 But syz Heraude of arderne alone,  
 Heraude him sued as an eger Lyon,  
 And euet he cryed on Duke Otton,  
 Heraude had of him no doubt,  
 For he saw no man face about,  
 But onely them selfe two,  
 Tourne thou Duke quod Heraude tho,  
 And defend thee of thy felow,  
 that thou hiddest me in Lumbardy,  
 the Duke turned agayne than,  
 with hasty moode as an hardy man,  
 they smiten together as they were wood  
 And thryled through their hambers good,  
 Both till they bledde fast,  
 But heraude smote the Duke at last,  
 that a quarter of his shielde,  
 It fley away into the field,  
 And in the shoulder he smote him soe,  
 an whole foote deepe and moe,  
 that he left his good herde,  
 And Heraude shoud haue had his hede,  
 But thyrty of his knyghtes none,  
 Came renning heraude to fllone,  
 And yet for all the wound he had,  
 Of them all he was not slayd,  
 Neuerthelesse he was in great doubt,  
 for they beset him all about.

They

They gaue herauide many a knock,  
 But herauide stoode to his flock.  
 If they had him there with,  
 they would haue met him with the fist.  
 There was a lumbarde come full nere,  
 Heraude smote him with hardy cheere,  
 that his head fley of full right,  
 Heraude faught fast a plight,  
 that his swerde brake in his shield.  
 But to no man he would him yeelde.  
 Lorde quod herauide what shall I doe now,  
 He to defende I wote not how.  
 A lumbarde stoode him by the best,  
 Yeelde that he sayd thou fere the best.  
 Heraude smote him with his hande,  
 that he felt dead doome to the grounde.  
 Aye there he sayd well wote thou thee,  
 For my priest that thou neuer be.  
 a knight came forth with hardy cheere,  
 that was of fraunce of Monte deare,  
 with Duke Otton he was leste,  
 and of his counsaile he cheste.  
 Heraude he sayd yeelde thee to mee,  
 No scathe thou shalt I doe thee.  
 Heraude sayde I will gladly,  
 if thou wilt assure me truly,  
 that thou shalt not yeelde me to Otton.  
 Rather head me with thy fauchon.  
 Heraude yeelded him in that neede,  
 and that knight set upon a neede.

F. j.

He

He led him forth with great haste, man and  
 towarde the Duke of Northfolke, and  
 When the battayle was all done, and  
 and the Lombardes fled and gone,  
 to the little rode Guy and Terry,  
 and after Heraude Guy asked hastily,  
 whetherward he was gone,  
 then came a knight forth anon,  
 and sayd I saw him ryde out right  
 from the battayle chasing a knight,  
 Duke Otton that was I weene,  
 Heraude him told and bid him tarry,  
 then asked he Guy how he came,  
 Lord God he sayd I am betrayed,  
 Alas he sayd and well away,  
 that I shall lese Heraude this day,  
 Nay certes though Gods mercy  
 Lordinges then sayd good night,  
 Ryde ye home to the little rode,  
 and leade forth your prisoners with you,  
 for I he sayd by God of myght,  
 Shall neuer leaue ye night,  
 Nor neuer leaue ye day,  
 till I haue him gat out of the way,  
 fellow Terry come with me,  
 To venge Heraud thou shalt see,  
 the two Barons daughter in dede,  
 with spurs to their good neede,  
 and ryden with great might agayne,  
 To the Dukes hoste of Walsayne.

At the entry of the hofte forth into Guy, and there he knew the Duke of Burgundy and herauds of arderne that was take, Great care then can be made, alas he sayd that Barron of pyer heraude is taken with his enemyes, Terry sayd let me for no deade, Go we to recheu in this neede, then sayd Syr guy and Terry yerne, to rescue heraude of arderne, Guy smote a Turnharde so that tye, that he fell downe dead by his tye, Syr Terry smote another so well, that doone of his horse dead he fell, Then can they their swordes draw, that many a man they had with slaw, they be w and fle w many one tho, and such plenty there dyed with wo, That they refused heraude fight, and tooke him in hande a swerde of might, To looke if he wold it shake, On him that had him take, Then gaue they their fone such assaulte, that they were discomfyted in their faulte, Duke Otton fled, and Guy tooke heede, and sued him upon a sheede, Guy at the last ouertooke Otton, and smote to him with a sword bygone, Guy weende to haue smitten him on the head, But on his arson the brooke glede,

Sadell and houte and all it share, so grim on his  
 alonder with his stroke he share, and so much on  
 to the ground then fell Duke Otton, thus he  
 then came all the hofte about guyon, and they  
 and layde to him on ech syde, and they  
 But guy defended him so that tye, and thus  
 that he came to heraude and Terry agayne, and  
 and wonder they had he was not slaine nor  
 when they together were all three, and thus  
 a foote farther would they not see, and thus  
 But boldely in the hofte then dyed a goodly  
 and great number of them they were, and thus  
 and when they had done so certayne, and thus  
 Unto the Citie they rode agayne, and thus  
 Guy and Terry were whole and sound, and thus  
 But heraude had many a wound, and thus  
 All the men of that citie, and thus  
 thanked God in thankes, and thus  
 that he on lyue was commen agayne, and thus  
 then was he prynced and dyed certayne, and thus  
 Heraude soone after that he was, and thus  
 which healed him at his tale, and thus  
 they in the citie great ioy had, and thus  
 that God their hartes so glad, and thus  
 that through his knyghtes of pyce, and thus  
 Discomfyted were all their enemyes, and thus  
 Of their enemyes they had no dread, and thus  
 Now of Duke Otton I shall you say, and thus  
 Duke Otton to his pynful poynt, and thus  
 he burred him and adobed, and thus  
 And

And sent after Lecher anone  
 to heale him of his woundes  
 then yede he to the Duke of Lorch  
 and sayd to him on this maner  
 Syr Duke but thou do after me  
 from thee shalt I praye taken be  
 Through these handes her handes and giveth  
 that be come to helpe Lorch  
 Our men our friendes they have done forake  
 and yet will till they be take  
 it will be long of thou them to take  
 But if thou orderd some other way  
 where through they may be take perforce  
 Doe thee pynche more they will take  
 therefore ye should some quantity  
 of dayne to take your enemyes  
 Thou shalt sayde to him of dayne  
 Sende unto the Earle and praye  
 And praye him for love to come to the  
 to Crest to that rich Citie  
 And bring with him his sonne Carrey  
 and the traytours Berard and Guy  
 And say that thou wilt leaue thy knyghtes  
 and thy daughter his sonne to wyfe  
 And when they be a dayes iorney  
 Out of your Citie  
 we shall have hardy knyghtes great moone  
 and pryvely agayne them gone  
 And with strength on them fall  
 and take the traytours all

Some of them thou shalt free,  
 and come in the prison doe,  
 and let me haue heraulds and gyles,  
 for oft they haue made me souerayn,  
 Into my pyllon I shall them sende,  
 and there they shall be deade anon,  
 Doe Terry and his father to death,  
 thus sayd Otton I you reade,  
 Duke wher sayd Otton to Terry,  
 I will not doe so as ye say,  
 for all this world to me is none,  
 wold I doe such a thing,  
 Unto Terry without asking,  
 I would I had him whyle he was young,  
 He Guy of warwicke herauld,  
 Shall me not sende in such a state,  
 for all the Golde of the world,  
 If Terry haue misdone me,  
 Or his father misdone is they may,  
 So may the other knyghtes say,  
 Duke Otton hath sworne the deale,  
 Syr he sayd thou haue sayd well,  
 Syrth polene the tuncioner so,  
 that ye will them to death not do,  
 In your pyllon you may them cast,  
 and keepe them therein so fast,  
 Till they fynde you barons toone,  
 That they shall you no more butte done,  
 and I shall keepe heraulds and gyles,  
 and doe them in my fete pyllon,

Till that they well beheld the Jerusalem. And  
 and their hearts were moved with them. I hope to see the  
 and get the love of them. But in his heart he thought the while,  
 If he might have them with his gyle.  
 In his owne citty of Danes he would not but for all  
 But he all to heved the brighten face and  
 and let them be bent or east in the sea.  
 So long he tempted the Duke Loyer and  
 and prayed him to have them in his name.  
 That the Duke Loyer for his sake should  
 Graunted him for to have them in his name.  
 An archbishop called for him and said  
 and sayd him all this and he  
 and sent him forth with the Duke Loyer  
 Unto the Citty of Jerusalem and  
 and there he found the Duke Loyer  
 and Guy of Lusignan and the Duke Loyer  
 Lordings he sayd. This is the Duke Loyer  
 Duke Loyer greteyth you. All well to you.  
 He sendeth to you with the Duke Loyer  
 He will accorde with you for the Duke Loyer  
 If ye your treasure will redde him  
 He is payed with more and the Duke Loyer  
 his Daughter give them with her  
 and leade them home to the Duke Loyer  
 And hold there the Duke Loyer  
 Before his owne baronage.

And make peace and love betwixt us  
 anone from henceforth. And thus  
 On both sides they agreed to be  
 at Epleynes that day. And thus  
 and so they all agreed to be  
 and be friends for evermore.  
 They answered all as they thought  
 and thanked them all. And thus  
 That the children of the  
 would do so in this manner.  
 Syr archbishop sayd to the  
 Lyfdomatto me now. And thus  
 Thanke must be to the  
 that will honour me. And thus  
 That he his daughter will have  
 and receyve her. And thus  
 Before the children of the  
 the same day that they were  
 And all this while they were  
 use shall be made of the  
 when they had sayd all this  
 the Bishop of the  
 Syr Earl of the  
 Of any way that they  
 For Duke of the  
 to bring a the  
 But as the  
 He swoze  
 Then made the  
 So upon a certain day

One

.m.f.

That



And his Lande all about, day goodnight and  
 and other thinges without doubt, desired yet  
 he hath doe with all I say you, which is  
 that is not to rehearse now, but I will  
 But I and other friends mine, desired yet  
 Haue prayed my Lord Duke Loper so,  
 that he his wrath shall forgive, which he  
 and loue Terry while he liueth, and yet  
 And giue him his daughter to wife, which  
 and for to sell all this strife, which he  
 he will leade, which he hath desired  
 Forth with him, as he hath desired  
 and make there the marriage, which he  
 Before his owne Barony, which he  
 and to that feast with all, which he  
 For the loue of my Lord Duke Loper  
 For evermore will we stand by, which he  
 then will I come to the church, which he  
 These wordes in faith and good manner  
 Bad me say the Duke Loper, which he  
 Duke Loper then said, which he  
 that he hath said, which he  
 My maientent I him forgive, which he  
 and I shall loue him while he liueth, which he  
 Then said the false Duke Loper, which he  
 I pray thee now, which he  
 that thou wilt my friend be, which he  
 If I haue ought against thee, which he  
 I will amende it as thy will shall be, which he  
 if thou wilt, which he

Gm

.i.

Let

Let be thy face syn Duke quod Guy, I wold ad  
 to kisse thee no desyre haue. In this Duke quod  
 In thy lande there thou betayest me, for yett  
 and also slue my knyghtes thre, so I shal be  
 neuer thelesse. I shall let it passe, till he come in another place, quod Guy, I shal  
 Go and kisse the Duke, and by the way, I shal  
 and accorde with the Duke. I shal be with  
 then kist they together, sames a noyntment  
 with friendship for and gaine, and by the way  
 and Guy with due houn by the Duke, and  
 and kist other, and by the Duke, and  
 and a woman behist in the Duke, and  
 and first of all the Duke, and by the Duke  
 for him he wold be, and by the Duke  
 and all the Duke, and by the Duke  
 Syr Duke, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 I the betake my soule, and by the Duke  
 for I wold go home to my country, and by the Duke  
 and Jesu Christ, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 and thee, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 Jesu keepe you, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 I am olde, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 Therefore, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 the Duke, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 and Duke, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 There went in his company, and by the Duke  
 Guy and Heraude, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 Heraude, and by the Duke, and by the Duke  
 that was full glad of the Duke, and by the Duke

ad

B.ij.

The

The way they toke to Lomarie, yet yet to be  
 Guy and Terry made for certayne, with this of  
 they rode hanging from to come to to come, and  
 and supposed of no treason, but yet to be done  
 But long of that the day was gone, yet yet to be  
 With sorrow departed they the one, yet yet to be  
 when they were passed a great way, yet yet to be  
 from Gurinople that the little, yet yet to be  
 they came upon a great plain, yet yet to be  
 the Dukes lighted them down certayne, yet yet to be  
 and so did their folk hastily, yet yet to be  
 for they saw the great army, yet yet to be  
 and where they were bound on ground, yet yet to be  
 an earthquake there felt that the little, yet yet to be  
 Then sayd the Duke of Normandy, yet yet to be  
 I pften to me the great army, yet yet to be  
 Both Lumbard and the other, yet yet to be  
 that bene here on the great army, yet yet to be  
 On Duke Loper's hall now, yet yet to be  
 without lettynge, yet yet to be  
 that ye take these freyhold, yet yet to be  
 And bynde their handes fast, yet yet to be  
 and haste you with them, yet yet to be  
 there shall they be, yet yet to be  
 all the Lumbard and all the other, yet yet to be  
 they stert by at once upon the plain, yet yet to be  
 to say: Terry and the other, yet yet to be  
 and then the great army, yet yet to be  
 Defence might they make, yet yet to be  
 for of that treason the little, yet yet to be

and

the

The

The Loynes were two fustian robes,  
 But Guy himselfe was not taryd no more  
 Syn that tyme forthen sayd Guy about the  
 why haste thou betrayed us, and that falslye,  
 for a true knight ever I hold thee,  
 why haste thou thus betrayed us, and that falslye  
 why did we kisse and make at each other  
 Before thyne owne Baronsight ones, or eyes  
 and when the Duke of Burgundy saw Guy  
 heard Guy call him traitor, thereupon  
 Shame caused his hand nye his eyes  
 and for too he might not speake  
 On the other side was a knight, a good  
 he had of them full good, and that was  
 at that tyme came forth a knight,  
 Of Lombardy with all his knyghtes  
 By the Duke's commandment  
 With great host and good armour  
 that the laces all to shewen  
 knyghtes ynowe beheld the Duke  
 as soone as Guy saw the Duke  
 he layde him on his knees  
 that he fell downe before the Duke  
 knight he should not be the Duke's  
 then ran Lombardy to the Duke  
 and hent Guy by the arm  
 And his mantle they pulled  
 that eche of them had a part  
 Guy lept from the Duke's arms  
 and many a stroke he gave

Guy

Guy saw that he should be free and was so glad  
 He lepte on hymen that needed no more  
 and he took his bow and the spirit of grace  
 and rapt him out of that piteous place  
 when that saw how the Detouring knight was so  
 That Guy rode forth a valiant knight  
 to his knightes he rode on his horse  
 leape to your horse he had a horse  
 Till Guy be caught in the net  
 if ye will have the love of man  
 if he escaped he not here  
 Certes I am between and I am  
 would not be the knight  
 that he should thus be taken  
 Jesu give you the love of man  
 if ye agayne love him  
 and he that brings him to death  
 a thousand of the knights  
 he shall have to his reward  
 Then bent every man  
 By hundreds and by thousands  
 they chased Guy with the knights  
 For Guy was so valiant  
 and armour of the knights  
 By that one of the knights  
 Had not the knights  
 he had bene slain  
 For they beset him  
 The knights of the knights  
 all at once they

A knyght to say these camepliche and yd and  
 with a good sword and his handes yd and  
 and would haue borne it through the  
 But God would not that it shoulde be  
 that stroke fell do vome dymyng that yd and  
 Betweene his arme and his hede yd and  
 throughout his clothes yd and  
 and when that Guye saw this he was  
 Guy smote him with his fist agayne yd and  
 and felled him of his body certayne yd and  
 Guy passed forth and would not let yd and  
 But yet another man in Guye's way  
 That in his hand a sharpe wynde bore yd and  
 he smote a stroke in Guye's head that yd and  
 that fell on Guye's hede so deep yd and  
 halfe a foote deepe and wide yd and  
 Guy passed forth and naught he deliged yd and  
 No wonder though he were soayed yd and  
 Then of a knaue Guye was aware yd and  
 that in his hand a staffe bore yd and  
 And vnto Guye he sayd myn yd and  
 and sayd my frende fallow me yd and  
 Giue me thy staffe yd and  
 and if I liue thou shalt the staffe yd and  
 The knaue sayd with heynous flatter yd and  
 We shall haue it at your will yd and  
 Guye toke that staffe in hand yd and  
 And tourned agayne to his way yd and  
 with a knyght there yd and  
 And such a stroke as he smote yd and  
 yd and

That he fell dead down to the ground; and  
 his horse he took by the bridle that stonde  
 and rode agayne to the knave, and thus  
 friend he said this to the knave, for God's sake  
 for the staff that was thyne, and the staff that  
 and Gods benedict and in prayer to all answere  
 The knave thanked him for the staff and the staff  
 that horse he took and rode forth, and the knave  
 after that guy turned agayne, and the knave  
 there was never more man to be seen, for the  
 that fought as Guy did that day of the battle  
 agayne so many the Duke's men, and the Duke  
 And when he might no longer stand, he  
 forth fled that day of the battle, and the Duke  
 till he came to a water, and the Duke  
 But he no longer there stood, and the Duke  
 In he rode by the water, and the Duke  
 He passed over the water, and the Duke  
 But he him there Duke's men, and the Duke  
 for they them dead to the Duke's men,  
 So that they turned agayne, and the Duke  
 And Duke's men, and the Duke  
 How Guy escaped them, and the Duke  
 And how he was over the water, and the Duke  
 Then made Duke's men, and the Duke  
 for Guy escaped in that time, and the Duke  
 And blamed fault to the Duke's men, and the Duke  
 for they let him escape, and the Duke  
 So Duke Loper, and the Duke  
 He is escaped this day, and the Duke  
 is

They

To Dany now will I fare,  
 and wed Dyle the daughter there,  
 a riche wedding there shall be,  
 Terry and Heraude shall with me,  
 in my pylson doe them shall I,  
 No harme they shall haue truly,  
 Of them your will doe shall pee,  
 Quicke or dead whether it be,  
 the other pylsoners holde with you  
 and do with them your lyking now.  
 Syr Otton then sayd the Duke Loper,  
 I will not suffer on this maner,  
 that thou shalt slea the Erie Terrypenfay,  
 But if thou wilt keepe him alway,  
 Upon my loue I charge thee,  
 That he at honour kept be,  
 and cherish him both londe and still,  
 till I doe with him my will,  
 Heraude with me keepe shall I,  
 in my pylson vtterly,  
 to let thee haue him is not my thought,  
 For well I wote thou louest him not,  
 Then kist them the Duke thus,  
 and eyther of them went ether fro,  
 to Loayne went the Duke Loper,  
 and at honour kept Heraude there,  
 Duke Otton to Dany went,  
 and led with him that Daryden gent,  
 And that doughty Erie Terry,  
 But God him helpe he is thent truly,

In strong Chaynes they let him brade,  
 and bound his handes fast by behynde,  
 and on a Rouncey fere he,  
 and forth he rode to that countrey,  
 when his Lemman saw him led so,  
 for sorrow of him she wept tho,  
 in sorrowing from her horse she fell,  
 her heart nigh brast truly to tell,  
 and when the Duke saw her so fall,  
 with wrath he sayd and gan to call,  
 Deare Lemman thou doest amis,  
 to fare so for a kuaue ymis,  
 But mine abote to God I make,  
 if thou sorrow more for his sake,  
 Or make any heauy cheare,  
 I shall dismember him right here,  
 and hang him hye upon a tree,  
 Therefore thyne wo Lemman let be,  
 for we shall no more be any go,  
 and be wedded there both two,  
 and Terry shall into my dyson,  
 there to be kept for that is reason,  
 and as they rode so ward Bany,  
 the mayde prayed the Duke truly,  
 to giue her forty dayes of respyte,  
 Till she of her sorrow were quyte,  
 and then I shall be wedded to you,  
 this is for your worship and for your prynces  
 I graunt quod Duke Orlow truly,  
 and soone after they came to Bany,

But

But yet that mayden in her heart thought,  
 Other wyse then she with mouth forth brought  
 Rather then for his wyfe would be,  
 Her self with a knyfe slea would shee,  
 and yet she had in heart comfort truly  
 for all her trust was in s<sup>r</sup> Guy,  
 for he was escaped that durrelle,  
 that he should thow to his goodnesse,  
 By queintele ordeine and chape,  
 to helpe Terry his fellow to escape,  
 and as soone as they came to hand,  
 Terry was put in pryson cruelly,  
 where he had sorrow and little meate,  
 and that his Lemman might not forget,  
 that she for him both euen and morrow,  
 Blan neuer her mourning for sorrow,  
 Now let we her and Terry passe  
 and speake we of guy that fled was,  
 when he was passed that fayre ryuer,  
 and God him helpe out of daunger,  
 Guy looked about and made his mone  
 when he saw that he was there alone,  
 with him no fellowes had he  
 Then he thought on his fellowes three,  
 He saw they were not him by  
 Out of his witte he went full nye  
 alas captyfe what shalt thou do,  
 Now is thy iop for euet go,  
 Alas that I ne had be harne,  
 Cowardes they were all certayne,

To take my fellow and let me go,  
 alas that death he will me show.  
 I shall thee neuer more see Terry,  
 My lyfe for thee now spende shall I,  
 the Duke shall neuer keepe thee so well,  
 that I ne shall with swearde of stele,  
 go thither and him all to heve,  
 Vengeance fellows for you to heve,  
 I shall you neuer sayle certayne,  
 though I wist to be slayne.  
 Guy rode forth that day eche deale,  
 till he saw a fayre Castle,  
 that stood ouer a hyll right,  
 Guy dawe him thither for it was night,  
 when he came to the Castle gate,  
 he founde a knight standing thereat,  
 The knight was large, courteous and free,  
 and fellows stood by him thre,  
 By his semblant well sawe guy,  
 that he was mayster of his company,  
 Syr quod Guy yf I may vnto me,  
 herborow I aske for charite,  
 that knight answered full sweetely,  
 herborow thou shalt haue gladly,  
 Then let he lead gueses steepe straight,  
 Before his owne he let him cate,  
 By the hande he tooke guy on,  
 and yede to hall and let him to wone,  
 A mantle of sylke was brought fast,  
 and ouer gueses shoulders he let it cast,  
 wonderly

wonderly the knyghtes in hall,  
 Looked on guy and beheld him all;  
 Syr sayd that Lorde gentle,  
 For loue I aske you with good will,  
 that thou say me thy right name,  
 and hyde it for no maner shame.  
 Syr quod guy I shall say you,  
 Syth ye will weete my name now,  
 Guy of warwick I myghte call,  
 great incombrence betwixt us all,  
 no benche hold in this place,  
 that he guy of warwick was.  
 Syr he sayd welcome ye,  
 in your auncient dayes ye were,  
 to me ye be right welcome now,  
 full well yowis now I know you.  
 Ouer all thing I shall you tell,  
 for ye me brought to my self,  
 when I persecuted well,  
 armes and bynde ye me truly,  
 and me led in bynde to London,  
 there iustes and turnaments were at hande,  
 Till that I was great pite and gree,  
 then came I home to my countree,  
 Amis of the Mountaigne called am I,  
 We should me know by full syr guy,  
 and as soone as guy that was,  
 he knew him to be and to be his name,  
 Syr quod Amis of the Mountaigne,  
 that ye thynke you are the best.

He seeme a man in great afayre, and gladdly  
 that from perill he rescued away, up he arose  
 where he is herand of the marches, and  
 and your kyllabtes so good of pyres, and  
 Syr quod Guy, I shall you sayne, and with that  
 No wonder though I be wo certayne, and  
 then tolde he I vnderstande, and  
 how that Terry be wounded fordon, and  
 And how he lette his, and  
 and how they helpe him, and  
 and how they were through, and  
 Betrayed with false reason, and  
 and how he fled a way, and  
 with great payne, and  
 and how Terry was taken, and  
 and herand of, and  
 and with them, and  
 all bolde men, and  
 I wote not whether they be, and  
 But taken I saw herand, and  
 Great care made guy for his knight, and  
 and then said, and  
 I shall then send, and  
 fyue hundred knyghtes bolde and hardy, and  
 and as many souldiers also, and  
 and as many seruautes, and  
 that with thes shall be ready to go, and  
 Duke Oton has to, and  
 and they shall not out of the, and  
 till ye haue wone him with your hand, and

Guy thanked him of that promising, and then  
and sayd it were ones long carrying  
To long so lye like a wylde, but he rather braged were  
But he rather braged were  
Eyght dayes solouned the re guyon,  
then toste he his leane to wylde to Dulleston,  
Amis sayd haue good day, and on the way  
alone he went for his way,  
Guy went as ye may heare,  
in the maner of a chapeyn,  
with an oymment he chaunged his he,  
that there was none that his face knew,  
to Duke Otton then came Guyon,  
and sayd Christ save you Duke,  
from farre countrie I am come,  
thee for to present here ready,  
with this good wylle,  
in all this world is not his peer,  
this steede nourished in the forest,  
and gaue him after to my Coler,  
Swifter is no beaste, if you plight,  
then is this best to be right,  
there is no arme of the sea,  
and if thou thereof beled the name,  
I will him prooue a thow,  
that the soth thou shalt know,  
But for quod Guy this swifter  
hath a wonderfull name,  
what man that him coueth to be,  
But if it be my selfe alone, no drede to be

1000107

Duke

Duke Otton said by grammar, **god** **will** **that** **this** **is** **a** **noble** **guy** **truly** **and** **strong** **in** **god** **and** **with** **the** **horse** **I** **will** **ther** **well** **holde** **and** **make** **the** **riche** **of** **silver** **and** **golde** **of** **such** **an** **hoyse** **neede** **haue** **I** **now** **and** **ther** **he** **shall** **me** **helpe** **in** **neede** **as** **I** **say** **you** **at** **my** **enemies** **I** **had** **but** **hanged** **on** **I** **god** **will** **some** **in** **my** **pylson** **bene** **truly** **and** **strong** **but** **one** **of** **the** **m** **escaped** **me** **that** **would** **god** **in** **trinitie** **that** **I** **him** **in** **pylson** **had** **then** **should** **he** **be** **hell** **bestad** **dead** **to** **many** **should** **be** **for** **that** **desyre** **haue** **I** **to** **see** **sp** **what** **man** **is** **that** **quod** **guy** **that** **ye** **hate** **so** **deady** **guy** **of** **near** **to** **which** **he** **sayd** **that** **I** **loued** **never** **by** **god** **well** **I** **know** **he** **is** **living** **therefore** **I** **may** **no** **be** **lying** **sp** **he** **sayd** **I** **know** **sp** **guy** **that** **he** **were** **here** **would** **our** **lady** **one** **my** **kindmen** **he** **did** **kill** **therefore** **my** **heart** **hath** **too** **his** **fill** **also** **quod** **guy** **I** **haue** **terry** **forsooth** **he** **is** **my** **deady** **enemy** **my** **father** **he** **slay** **with** **his** **handes** **and** **fled** **out** **of** **my** **hande** **god** **will** **till** **I** **be** **hanged** **on** **terry**

and

forsooth

Forsooth then sayd Duke Otton,  
 Terry is in my pyson,  
 I would thou were his gayler.  
 Hea would God quod guy I were,  
 Duke Otton sayd for his sake,  
 Here I thee his gayler make,  
 Syr quod guy God perlede it you,  
 and one thing I beghyt you now,  
 in other plight I shall him bring,  
 Or it be long without leasng,  
 the Duke let take the kepes to guy,  
 and made him keeper ouer sy Terry,  
 what is thy name sayd Otton,  
 Syr quod guy I highte John,  
 Now is he made Gayler sy guy,  
 and in court had great maystey,  
 guy found Terry in a pit,  
 forty fadome deepe was it,  
 in that pit was he alone,  
 and there he made full great mone,  
 what art thou then sayd sy guy,  
 that makest here this rufull crye,  
 Terry sayd to syr guyon,  
 Sometyme I was a riche Barroill,  
 and now I am a poore captyfe,  
 in this pyson I leade my lyfe,  
 also he sayd with rufull voyce,  
 My name is Terry of quene hofse,  
 an hofse lode on me I hane,  
 Of pyon syr so god ye save,  
 And

And all is certes for guy, that his fellow sometyne was,  
 that his fellow sometyne was, three dayes it is not gone,  
 that meate ne drinke eate I none,  
 In merry wordes then sayd Guy,  
 Let be thy mourning fellow Terry,  
 I shall amend thee of thy fate  
 and loose thee of thy bondes there,  
 For I am here my selfe guyon,  
 I shall thee helpe out of pryson,  
 Mercy sayd guy then sayd Terry,  
 Kape thee to go hence hastily,  
 For wist the Duke that thou were here,  
 thou shouldest dye in sorry manere,  
 and leuer me were to dye certayne,  
 then thou for me here were slayne,  
 All their speeche and all the informante,  
 there heard a false Lumberde,  
 he began to make a crye,  
 and when that Lumberde wist of guy,  
 and sayd Guy and Terry also,  
 We shall be hanged both two,  
 friend quod guy to that Lumberde,  
 Certes that were a fowle forwarde,  
 thou shalt haue treasure ynough to meede,  
 So thou betray us not to God me speede,  
 Certes he sayd I were a felon,  
 to lay from my Lord this treason,  
 And so to hall he yede running,  
 and guy fast after following,

Guy

Guy ouertooke him with a stane,  
 and such a dint he him gaue,  
 Before the Duke on the crowne,  
 the stroke bote, and he fell doونه,  
 fellow sayd Duke Otton anone,  
 thou shalt be hanged what haste thou done,  
 How durst thou so hardy be,  
 to flea a man before me.  
 Certes syr then sayd syr gupon,  
 this traytour went to your pyson,  
 Meate and drinke he gaue Terry,  
 and that forethought me truly.  
 To helpe Terry he was left,  
 for I him blamed he called me the best,  
 and for he did you this treason,  
 I smote him thus sayd syr gupon,  
 and this is the manner of my counsaile,  
 that whosoever a gayler be,  
 and any man breke their Lords commandment,  
 he shall him slay and not be shent,  
 and I him smote for none other misdeede,  
 But for he did syr Terry feede,  
 Duke Otton smote and sayd anone,  
 Haddest thou it for ought else haue done,  
 thou shouldest haue dyed so God mispede,  
 But I forgiue thee this misdeede,  
 Guy sayd syr God petyde it you,  
 and forth he yede to his pyson,  
 Guy went then into the Citie,  
 Meate and drinke he bought plenty,

Ba.ij.

Hee

He gaue it all to fry Terry, and hee did  
 and bad him eate fast and do gladly, a while  
 Terry eate fast and brought forth, and  
 and guy did of his bondes thore,  
 Guy yede to Oyles chamber than,  
 that was Terrys deare Lemman,  
 God saue thee he sayd deare sweeting,  
 haste thou of me no knowledging,  
 I am guy that thou seest here,  
 Come I am in this manere,  
 to dwell with thee and Duke Otton,  
 till Terry be out of pyson,  
 when that may be understood,  
 that it was guy bolde and good,  
 in sowing she fell certayne,  
 and guy tooke her by agayne,  
 Let be he sayd and make good cheare,  
 I would no man wist me here,  
 Thou shalt be merry hastly,  
 Oyle sayd good guy gromery,  
 within these dayes three,  
 Duke Otton shall wed mee,  
 But rather I shall leese my life,  
 and slea my selfe with a knyfe,  
 Nay quod guy thinke not yll,  
 But saye and well doe his will,  
 and or he wed thee at the church,  
 Much sorrowe I shall him minde,  
 I shall head him with my hande,  
 and leade thee out of this lande.

Doe me haue armour quod guy, On that ayme  
to succour thee with and, Ter ryor guy in all  
that mayde bent had done right, quod E  
all armour that fell to a bright guy to go to  
when guy had done on this manere, in E  
he tooke leaue of that mayde and bere, in E  
and with his armour put forth right, and in  
and when that it came to night, Salo glori in  
Out of the pit he helpe Terry, and in  
and ouer the towne wall he put him back, and  
He bad him go to Amis at the court, and  
That wounded in the fere of Champayne, and  
Greete him well quod guy, and in  
and sayte he will to the court, and in  
Terry for ioy certes greetid him, and in  
So well of Guy he beheld, and in  
He sped as guy bad him, and in  
till he came to Amis at the court, and in  
when Terry to the Court, and in  
Good heede thereof he took, and in  
And entred into the Palace, and in  
and found Amis at the Court, and in  
Syr God you salueth, and in  
in counsaile with you, and in  
to speake with him, and in  
and to a wyndow, Terry heled, and in  
Amis quod Terry, and in  
to keepe me here, and in  
till he come to speake with the, and in  
As to his friend, and in

ONE

Ja. iii.

Amis

Amis sayd welcome certayne, yee and om to et  
till that guy come agayne; (thei saght wocouil of  
Syr I pray you to bat hight yereil agayn that  
Terry of gur more sayd he; and menne ha  
when Amis wist that it was Terry, guy nodde  
he welcommed him gladly, (thei saght schooled  
anone he did him wash and bathe and shou  
and richely clad him full rathe, (thei saght nodde guy  
Amis gaue him halfray and steele, (thei saght he in  
and all that he had of neede, (thei saght nodde guy  
Speake we now of Duke Otton, (thei saght and he  
and afterwarde of the guyon, (thei saght nodde guy

**D**uke Otton of Baunp, (thei saght nodde guy  
Sent after his knightes of Lumbardye, (thei saght  
for to be at his wedding, (thei saght nodde guy  
they came to him without tasing, (thei saght  
To mayde Dyle then sayd he, (thei saght nodde guy  
Besily benenand be the thei, (thei saght nodde guy  
for I shall wed the to day, (thei saght nodde guy  
Gladly sye the sayd persey, (thei saght nodde guy  
in cloathes of sylke the her dight, (thei saght  
and on a fayre halfe the light, (thei saght  
Toward Church Otton him spedde, (thei saght  
that saye mayde Dyle to wed, (thei saght  
Guy armed him in parr weede, (thei saght  
and stert upon a noble steele, (thei saght  
After the Duke he can ryde, (thei saght  
he spake and had the Duke the de, (thei saght  
knowest thou he sayd Otton, (thei saght  
How oft thou hast benayed guyon, (thei saght

elme

W. R.

And

And for thou haste to him enemy, and thou shalt see  
 in strong pysson thou dydest. **Temp.** I am glad to see  
 I am guy now by thy pyde, and thou shalt see  
 thou shalt abyde for all thy pyde, and thou shalt see  
 Guy rode to him in that booke, and thou shalt see  
 and with his sword he bare him thorow his  
 his body he caule a lorde, and thou shalt see  
 Before his Barons than then had wounden  
 and then took he guy, and he that was  
 from all the men and rode away from the  
 with great manare they sued guy, and he  
 But they might not come him by, and he  
 Saue a noble Batcheler, and he that was  
 that sued him wonder neare, and he  
 Guy anone turned agayne, and he  
 and discomfyted him neare to the  
 Guy rode forth with that, and he  
 that made care enough alway, and he  
 She sighed sore and sayd to Guy,  
 Shall I neuer see my Lord **Temp.**  
 Yes quod guy in a litle stonde,  
 thou shalt see him whole and sounde,  
 therefore be merry my deare, and he  
 to Arms of the Mountayne looke he came,  
 there he found the **Cole Temp.**  
 which was full glad thereof, and he  
 when he saw guy, and he  
 Christ he sayd, and he  
 that haste me sent, and he  
 then he was more so glad, and he  
 and he

And when that mayden saw Terry,  
 in her heart she was iolly,  
 the Lord Anis without leading,  
 was glad ynough of that meeting,  
 Eche kist other with ioy and blis,  
 and there was ioy ynough ywis,  
 there they were with Anis of the Mountayne,  
 as long as them well lyked certayne,  
 And serued they were without gabbing,  
 Richey ynough of eury thing,  
 So on a day Guy saw him bethought,  
 Longer to dwell that he would thought,  
 Guy sayd to Terry and Anis,  
 Dight we vs as knyghtes of pyce,  
 and go we to the Erlondye,  
 that for vs is full soure,  
 And great care for vs he hath had,  
 for certes I shall neuer be glad,  
 till I be venged on the Duke Loayne,  
 Then sayd Anis of the Mountayne,  
 I shall wende both pou guy,  
 and leade fyue hundred knyghtes hardy,  
 And Sergeantes an toke thousand,  
 the doughtiest that bere in all this land,  
 Gramercy friend Guy sayd,  
 In thee I truste as in a lord,  
 They got the Duke Loayne,  
 Dighted them as knyghtes of pyce,  
 To Carle auer the pyce,  
 and in Loayne they did get the Duke,  
 Colones

**T**ownes they bent and hich they sought,  
 and good Castels bottom they sought and  
 Now be they come to gunshops to buy  
 Terry, Amos and good Guyon, amongs  
 with many an hundred lightes hardy  
 Great joy then had the Erie and Guyon  
 he welcommed them with many angles  
 So did all the of that countie  
 then told sye Terry his father Guyon  
 how Guy had holpen him to dayne  
 And how he slue Duke Owen,  
 and how he put him out of prison  
 and all of his bewtraid they was  
 Now speaks he of Duke Owen  
 How Duke Owen had undertaken  
 how Guy and Terry and Amos  
 herauke brought him to light  
 all Guy and Terry brought  
 that brought him to light  
 through treason of Duke Owen  
 herauke sayd the Duke Owen  
 I will thee make myn enemy  
 To Erie and Guy I may the  
 to Terry his son and Guy also  
 and say I praye thou of myn enemy  
 that I haue undertaken  
 My daughter I will give  
 and make hym myn enemy  
 and therefore herauke sayd  
 that thou wilt be myn enemy

Herode bent him self with another and named o  
 and his first of great riches, all the good  
 Toward the city of Jerusalem, and all the  
 and agayne the people of the city, and  
 Guy, Amis, and the other, and all the  
 Loked and sawe bright helmes on the  
 then sayd Guy to the other, I have seen  
 Hither wardes the people of the city, and  
 Now will I go to the city, and I will  
 whether they come for the city, and  
 Amis bestrode a horse, and all the  
 and to the city, and all the  
 Heraude sawe and he was the  
 and asked him what he was, and  
 Sawe you the city, and all the  
 Amis said to the other, I have seen  
 he led heraude to the city, and  
 To Guy and the other, and all the  
 Guy turned and looked at the  
 he knewe Heraude, and he was the  
 Guy sayd to the other, I have seen  
 Heraude and all the people, and  
 with ioy and myght, and all the  
 Guy hit heraude, and the other  
 Gladder were they never of thing, and  
 then they were of that thing, and  
 Heraude sayd my friend, I have seen  
 as a messenger to the Duke, and  
 the Duke, and he was the  
 and prayeth thee with good intent, and

That thou wilt his friends be, yf to a King come  
 and at the will agree with hym to what shoo  
 to tell you thus prayd he, yf thou wilt to him  
 Terry his heyre make with be, yf thou wilt to him  
 all that he had done in trespas, yf thou wilt to him  
 He putterh him wholy in your graces, yf thou wilt to him  
 and me to howe to now hath he take, yf thou wilt to him  
 and I pray you for my sake, yf thou wilt to him  
 that ye accorde with him thus, yf thou wilt to him  
 For great honour he hath done by, yf thou wilt to him  
 and for that heraude so curiously spake, yf thou wilt to him  
 and that he founde in the Duke no faule, yf thou wilt to him  
 Terry and gye at one assent, yf thou wilt to him  
 forgave the Duke their mantalente, yf thou wilt to him  
 then rode they home to that citie, yf thou wilt to him  
 all together with ioy and glee, yf thou wilt to him  
 And tolde the good Duke all the, yf thou wilt to him  
 all the Dukes message which on that day was  
 Done after the Duke's will, yf thou wilt to him  
 Guy, heraude, Amyn and Terry, yf thou wilt to him  
 To Lozayne went to the Duke's will, yf thou wilt to him  
 and led with hym the Duke's will, yf thou wilt to him  
 and when that the Duke's will was done, yf thou wilt to him  
 they made peace for ever and euer, yf thou wilt to him  
 then wedded Terry that may be, yf thou wilt to him  
 with much joy and glee, yf thou wilt to him  
 no as the Duke's will was done, yf thou wilt to him  
 that euer saw a richer wedding, yf thou wilt to him  
 when that rich Duke's will was done, yf thou wilt to him  
 the Lordes and the Duke's will, yf thou wilt to him  
 yf thou wilt to him

And Armes of the **Wormes** and **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 tooke leue of guy and **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 and of the Duke and his **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 and went home to his **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 when all the Lordes were gone their way,  
 Duke **Wormes** and **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 and good knightes with them **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 Rode into the forrest alone,  
 hunt they would in forrest,  
 and let their houndes all prest,  
 To a beast that they sawe there,  
 that beast was a **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 Their houndes they did too much,  
 Who then an hundred be there thought,  
 from them ran the **Wormes** alone,  
 Hound ne hunt dread be none,  
 So many of their houndes be to be,  
 that there shied none but the,  
 knightes on feedes and houndes also,  
 Behynde farre be left the,  
 Swifte from them fast be ran,  
 that no man sawe the **Wormes** alone,  
 They had lost that **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 Saving guy houndes alone,  
 Sued him into another country,  
 with good running houndes,  
 Right into the **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 and guy rode **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 At last the **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 agayne **Wormes** and **Wormes**  
 fighting

fighting fast yue light downe  
and with his hand he bore him  
Into the body he smote the body and stand yue  
and claue his heare aunder the  
Of such game Guy was boyle  
and with his horse ble to the pite

As as King Henry was in a tower lay yue  
A he heard an home blow yue  
then sayd the King of France  
what noyse is it for sayd  
Some men he sayd to my French  
hath slayne me I am yue  
the king bad his horse  
and fetch him that blow  
when his sonne was yue  
To him he spake  
who gaue thee leave  
for to slea my French  
On Guyes steede strong hand  
Giue me thy horse  
To my Lorde thou shalt  
Right on foot to mote  
Guy sayd then my dear friend  
My steede shall not  
Myne home I will  
if thou it aske  
The kinges sonne to  
thy great  
Guyes steede  
and with a

Bo.iiij.

Craptour

F

Traytour quod Guy when he was taken,  
 thou shalt have to do with me, and thou shalt  
 Guy smote him with his sword, and he fell  
 that anone his head was cut off, and he  
 thus sayd guy I shall thee teach,  
 On a knight that he would be,  
 Guy rode forth in that forest,  
 he wist not which way he should go,  
 that day was guy very fad, and he  
 he saw a Castle by the way,  
 He met a man came from the town,  
 that told guy it was a castle,  
 when guy came into the castle,  
 Into the hall he went, and he  
 the king was there, and he  
 Guy asked him how he was,  
 and he him granted his request,  
 and bad him sit and eat,  
 At the booke guy was sitting,  
 then men were crying in the hall,  
 Lorde quod Guy, and he  
 what is this noise, and he  
 as the king that was in the hall,  
 there came a man from the town,  
 And told him how he was,  
 They layde his sonne dead in the hall,  
 and when he saw his sonne dead,  
 He rent his clothes, and he  
 He rent his clothes, and he  
 He would have been a knight,  
 and he

I shall him slea with myn hand, and I will dink  
 Syr then sayde he, and I will dink  
 He sitteth here, and I will dink  
 that the knight should be, and I will dink  
 when the king heard that, and I will dink  
 he ran to guy sitting at the table, and I will dink  
 with a long arrow, and I will dink  
 he lifte it by, and I will dink  
 which traytour, and I will dink  
 thus false he was, and I will dink  
 The king lifte up his hand, and I will dink  
 and the are he, and I will dink  
 But of Guy he sayde, and I will dink  
 and smote a blow, and I will dink  
 Hastily then fere by syr guy,  
 and I will dink  
 knight, and I will dink  
 And layde, and I will dink  
 The knightes, and I will dink  
 and smote guy to the harde panne,  
 Guy full manly fought tho,  
 agayne them all howers two,  
 And gate away as I say you,  
 and fourtene of his men he sleue,  
 And thorow Gods grace more then might,  
 he overcame every wight,  
 To tell the perrill of every thing,  
 It were ouer long taryng,  
 wete ye well with full great care,  
 Or he might from them all fare,

And after that he charged his men and his lacke  
and unto Terry his squire to saye that he  
Of his commynge shoulde be kept secret  
Guy tolde them what was his purpose, and that  
they thanked God for that day, and also  
that Guy escaped so easily, with Guy as he was  
To Duke Loper and his squire, and also  
to take leave of them at the same time, and  
Into Englande he went, and also  
for I saw it not many a day since,  
Terry he sayd he should have been  
Hende for me I shall be glad to see you  
Till I come agayne to the same place  
For peace or warre he would be ready

**T**hew saye Guy and his squire to the Duke  
leave at the Duke Loper and his squire

Terry, and came agayne to the same place  
and also to the Duke Loper and his squire

and also to the Duke Loper and his squire

and also to the Duke Loper and his squire

and also to the Duke Loper and his squire

and also to the Duke Loper and his squire

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and also to the Duke Loper and his squire



**W**y tooke leane I vnderstande  
**G**and passed fayre into Englande  
 and when Guy was on Englandsyde  
 vnto Yorke then he gan ryde  
 King Athelstone there he founde  
 and all the states of the Lande

**Ca**

King Belshazzar that tyme was king,  
 and when he heard of gyles coming,  
 He went and met gyl for layne,  
 they kist and wept for ioy certayne,  
 Gyl quod the king welcome to me,  
 how haste thou fared beyonde the sea,  
 Syr quod gyl with wordes still,  
 Sometime well and sometime ill,  
 and as they stode in that talking,  
 a messenger came to the king,  
 Syr the king he sayd to sen me now,  
 for bad tydinges I bring you,  
 in Northumberlande there is no man,  
 But that they be slayne euerychone,  
 for there bare no man route,  
 Byt twenty myle rounde aboute,  
 for doubt of a fowle Dragon,  
 That sleath men and beastes downe,  
 He is blacke as any cole,  
 Rugged as a rough fole,  
 His body from the hantyl bywarde,  
 No man may it pierce it is so harde,  
 his neck is great as any sommere,  
 he renneth as swifte as any Distre,  
 Dawes he hath as a Lyon,  
 All that he touche he sleath dead downe,  
 Great winges he hath to flight,  
 that is no man that bare him might,  
 There was no man fight him agayne,  
 But that he sleath him certayne,

for

for a fowler beast then is he, may in warre  
 Wis of none neuer heard ye.

When this tyding wist Aethelstone, he wist  
 he wist not for wo what to done, on much  
 One worde ne speake might he for wo,  
 Let be syr king quod Guy tho,  
 Be ye for that nothing forry,  
 For right anone thither will I,  
 Through Gods grace the beast to flo,  
 Knightes I will haue no mo,  
 But syr Heraude and other thre,  
 Guy tooke his leaue and thither rode he,  
 when guy came into Northumberlande,  
 the fowle Dragon soone he fande,  
 Soone syr guy came into myn  
 and let his knightes there be still,  
 Pon beast he sayd my selfe alone,  
 I will slea or I wolle be slane,  
 and when he saw that fowle dragon,  
 then such a dread had syr guy,  
 that to God he made his prayer,  
 And sayd Lord that brought me here,  
 and saued Danyell from the wynde,  
 and tooke Adam out of popyll,  
 So helpe me agayn this foule fiend,  
 that he this day me not shende,  
 And to the Dragon guy smote,  
 and on him his poysonous bite.

A straw ne gaue that Dragon, red tailed as it is,  
 For no stroke of Syr Guyon, in motion to shewe  
 Then was Syr Guy full of teene,  
 When he saw his weapon keene,  
 Would not in the Dragon heare, for that he  
 Fe his stroke might him deare,  
 Then began a strong battayle,  
 And eche of them gan other assaile,  
 Of that Dragon Guy tooke good keepe,  
 And smote him soone a foote deepe,  
 In at his mouth a foote and more,  
 The stroke of Guy boote so fore,  
 That the Dragon began to yell,  
 As it had bene a fiende of hell,  
 And after that dyed hardly,  
 And on his body then saw Guy,  
 That from the skull vntoward,  
 No weapon might pence for hard,  
 This foule Dragon that was so strong,  
 Guy did mete him thert a foote long,  
 In warwick the towne there ye shall see,  
 In arras wrought full craftily,  
 That Dragons head thenooke Guy,  
 And set it on a speere on hye,  
 Agayne to Heraude then rode he,  
 And to his other knightes thre,  
 They were glad ynough vnto the,  
 When they saw him come agayne,  
 And brought the head of the Dragon,  
 To the king then went Guyon,

That

That was at Lincolne the citie,  
 and the Dragons head presented he,  
 there was that foule Dragons head,  
 On the Castle wall layde,  
 Of the king Guy tooke leaue thare,  
 and into his countrey gan fare,  
 To Neallingforde Guy him drogh,  
 and there men made loy and myrrhynow,  
 But his father was dead tho,  
 and his mother should also,  
 Heyre but him had they none,  
 then toke Guy her Landes eche one,  
 Right all vhole their heritage,  
 and gaue it her aude for his setunge.  
 For that he had with him be,  
 And all his men aduanced be,  
 That had with him I vnderstande,  
 trauayled and bene in dyuers lande,  
 To Warwiche then went Guy,  
 there men welcomined him richely,  
 and all the countrey great loy made,  
 and all men of him were full glad,



Then went Guy to sayre whells,  
 and greete her as a knyght of pyrr,  
 Gramercy and God peeld it you,  
 and welcome be ye to me now,  
 He told her as I vnderstande,  
 Of all his fare in dyuers Lande,  
 and all together how he had sped,



And how that him was ofte bed,  
 Many Ladies of great honours,  
 Knightes Daughters and Emperours,  
 And all I forsooke truly,  
 For the which they then sayd guy.

**Certaine**

one

.vi. d

Certaynly then sayd Phellis,  
 knight of this woude moſte of pyce,  
 On you certes ſyr ſhe ſayd,  
 Ouer all thing my loue is layd,  
 For certes ſyr quod ſhe,  
 I loued neuer man ſo well as yee,  
 and now ſhe ſayd to wode and ſtill,  
 I will be at your will,  
 Soone after it fell on a day,  
 Erle Rohand called that fayre May,  
 Phells daughter then ſayd he,  
 when wilt thou wedded be,  
 Dukes, Princes, and Barons,  
 and kinges of many good townes,  
 That hath come hither for thy ſake,  
 why wilt thou none of them take,  
 Syr ſhe ſayd I pray you  
 That ye be not angry now,  
 And I ſhall ſay the ſooth anon,  
 Syr ſhe ſayd ye haue a knight,  
 On lyue is none ſo much of might,  
 And that is your doughty knight ſyr Guy,  
 abyden him many a day haue I,  
 and with your leaue ſyr ſayde ſhe,  
 No man ſhall me haue but hee,  
 Then ſayd Erle Rohande on hye,  
 Haſte thou daughter loued ſyr Guy,  
 Gods bleſſing haue thou and myne,  
 For that thou haſte choſen him to lord thyne.



Erle Rohande  
 Phellis

Erle Rohand sayd, Guy come to me,  
 I pray thee wilt thou wedded be,  
 Syr quod guy I shall you say,  
 In this world is none so fayre a may,  
 that I would wed so God me speede.



The Erie sayd syr knight of pyrce,  
 I haue a daughter that hight Phelys,  
 She is counsayled to take an husband,  
 I giue her thee and all my Land,  
 Syr quod Guy God recyue it yon,  
 I had leauer her bode now,  
 then the Emperours Daughter of Almayne,  
 with all the riche Lande of Spayne,  
 And then was guy and Phelis dight,  
 and wedded together anone right,

not

With great honour they made a feast,  
 Of Lordes and Ladies moſte and leaſt,  
 all the tyme that they were in Lande,  
 was none ſo fayre I vnderſtande,  
 Eght dayes the feaſt was holde,  
 Of fayre Iſhelis and guy the bolde,  
 when that riche feaſt was done,  
 and all the Lordes home gone,  
 and guy had Iſhelis at wyth,  
 for her he made much yll.  
 The fyrſt night that ſyr guy lay,  
 By Iſhelis that fayre day,  
 he gate on her a chyld a plight,  
 that after was the beſt knight,  
 that euer was in middle earde  
 wyth ſhield, ſpeare and ſwearde,  
 then when guy thus wedded had,  
 with fayre Iſhelis his lyfe he lad.  
 Forty dayes and no mo,  
 thus ſayeth the ſtory of them two.

After it fell vpon a day,  
 As ſyr Guy came from play,  
 Into a Towre he went on hye,  
 and looked about him farre and nye,  
 Guy ſtoode and beſought him tho,  
 how he had done many a man wo,  
 and ſlayne many a man with his hande  
 Brent and deſtroyed many a Lande,  
 And all was for woومان's lone,  
 and not for Gods ſake alone.

Id. s.

Forth

forth his lyfe therefore guy thought, and then  
 to serue Iesu Christ that him brought, and then  
 and as guy stode in his thought, grama, and then  
 Phelys stode and behelde how, and then anon as  
 Sweete sy then sayd she, I shall tell you of my  
 in so great thought why I stode, and then  
 with mylde moode she him besought, and then  
 to tell her what he thought, and then  
 Certes quod Guy sayd, Phelys, I shall tell you  
 all the honour and all the pyce, and then  
 that I haue had in dyuers landes, and then  
 is for I haue slayne with my hande, and then  
 Many an hundred men, and then  
 and all did forsooth to saye, and then  
 To win me pyce for thy lorde, and then  
 and not for Gods sake aboute, and then  
 Thus haue I done many a myghte, and then  
 therefore full of me I maynt bynes, and then  
 with wrong I haue had great harme, and then  
 and am not yet cleane of that thing, and then  
 Therefore quod guy through Gods might, and then  
 I shall neuer resone night, and then  
 there I beforne haue been, and then  
 Till I haue amended me, and then  
 Certes then was Phelys sorry, and then  
 and sayd ye let of me lightly, and then  
 I wote ye haue some other wyse, and then  
 with whome you will leade your lyfe, and then  
 with that he felt in a forwining there, and then  
 for wo that she should from him fare, and then

Guy

Guy tooke her vp fro cowning,  
 Let be he sayd it helpeth nothing,  
 noyse thou art with chylde by me  
 Through whome thou shalt honoured bee,  
 Leese syr she sayd go not me fro,  
 great charite then may we do,  
 Of great ioy we may tell,  
 if we at home together dwell,  
 Phelis quod guy let all this be,  
 I may no longer be with thee,  
 with penaunce amende shall I,  
 that I haue sinned with my body,  
 Syr guy ordeyned him weede,  
 all that a Palmer had of neede,  
 Guy sayd Phelis haue good daye,  
 I come agayne when I maye,  
 when that the Chylde borne be,  
 that it may go and follow thee,  
 Betake it Heraude of arderne,  
 full fayre he wold it keepe and learne  
 then kist he Phelis syr guy on,  
 For sorow they fell both downe,  
 and when they rose from cowning,  
 Phelis tooke forth a riche golde Ring,  
 And sayd guy haue this with thee  
 when ye it see thinke on mee,  
 Guy tooke the Ring and went forth tho,  
 Phelis wist it and no mo,  
 Of all his friendes he to none sent,  
 to father ne mother but forth he went,

Id. ij.

For th

forth he yede for Gods sake.  
to the holy Lande penance to take.

After that guy went his way,  
**A**lax sayd Whelis night and day,  
She dyue out a little knyfe,  
and would haue lost her owne lyfe,  
But as God would she did not so,  
For well she wist it were misdo.  
For to do her chyld to dye,  
throug her misgouernaunce and folly,  
Care ynough she had that night,  
and on the morrow when it was light,  
To her father she yede full soone,  
and told how guy her Lorde had done,  
Her father sayd thy care let be,  
he doth it for to prooue thee,  
Her aude for gupes parting was wo,  
and dight him as a Palmer also,  
To the Earle Rohande he went anone,  
and betooke him his Landes echeone,  
and sayd Syr haue good day,  
to seeke guy I wende my way,  
He passed the sea in Normandye,  
For to seeke his Lorde Syr Guy,  
and forth into Fraunce and Burgoyne,  
and into Almayne and Sclopie,  
In Venis and in Lumbardy,  
In Spruce, and in Poyle, and in mountayns hys  
also in Spayne and in Wytayne,  
and yet heard he of him not sayne,

No man could him of sy: guy sayne,  
 Then yede he into Englande agayne,  
 and when he came into Englande,  
 In great care he þ helis fande,  
 She was too for he brought not guy,  
 and euery man was also sorry,  
 Let we Heraude and þ helis be,  
 and of sy: Guy now speake we,

Guy sought halowes in many countrey,  
 And syto to Jerusalem went he,  
 and when he to Jerusalem came,  
 to Antyoche the way he name,  
 A little besyde the way saw he,  
 as he went his iorney,  
 a fayre well certayne,  
 One sat there by in a flauayne,  
 a fayre body he had and a long vilage,  
 he seemed to be of high parentage,  
 The right way guy tooke him to,  
 Sozr that man seemed and too,  
 Pilgrime quod Guy, what art thou,  
 thus great sorow why makest thou now,  
 that Pilgrime sayd with ruly cheare,  
 Sometyme I was of great power,  
 Lorde I was of Dulas,  
 When me called Erie Jonas,  
 I had fayre soimes fyfteene,  
 all doughty knightes and keene,  
 But they be dead I trow now,  
 and I shall tell thee how,

Ed.iii.

3

I went into heathen to weryen,  
 and all my sonnes with me certayne,  
 there made we many men do wne fall,  
 and many slue among vs all,  
 So a knight began to flee,  
 To Alyxander that fayre citty,  
 That Citty his owne was,  
 and all we can him thither chase,  
 And as we gan chase him all,  
 an whole Battayle on vs gan fall,  
 Out of a wood they came that tyde,  
 and layd on vs by eche syde,  
 I and my sonnes with swerdes keene,  
 Did them great sorrow and teene,  
 Our swordes brake in our hande,  
 So were we taken in that Lande  
 and when we were taken so,  
 to king Tryamour they recyded tho  
 So it befell vpon a day,  
 a riche Soudan as I you say,  
 The Soudan of Pierce men him call,  
 feasted his Bartrons all,  
 he sent after king Tryamour,  
 and he came thither with great honour,  
 in that kinges pylson we were layde,  
 I and all my sonnes Jonas sayde,  
 to the feast came king Tryamour,  
 and with him his sonne Fabour,  
 This Fabour was twenty yere olde,  
 He was a knight hardy and bolde,

king

King Tryamour and his sonne f'abour,  
 they were welcome with great honour,  
 The thyrde day after the noone,  
 the Soudans sonne rose by well soone,  
 Soudan of Percie hight he,  
 f'abour he sayd come with me,  
 They went vnto a Chamber with mery chere,  
 and played at the Chesse in feate,  
 f'abour sayd Soudan check to thee,  
 therefore the Soudan gan wroth to be,  
 f'abour he sayd sorrow on thy neck,  
 how durst thou say vnto me check,  
 On f'abour he cast a stone to ke,  
 and hent the Checker by the noke,  
 He smote f'abour to on the crowne,  
 That the red blood fell downe,  
 Syr Soudan then sayd f'abour,  
 Thou doest thy selfe little honour,  
 He were thy father Lord of myne,  
 thou shouldest abyde myn Hartyne,  
 The Soudan sayd with harte great,  
 Beginnest thou traptow me to threat,  
 Soudan smote to f'abour there,  
 and f'abour hent the checker.  
 He gaue the Soudan before the top,  
 with the checker such a knop.  
 That anone there dyed he,  
 To his father then fled he,  
 and tolde him of that harde stoure,  
 Then fled King Tryamour.

Ed.iiii.

And

And tooke his knightes ech one,  
 without leaue home they gone,  
 Then when the Soudan saw it was so,  
 he and his men were wo,  
 to king Tryamour then he sent hastily,  
 as to his owne deadly enemye,  
 he bad him defende him his sonnes deade,  
 which was to him a full colde reade.  
 He came to him without letting,  
 and fabout his sonne with him can bying  
 him to defende as I say you,  
 that in his owne close his sonne slow,  
 to the Soudan then rode Tryamour,  
 and his sonne with him fabout.  
 And when he came to the Soudone,  
 the Soudone sayd to him anone,  
 Acquyte you how would ye  
 Of the felony that you haue done me.  
 He called forth a loathlye sye,  
 There was none suche in the Lande of Tyre.  
 Lo he sayd I shall say you,  
 If ye will acquyte you now  
 that ye slue my sonne nought.  
 For he throughe you to death was brought.  
 One of you must pproone it samme fayle,  
 Agaynst this graunt in battayle.  
 The Graunt was both stout and gryn,  
 None earthly man was like to him,  
 Forwer scoote higher was he,  
 Then to any man of that countrey,  
 S:

An head he had as to great, and more so on  
 as for bet he was of a name, then his sword  
 and even as many men will; many a time  
 More then any mans spyl, a great and good  
 His head was rough and rugged as thornes,  
 his teeth crooked as Hammes hoghes, and the  
 King Tryamour sayd to the Soudan  
 I did thy sonne feathorne, and I had noth one  
 And that he sayd proude will, I prayed  
 agayne whom he then wold trust, and to me one  
 agayne the Gyant fight I will, and you shall see  
 Or sende a man for me by day, I will see one  
 Thereof he asked in hope yet sayd, not you one  
 Of the Soudan was a creature day, I will  
 then was the lawe of the lande so, and one  
 that what man wold be a battaile doe, and in  
 a yere and forty dayes have, and I wold  
 Respyte if any wold be myn, and I wold  
 So long respyte asked the King, and I wold  
 the Soudan granted him that thing, and I wold  
 King Tryamour and his sonne the, and I wold  
 went home in great care and wasp and I  
 And when the King came home was, and I wold  
 fetch me he sayd the King, and I wold  
 Out of prysen anone right, and I wold  
 and asked me if I know a knight, and I wold  
 that with the Gyant durst doe battaile, and I wold  
 and I sayd nay, for I am a knyght, and I wold  
 But if I say of us wold be myn, and I wold  
 Or herande of arderne the wold be myn, and I wold

Ce. i.

One

One of them sayd that hye,  
 Should sell with Gods grace his pryde  
 King Tryamour then sayd oure,  
 Jonas for the loue of mahoune mercy,  
 That thou wilt to Englande go,  
 and guy or herauide bring me to,  
 and that I haue them here saunce fayle,  
 and thou shalt haue for thy trauayle,  
 Thyrty sommers charged with florens cleane  
 and out of pryson thy sonnes fyfteen,  
 if thou guy or herauide bring,  
 and but I will doe this thing,  
 I and my sonnes shall to death gone  
 Come I agayne neuer so soone,  
 I and my sonnes he sayd shall dee,  
 if that I fayle of this trewe,  
 Now I haue gone sayd Jonas,  
 to seeke syr guy in every place,  
 And syr herauide the bolde and chell,  
 But no man could me of them tell,  
 and when I not syr guy fonde,  
 I him caught in Englande,  
 then it was done me to vnderstande  
 That guy went out of Englande,  
 pryvely vpon a night,  
 whither he yede wist no wight,  
 and herauide truly,  
 was gone to seeke his lorde syr guy,  
 saye syr this is my moneth that was  
 I haue gone thus sayd Erle Jonas.

To seeke Guy of Herlande certayne,  
 and now I must go home agayne  
 to the king that bight Crumour,  
 And for I bring him no sarkour  
 Certayne I wote he would me scorne,  
 and my fyfteen sonnes eche one  
 for now but thyrteene dayes hath he,  
 that the day of battayle shall be,  
 Pilgryme quod guy listen to me,  
 for the care that thou takest to the,  
 And for Gods loue all wellding,  
 to me that he be helping,  
 and for Herlandes loue and guyons,  
 That thou haste fought in many tomes,  
 and also for to quyte you cleane,  
 thee and thy sonnes fyfteen,  
 and for thy great traumple,  
 for thee I shall doe this battayle,  
 I gayne the gyant stonke and hene,  
 and for to saue thy sonnes fyfteen,  
 That Pilgryme sayd with woodefull,  
 God yeeue thee thy of thy goodwyl,  
 great wonder the pilgryms had the,  
 That guy durst profer that battayle to do,  
 Neuertheless by guyes face thought he,  
 that he might well full doughty be,  
 for he so fayne and large was,  
 full well hoped he Cris. I was,  
 that he was bolde and of much might,  
 with the gyant for to fight.

Syr sayd Jonas to him, I am much adonia  
 that Gyeunt is fount and gyeunt. I woulde  
 That who so be he that is, and I am adonia  
 Of his looke adread he is, and I am adonia  
 and quaketh for feare of his right,  
 that sayd Guy through Gods might,  
 Many a fere had I, and I am adonia  
 and bene full hardt ofsted trust,  
 and fowle looke many a one, I am adonia  
 Yet was I never dread of none, I am adonia  
 naith that I lye in forth wout guet,  
 to king Tryamour haffy, I am adonia  
 Before the king came to the, I am adonia  
 Unnether he wist what he was, I am adonia  
 Jonas he sayd hast thou brought,  
 Guy or Heraude that thou haste sought,  
 Syr sayd Jonas to him, I am adonia  
 in all Londe, I am adonia  
 But of them he ad I might nought,  
 But here a mon hane I you brought,  
 That for the that vantage will done,  
 through Gods be the ppoint to done,  
 what is thy name then sayd the king,  
 Johaunt quoth Guy withouten leasing,  
 in what countrey were thou borne,  
 and why be thy cloathes so torie,  
 Somewhat thou haste done amys,  
 Or serued a feeble mayster mys,  
 Or thou art come out of the bandes,  
 for some un deeds I understand.

Syr sayd Guy I vnderstande  
 Boine I was in Englande with alow prynces  
 agayne my Lorde I haue misdo  
 and fled away I am also  
 I serued a Lorde loude and still  
 But I did not all his will  
 Therefore quod guy withowtendeale  
 Till that I haue my Lorde's grace  
 Home dare I not go agayne  
 Then sayd King Tryamour certayne  
 I wist full well he had misdo  
 But the Lord that guy ment the  
 it was our Lorde I also of might  
 Therefore yede guy so full right  
 Thereof would be neuer wile  
 till God had forgiven his synne  
 King Tryamour to guy forbe than  
 Syr thomert an Englysh man  
 By Mahoune then sayd he  
 Great shame I ought to do thet  
 Kne to thou neuer Guy and Heraude  
 So hardy and bolde in the affaite  
 Guy flue my Brother Gylan of fre  
 and myne Came that thome's fre  
 Souden he was of ides's Land  
 Both guy flue with bes bande  
 Guy sayd to King Tryamour the  
 Heraude I knewe and guy also  
 haddest thou none one of them right  
 full well he durst for fore fight

Ce.iii.

This

This wote I well sayd he,  
 the king wolt thou fight for me  
 Therefore sayd Guy came I to you,  
 My power there to doe now,  
 agayne the graunt to fyght for thee,  
 If Jonas and his sonnes deliuered be,  
 The king sayd I graunt thee Johan,  
 in that battaple thes speede shaloun,  
 Nay quod guy but God slaught,  
 shalpesonne speede me in fyght.

The day of battaple came soone,  
 King Tryamour went to the Soudan,  
 in good armour richely dight,  
 guy went with him full right,  
 when Guy came armed in the field,  
 Many a Sarasene him behelde,  
 Eche asked other what he might be,  
 Of whence he was and of what countrey,  
 For Tryamour that shoud fight,  
 For they saw neuer a fayer knyght,  
 thou rich Soudan quoth king Tryamour,  
 Doe come thy man for thyne honoure,  
 For I am comen to ppeone now,  
 that I neuer shal come now,  
 the Soudan let come the graunt light,  
 Ameraunt he hight of Echoppe,  
 which came armed they sayd the one,  
 How dare any man agayne han gone,  
 For in his hand was he,  
 than thre knyghtes of that countrey,

noth

with that Gyant fought guyon,  
 Betweene two waters in a comyn,  
 they were brought on a large greene,  
 they smote together dintes keene,  
 all together their speares brake,  
 Eyther would other breake,  
 Imeraunt drew out a sweerde vnsygge,  
 That bore but on the one syde,  
 Hercules sometyne it ought,  
 in many a lande there with he fought,  
 Many a lande therewith he wan,  
 Doughtyer was neuer man,  
 For he was king and Emperour,  
 and a noble Conquerour,  
 when Imeraunt had his sword draw,  
 him thought he had of guy none a doe,  
 Imeraunt smote fyrst syn guy,  
 in the helme with great enuy,  
 and of his shield a foote away,  
 That neuer was pierced by no day,  
 That stroke yede before syn guyon,  
 in the Saddle before the aron,  
 The Sadell of guyes steele alle,  
 with that stroke he smote in two,  
 and more then a foote into the ground,  
 So deepe it strobe that sound,  
 That such another was neuer found,  
 Guy fell downe then as I were,  
 And vp he stact as a bolde Baron,  
 with his sweerde both good and hynde.

Ec.iii.

Guy

Guy smote his steedes necke in tway,  
 and a foote of his shield also,  
 Guy smote that strong graunt downe,  
 But by he starte as an eger Upon,  
 and smote to guy as he spake,  
 That syr gyles helme nigh brake,  
 That knoeke might Guy well feele,  
 For to the earth it made him kindele,  
 Guy start by as a man in game,  
 For neuer erlke had he such a shame,  
 So low to ground for to lye,  
 For no stroke of no strange,  
 Guy smote agayne as a man in neede,  
 The graunt felt where the stroke yede,  
 The graunt began to blow and to blast,  
 And euer syr guy laye on fast,  
 fellow sayd the graunt to guy,  
 thou arte both strong and hartie,  
 I haue done forry Battayles ten,  
 But of thee heard I neuer tell,  
 Tell me thy name he sayd to guy,  
 Guy sayd in Englands boine was I,  
 Art thou an Englishman quoth Ameraunt,  
 I trow thou be geue the baynunt,  
 If thou be guy that art now here,  
 in all this world is not thy peer,  
 great might of him I haue heard speake,  
 if he were here I would me reake,  
 Full soone I would smyte of his head,  
 for many of my men be hath put to dead,  
 Ameraunt

A meraunt quod guy that were great sinne,  
 in such maner guyes head to win,  
 But I trow if Guy here were,  
 he should doe thee both sorrow and care.  
 A meraunt sayd I trow nay,  
 Honour it were for this lande aye,  
 if I might win the head of Guy,  
 But certes he sayd great thyrt have I.  
 I pray thee if it be thy will,  
 Give me leave to drinke my fill,  
 For great shame it were to thee,  
 if I for thyrt overdone shall bee,  
 I shall doe thee the same berdeip  
 in other tyme if thou have neede.  
 Guy gaue him leaue with good will,  
 Of the ryuer he dranke he still,  
 with good will he came againe,  
 Deelde thee syr knight he gan sayne,  
 Thou diddest thy selfe a full poore,  
 Leave to drinke when thou gaue me,  
 For my maner I shall thee say,  
 if I had faughte a day,  
 and I might keele once my hande,  
 No man should agaynst me stande.  
 Certes quod Guy therewithall,  
 with thy pilche meete I shall,  
 then began a battayle strong,  
 and erther on other fast dong,  
 But soon after so hote was guy,  
 that he dyed for thyrt portuys.

ff. i.

Guy

Guy sayd I pray thee ameraunt,  
 Leauē to drinke thou me graunt,  
 Ameraunt sayd so mote I thee,  
 Leauē gettest thou none of mee,  
 and but thou yeelde thee also tye,  
 Of thyne head I shall smyte,  
 Gentle knight yet sayd guy,  
 On me sy thou haue merce,  
 Let be he sayd quoth ameraunt,  
 I would not holde that couenamt,  
 I would not for all this worldes honour,  
 But ouercome thee in this stoure,  
 Thou haste me giuen many a wounde,  
 and I thee see whole and sounde,  
 But leauē to drinke I shall giue thee,  
 if thou thy name wilt tell mee,  
 Guy sayd I shall tell thee truly  
 My right name is syz guy,  
 in Englande I was borne right,  
 For king Cytamoure with thee to fight  
 For no meede that I shall haue,  
 But Jonas and his sonnes to saue,  
 and when he wilt it was guy on,  
 Of him he heard great renoune,  
 For all the good that was the Soudans,  
 He would not let him drinke wine,  
 Guy saw he would not let him drinke,  
 and he starte to the quiers bynke,  
 And dranke his felt he soured sayne,  
 the gyaunt sued to haue him slayne,

But

But up he stert and sayd thore,  
 Traytour I shall thee loue no more,  
 Guy smote to him with all his might,  
 that day they fought till it was night,  
 Guy smote of amerauntes right hond,  
 and there fell downe his good bond,  
 then was the gyaunt wonder wroth,  
 to smyte sy: guy fast he goeth,  
 in his left hande his worde he hent,  
 and to sy: guy a stroke he lent,  
 Guy held him well at that pukke,  
 and gaue him stroke harde and thicke,  
 Ameraunt bled much and soze,  
 His heart began to wate sicke therefore  
 the weather greened him that was hore,  
 His other arme guy of smote,  
 Guy smote to him a stroke with mayne  
 through the helme into the brayne,  
 anone there fell the gyaunt downe,  
 and of his head smote sy: guy on,  
 And bare it forth with great honour,  
 and tooke it the king Traymour,  
 the king bare it to the Soudone,  
 Before his Barrons everychone,  
 Of his death he made him quyte,  
 and home he went then full cyte,  
 and guy with him to his place,  
 then called the king Wile Jonas,  
 He sayd Jonas blessed thou be,  
 for I from wo am brought through thee

ff. ij.

There

Therefore thee and thy sonnes syfternes, in  
 Out of prytton I quyte you cleene,  
 and halfe my Lande I gife thee now,  
 Syr he sayd God yeelde you,  
 Syr sayd Jonas then to guy,  
 Certes of thee I haue ferly,  
 tell me thy right name I thee pray,  
 Per sayd he my name is guy,  
 when Erie Jonas sy guy there wast,  
 On knees he fell and his feete kist,  
 Syr guy he sayd take all my Lande,  
 for thou haste saued me with thy hande,  
 Guy sayd Erie Jonas,  
 God yeelde it thee full of grace,  
 We thincketh it were great outrage,  
 to reauie thy sonnes their heritage,  
 Let was found of thy wyfe,  
 and of fayre ydels for a heire,  
 After that guy was fro her go,  
 More almes might no woman do,  
 To one, and other of the countrey,  
 So was she courteous large and free,  
 after that her Lande was go,  
 No man saw her laugh tho,  
 at the last God made her light,  
 Of a chyld that by nyght,  
 when the chyld was a fewt yere olde,  
 She sent him to her olde hylde,  
 as her Lorde sy guy,  
 and of that Guyd she was glad.

So on a day I vnderstande,  
 Marchauntes came into Englande,  
 into London out of Suffre,  
 with Englishmen to sell and buy,  
 they gaue King Athelstone syluer and golde,  
 To buy and sell where they woude,  
 So on a day withouten lye,  
 The Sarasyns this chyldre can espye,  
 Guyes some saye Barnburne,  
 and stale him away with treason,  
 when they him had forth sayled they,  
 till they came to the sea,  
 And then began strong weather to rase  
 and did them two in euery gase,  
 when Heraude missed Barnburne,  
 He let him seekethrough all the towne,  
 and at the last hearde he saye,  
 how the Marchauntes led him away,  
 Heraude his stewardes let forth call,  
 and betooke him his landes all,  
 Also he sayd I betake thee,  
 My wyfe my chyldren and meute,  
 keepe them well I pray thee now,  
 Till I come agayne to pay,  
 for here I will no longer woune,  
 Till I haue found my Lordes soune,  
 Heraude did him to the for-hall  
 the wynde him blew into a hall,  
 Thereof were the Marchauntes two,  
 they woude it had not bene so,

Leauer they had be dyotoned in the sea  
 when they came there alas sayd he,  
 this Lande he sayd is sarasynesse,  
 they will vs doe in great distresse.  
 For every chrissten man that they may take,  
 they them slea or doe them worake,  
 an Amerall saw that they were come,  
 he thought soone they should be none.  
 He tooke .v. hundred sarasynes anone,  
 and to the ship they yede euery chone,  
 Heraude saw them come full well,  
 he thought to rechen with them some dell,  
 They smitten together soone anone,  
 and Heraude flew of them many one,  
 as he yede out of a bote,  
 fower sarasyns heads of he smote,  
 The moste parte of the flocke he slue tho,  
 But he was taken to pylon also,  
 then lay Heraude that bolde Barron,  
 Long tyme in Afrike pylon,  
 Let a stounde of Heraude be,  
 and of the Marchauntes speake wee,  
 That stale guyes soune Raynburne,  
 They sayled to an hauei es wone,  
 into a kinges lande as I gesse,  
 that was well fame in heatheneste,  
 The kinges name was Traquis,  
 the Marchauntes went to his house,  
 and bare him Raynburne to present,  
 the king him tooke with great talent,

And

And let full well of that chyld free,  
 the Marchauntes for him great meede gaue hee,  
 the king him clad in riche weede,  
 and let him learne to prycke a steede,  
 So well the king loued Raynburne,  
 in and out in fielde and in towne,  
 That he made him his Chamberlayne,  
 and after that a knight certayne,  
 He gaue Raynburne armour good wone,  
 Riche clothing and horse many one,  
 Raynburne wared so noble a knyghte,  
 So stout and strong and noble in fighte,  
 that no man durst the south to sayne  
 For dread of him the king to war agayne,  
 For in battayle he was so strong,  
 that whome so he met in any throng  
 He bare him downe horse and man,  
 and claued their heads vnto the pan.  
 In euery battayle he was so stout  
 that no man might by him route,  
 In his youth thus did yong Raynburne,  
 that all that came vnder his sword browne,  
 they sayd euerychone and swore,  
 that a more thew was neuer bore,  
 Let be a whyle of Raynburne,  
 and speake we now of Guyon.

When guy from the Erle Jonas came,  
 For whome he the battayle name,  
 agaynst the Sarasyn Amiraunt,  
 that was the strong graunt,

To great Constantinople he went,  
 to seeke hallowes with good intent,  
 And into Almayne guy can gone,  
 and as he yede by the way alone,  
 By a Crosse sitting saw guy,  
 a Pilgrime that made semblante sorry,  
 Guy yede to him and by him late,  
 For he woulde wote of his estate,  
 Pilgrime quod guy I pray thee  
 why makest thou such wo tell me,  
 the Pilgrime sayd if I thee tolde,  
 the more shoulde thine heart be colde,  
 why sayd guy peradventure,  
 Pilgrime I might thee succoure,  
 For both by north and by south,  
 Full true men be vnouth,  
 The Pilgrime sayd to God me rede,  
 Of a true fellow I haue nede,  
 Were Pilgrime then sayd guy,  
 tell me thy name for saynt Mary,  
 and why thou makest all this sorrow  
 the Pilgrime sayd to God me borrow,  
 an Erle I was and from an Erle I came,  
 and now a poore knyghte I am,  
 So feeble wote I no capyte,  
 That wo is me that I am alque,  
 I had a Brother here before,  
 My true brother he was swome,  
 Guy of warwold his name was colde,  
 in this world was no knyght to bolde,

for

For Guy the Duke of Burgundy,  
 For him I have had woe ynow,  
 The Dukes Cousyn a poise knight,  
 that syz Barnarde of Burgundy hight,  
 He hath me done all this shame,  
 Terry of gurnepse is my name,  
 and how Barnarde made me this wo,  
 I shall thee say sayd Terry ho.

O As a day the Emperour,  
 Made a feast at Melour,  
 All knyghtes and Barons also,  
 that held of him came thither ho,  
 when I came to the Emperour,  
 Barnarde of pany called me traytoure,  
 and blamed me on hye,  
 Of Duke Doreys death of Burgundy,  
 and I sayd as I was thought,  
 I would proue I the hight thought,  
 Thereto I waged my glorie certayne,  
 what man would fight me agayne,  
 when Guy heard him make such cheere,  
 that sometyne was his brother deere,  
 For him guy made such wo,  
 that he fell to grounde ho,  
 when that Terry saw him fall,  
 On him he began to call,  
 Good man quoth Terry tell thou me,  
 how long this hath been betweene thee,  
 Many a day quoth guy it tooke me out,  
 Good loue quoth Terry do it no more,

A good God sayd Terry I cannot requyre you  
 for well I wote Syr guy is dead and I must go  
 and that certes is great pitee and a carefull tyding for me  
 the day is neare that I shall fight  
 Or else brought guy to my right  
 to haue done that strong barryll  
 then sayd guy without fayle  
 a penny in my purse haue I  
 therefore go we to wone hastily  
 To buy vs meate and drinke some what  
 and halfe a myle or ther had gone  
 Terry list to heere so  
 that he might no farther go  
 Aye done a while quod guy to sleepe  
 and I shall these full fowre heere  
 A while to sleepe downe lay hee  
 and layde his head on gures knees  
 as Terry lay aleepe than  
 Out of his mouth a whyte noisell ran  
 in at a chiffe vnder an hill  
 therein was it a founteyne  
 then came it out and ran agayne  
 into Terrys mouth certayne  
 Syr guy late and saw all this  
 and had great wonder whis  
 when terry was fro sleepe waken  
 a wonder thing he saw in thought  
 He thought I was in a founteyne  
 that was before a faine playne  
 Therein

Therein a fayre bright sworde I saw,  
 a golde hooide and gup my felaw,  
 He thought I slepte on gupes arme,  
 and that Guy kept me from harme,  
 Rede well my dreame quod Terry,  
 God turne it to good quod Guy,  
 Of this dreame thou mayest be fayne,  
 the sworde betokeneth for certayn,  
 that thou shalt in a byson,  
 the helpe of thy fellow gupon,  
 Guy shall you helpe to great honour,  
 that betokeneth the golde treasour,  
 Ryse vp quod gup of this place,  
 thou shalt well speede by gods grace,  
 to that hill gup led him tho,  
 there he saw the usefull go,  
 and in that hill they founde,  
 the golde hooide, and the sworde new grounde  
 take thou the golde gup sayd to terry  
 and I shall keepe the sworde quod gup,  
 Guy tooke vp the sworde that he de,  
 that bote but on the one syde,  
 And Terry tooke vp the golde tho,  
 to towne they went then both two,  
 and when they came to the Cytie,  
 Inned they were for charite,  
 Guy tooke terry his sworde to holde  
 to the Emperour he sayd he woulde,  
 Guy yode and with the Emperour met  
 and on his knees well saye him greet,

E

Eg. ij.

He

He asked meate for charitie,  
 The Emperour sayd come go with me,  
 Guy yede with him into the hall,  
 Before him and Barrons all.  
 Pilgryme quod the Emperour say me now,  
 Out of what countrey comest thou,  
 Per say then sayd Guy,  
 Out of many a Land come I,  
 Pilgrime quod the Emperour so mote thou this  
 what say men of me in thy countrie,  
 Holds men me wicked or good,  
 Guy sayd sy by the woode,  
 all the sooth I shall say thee,  
 if thou wilt not agreed be,  
 May he sayd tell on boldly,  
 So helpe me God sayd sy guy,  
 I haue gone through Landes many one,  
 But a false threwo there is none,  
 Holden is in no countrey,  
 and thus say all men by thee,  
 and tell thee of great vilany,  
 For thou haste destroyed Erie Terry,  
 For the loue of thy stewarde,  
 Thou arte holden false and frowarde,  
 that hearde the stewarde by the woode,  
 and looked on him as he were wood,  
 yammer he sayd thou lyest now,  
 in what tyme byther came thou,  
 He were it for shame of all,  
 Thou shouldest dye in the hall,

**I** Colwardethou arte quod gup the  
 if thou at meate wouldest sit  
 But I say to thee syr Emperour  
 thou haste done him great dishonour  
 for thou wilst ingoog so mote I thee  
 Hadest Erie Terry for to see  
 Barnarde sayd God woulde  
 To piooue it thou wera so bolde  
 and that thou wouldest defend Terry  
 and piooue that I him selfe falsly  
 Yes quod gup Barnarde be still  
 thereof thou shalt haue all thy will  
 Guy sayd so God me amende  
 agayne thee I wil him defende  
 That he was neuer enchofen  
 Of the death of Duke Oxton  
 Syr Emperour then sayd gup  
 that Terry was selfe falsly  
 thereto I wage my glorie right  
 agayne Barnarde for to fight  
 then sayd Barnarde to gup  
 neould God thou forwile glorie  
 that thou wouldest do the deche  
 Yes quod gup so God me speche  
 Syr quod gup to the Emperour  
 I am here without succour  
 Let me haue harneis that falleth for a knight  
 no here with I may defend my right  
 for here I haue no knowledge at all  
 that ought may leade me to fight withall

The Emperour sayd he was the robbey made of  
 thou shalt haue a reward for good service in a month  
 Guy set his good sword on his back and said  
 that terry he was a robbey made of  
 the Emperour let a man say full well  
 Both in yron and steel  
 Before the Emperour forth came a knight  
 well armed in steel and yron  
 For he was a knight of the name of Guy  
 that he was not the robbey made of  
 that had his glove for a reward  
 For he was a knight of the name of Guy  
 Forth then came a knight of the name of Guy  
 Broode and shone in the sun  
 well armed upon a horse  
 He weende no man durst him fight  
 the Emperour sayd a lording of the name of Guy  
 these two knightes shall be the robbey made of  
 Both they be doctours in the art of war  
 and hardy men in the battayle  
 the battayle they haue taken there  
 well I wote in the name of Guy  
 the Pilgryme was the robbey made of  
 Of Duke Ottobers death of Guy  
 that terry neuer was the robbey made of  
 Barnarde sayd he was the robbey made of  
 that he was the robbey made of  
 Slough has the name of Guy  
 Lording of the name of Guy  
 will be the robbey made of  
 of the name of Guy

Bea sythen for a myghty chour  
 the knyghtes smitten forgeren anoug  
 Cyther on othe for fall dong  
 that fyre out of their helmes spouring  
 and so strong as Barnarde was cho  
 Guy set by him not a ffe  
 Guy fought so wonderly than  
 When sayd he was not seen no man  
 for no man might fight so long  
 with Barnarde he was so strong  
 when it was come to the night  
 Longer fight they ne might  
 the Emperour departed that daye hard  
 fower Dukes he bechose for Barnarde  
 keepe him well byt to morrowe  
 And this Pilgrimage shall he with mee  
 Till to morrowe he be by the light  
 then shall ye toght be myght  
 Barnarde thought him on a while  
 How he might by Guy be myght  
 At Even he called his souldiers there  
 to Guye charge as he had charge  
 And arme you well and be myght  
 and byng Guye to the light  
 They did as Barnarde had charge  
 In a softe bed then slepe Guye  
 with bed and all the daye  
 and to a ryuer they went  
 and all sleeping as he lay  
 they threwe him in the ryuer  
 Guye

Guy awoke and saw the water on hye,  
 great wonder he had in hye,  
 he saw the waues wallowing on hye,  
 Lorde God he said what may this be,  
 Lorde God he said be my defence,  
 For I fight neyther for towne nor for wyte,  
 But for to bring my brother home,  
 Out of wo that shoulde be longe,  
 That Erle was of Guineys Cytie,  
 and now to begge his head worthy he,  
 if I in this flood be lost,  
 Terry is lone for ever more,  
 So it befell this night of Goddys grace,  
 there came a fischer in that place,  
 And as he fished by the londe,  
 he saw a deb come by the londe,  
 he had a wonder what he saw,  
 But hastily thither went he,  
 The fischer sayd what art thou,  
 that lvest here in this sea now,  
 Syr sayd he, I am a fischer,  
 that with my net I fysh for fish,  
 if thou were there, I pray the,  
 thou mayest well fysh for fish,  
 This night as I have sayd,  
 into the sea I was cast,  
 I pray the helpe me to the londe,  
 The fischer toke Guy by the hand,  
 and led him to his house.

He would helpe guy he sayd on mid dide ad mae  
 and on a dyse bed him layde,  
 The Emperour rose on the morrow early,  
 and hearde Masse of saynt Mary,  
 when Masse was done anone rightes,  
 he had bring forth these two knightes,  
 with fower Dukes Barnarde was brought,  
 they sought guy they found him nought,  
 Guyes keepers made great mone,  
 they sayd to the Emperour he was gone,  
 The Emperour sayd thou steward wick,  
 Delpuer the Bannier dead or quich,  
 for well I wote but thow to thee,  
 this night he is not stolne from mee,  
 Then came the fether as I say you,  
 He sayd to Emperour by hem to me now,  
 This night as I was in fishing,  
 there came a bed by me sleeping,  
 therein he sayd I saw that knight,  
 that with Barnarde helde the fight,  
 The Emperour sayd set he him to me,  
 thy meede I shall well quyte thee,  
 The fether han brought as I say you,  
 the Emperour then was glad ynow,  
 The Emperour prayed guy that tyme,  
 that he should to Barnarde tyme,  
 They smitten together as eny he and thonder,  
 Of their dintes men had great wonder,  
 false Barnarde smere guy on,  
 through hawberke and arson,  
 ued D

Wh. j.

But

But he did him no scath tho he was a knyght  
 For god would not it were so, for he was a knyght  
 Barnarde smote guy este in the field, and he was  
 a quarter away of his shield, and he was  
 with that stroke guy fell on ground, and he was  
 sore and foule agreed that stound, and he was  
 Guy puffed and sayd per say, and he was  
 Now will I fynde thee to pay, and he was  
 a stroke he gaue to Barnarde smert, and he was  
 thorough the body and claued his heart, and he was  
 Every man that about stood, and he was  
 For Barnardes death made great moode, and he was  
 For he had with false treason, and he was  
 in the bode, and he was  
 then went guy to the Emperour tycht, and he was  
 and prayed him to give Terry his right, and he was  
 and all that stood the Emperour by, and he was  
 Sayd forsooth it was worthy, and he was  
 if that the Emperour so would, and he was  
 the Emperour sayd forsooth, and he was  
 For thy good drede, and he was  
 Pilgryme sayd he, and he was  
 Terry and I shall friends be, and he was  
 the Emperour sayd where is Terry, and he was  
 I shall him fetch anon, sayd guy, and he was  
 in a churche before the altare, and he was  
 Guy found Terry in his prayer, and he was  
 Terry he sayd ryse by no way, and he was  
 to the Emperour with an shal thou, and he was  
 Terry brayed by his head, and he was  
 thou gabbest he sayd thorough Gods mercy, and he was  
 Thou

Thou were neuer so wood of cheare,  
 to tell the Emperour that I was here,  
 Yet all this while wilt not Terry;  
 that the Pilgrime was in guy,  
 alas quod terry how may this be,  
 that thou haste thus betrayed me,  
 when thou pedest to the Emperour,  
 alas that thou came in this hour,  
 Some what the Emperour had giuen thee,  
 Pilgrime for to deceyue mee,  
 Terry durst none other done,  
 But to the Emperour he pede ahome,  
 Syr Emperour then sayd guy,  
 Here is doughy, this Terry,  
 the Emperour grete pittie had,  
 when he saw terry so enuiclad,  
 the Emperour sayd arte thou Terry,  
 that sometyne was so doughy,  
 He a syr he sayd and looked downe,  
 Now I am a wretch that sometyne was a  
 worde haue I sought my fellowe guy,  
 But of him nothing he arde I,  
 For pittie of him the Emperour greete,  
 That the teares fell to his feete,  
 Terry he sayd where haste thou beene,  
 thou haste had full much teene,  
 this day he sayd I peelde thee,  
 all the landes thou heldest of mee,  
 I had other stewarde of almayne,  
 as Barnarde was that now is slayne.

Terry him thanked and fell on knee,  
 the Emperour sayd come and kisse me,  
 I forgue thee thy default,  
 the Emperours Barons at one assent,  
 went and kist Terry cheere,  
 then sayd the Emperour anon,  
 this man Terry where haddest thou,  
 that doughty Barnard of dony som,  
 Terry swore to the Emperour thow  
 that him saw neuer ore,  
 But he sayd what so he bee,  
 God him quyte that he hath done to mee,  
 the Emperour let bathe Terry  
 and clad him in clothes richely,  
 and gaue him both palfrey and sterde,  
 and all thing that he had of neede,  
 Of the Emperour and Terry also,  
 Guy tooke his leaue to go,  
 But guy prayd him of one thing,  
 for there he woulde make no taryng.  
 And Terry I pray thee,  
 Go a whyle forwarde with mee,  
 And let no man with us gone,  
 Terry sayd I graunt anon,  
 a myle they went out of that towne,  
 and at a Crosse they fate them downe,  
 Terry he sayd I wote well now,  
 that me nothing knowest thou,  
 But and thou wouldest know oughtest well,  
 We thinke thou shouldest knowe me some dele,  
 Thinkest

Thinkest thou? Terry said ni am I shal flowe  
 Of thy sworne brother guy, A ym quising was  
 how he shal Duke Nelson, son shal flowe in sea  
 and helpe thee out of prison, how guy said ni to  
 and how he found the wounded ally was past  
 in the fourt in prison ally was past in the  
 And how he was the Lamentable death, was  
 from thy Robbers ally was past in the  
 and after he did the father account, was  
 And now that thou shal be great hangar, was  
 On Duke Barnarde how was the  
 that flemed thee out of the country, was  
 I am guy before thee now in my hand  
 to know me well enough, was  
 when Terry wist it was guy in a castle  
 for joy in so having he fell down, was  
 Alas he said Doughty ally was past in the  
 Unkynde maye, was  
 Terry for he began to weep, was  
 and fell down, was  
 and guyes feet, was  
 that full of, was  
 and his shankes, was  
 that sometime were, was  
 Guy tooke Terry from the ground, was  
 and they of other made great, was  
 Oftentimes the other, was  
 in armes two, was  
 Were thy guy quod Terry than, was  
 for Charles how that dyed, was

Dwell with me in this country, yet I shall not  
 and hastily my Land take to thee, and I will be  
 and if thou wilt not do so, I will be as thou art.  
 Let me see guy with thee, and I will be as thou art.  
 Nay certes, the world is full of such things,  
 But I betake thee to God, my knight, and I will be  
 and they have departed, and I will be as thou art.  
 Eche on other wept full sore, and I will be as thou art.  
 Terry went his home, and I will be as thou art.  
 Fower dayes after, when he came home, on the  
 Guy went forth, and I will be as thou art.  
 that he departed from Terry, and I will be as thou art.  
 Guy sped him in his way fast, and I will be as thou art.  
 to Englands he came at the last, and I will be as thou art.  
 He asked a man, and I will be as thou art.  
 where was the king, and I will be as thou art.  
 at Winchester quod that man, per say, and I will be as thou art.  
 and thither took Guy his way, and I will be as thou art.  
 But of Guy went that man him to see, and I will be as thou art.  
 that the king was in great cold, and I will be as thou art.  
 the king of Denmarke, and I will be as thou art.  
 and the king of Norway, and I will be as thou art.  
 Both be come into this land, and I will be as thou art.  
 with doughty knights a thousand, and I will be as thou art.  
 fro the sea into the land, and I will be as thou art.  
 But that they have brought and cast out, and I will be as thou art.  
 The king of Denmarke hath a man, and I will be as thou art.  
 that is more dread himself alone, and I will be as thou art.  
 then a thousand, and I will be as thou art.  
 So hydyous he is, and much of might, and I will be as thou art.

For the heire to come and to be  
there dare none hoste fight with him  
Colbronde his name is to be  
in this world is no bright so he  
the King of Denmark to our King  
that our King should give him  
Or for him fynde a knight to go  
agayne Colbronde to warre his  
forth to warre he let them  
No man had more of his  
then sayd the King  
to his Barrons every one  
Lordynges full well wote  
the King of Denmark  
And will be seen  
Or dyue he out of the  
thinke on your chylde  
On your children and  
if any of you know  
that dare agayne  
Say me and  
Halfe my lande  
then sayd the King  
a good Cup and for her sake  
had I holde you at home  
this Lande had not to be  
Euery man shoulde the good  
they may euer helpe at neede  
and to in hope nipe on a day  
then they shoulde stand in

and

that

That night long he lay in his bed thought he  
 that for his sleep might he thought  
 But ever he prayed God at night,  
 that he should send him a knight,  
 that might defende his land,  
 Agayne the Gyngles Colynde,  
 a little he slept about midnight,  
 Him thought that all a sudden bright  
 Bad him to rise and to be gone,  
 and he should be fynde a knight  
 that at his gate should stand,  
 and take him by the hand,  
 The first man that he saw  
 A lede him to the hall  
 and pray him to be his knight,  
 and he shall with him fight  
 And as the Kingell lay in bed,  
 at the gate he saw a knight  
 He led him into his chamber,  
 and fell on his knees  
 He prayed him that he should be his knight,  
 Redest thou me to be his knight,  
 Seest thou not me a knight,  
 Unneathes for feofen he was,  
 Neuertheless he was a knight,  
 Syth thou praydest me to be thy knight,  
 for thee I shall be thy knight,  
 if God sende me lyf thereto,  
 well glad was then all England  
 That the Gyngles Colynde,  
 and

And

A man ly he for to fight,  
and for to defende there Landes right,  
Oynges sent King Athelstone,  
to the King of Denmarke anone,  
And bad him come without letting,  
and his Gyaunt to battaile bring.  
The King of Denmarke came full right,  
Guy and Colbronde bot ready right,  
and into the field arune were brought  
and ever Guy had God in his thought,  
Guy on knees fell downe,  
and made to God his Oryson,  
He sayd Lord God in this wyse,  
that madeest the Lazar for to ryse,  
And saved Danyell from the Lyon,  
Helpe me agayne this foule felon,  
In his forehead Guy made a crosse,  
and stert on steele with that bope,  
The King of Denmarke swore there  
if his man ouer come were,  
He should Englands go fro,  
and neuermore doe it no.  
And King Athelstone swore that  
if Colbrond overcame his man,  
he and all his lynage,  
Should doe King Athelstone



Shoulde doe King Athelstone  
Shoulde doe King Athelstone  
Shoulde doe King Athelstone



Then came Colbat the south anon  
 At foote for horse might beare him none  
 For when he was in armour dight  
 Fewer horse ne beare him might

I man had ynough to haue, and made hymself  
 To beare him his weapon, and he was  
 Then Guy rode to Colbronde, and he  
 On his steede full well remand, and he  
 Colbronde smote guy in the field, and he  
 In the myddest of guyes shielde, and he  
 through guyes harnyssh that stroke went  
 and for no maner thing it withstent,  
 In two it shere guyes steedes body,  
 and guy fell to ground hastily,  
 Guy by that as an eger Lyon, and he  
 And dwe his good sworde bytome, and he  
 to Colbronde he let it flye, and he  
 But he might not reche to hye, and he  
 On his shoulde the stroke fell to hye,  
 through all his armour shere guyen,  
 Into the body a wounde he made,  
 That the red blood gan to gyde,  
 Colbronde went to the death,  
 he thought to geue guy a knyght,  
 He smote Guy on the helme hight,  
 that out sprang the fyre light,  
 Guy smote Colbrond agayne,  
 through shielde and armour certayne,  
 He made his sworde for to gyde,  
 Into his body a wounde right wyde,  
 So smert came guyes wounde,  
 that it brast in his hande,  
 Alas quod Guy with ruly moode,  
 Now haue I broken my sworde that was so good

Syr knight then sayd Colbynde,  
 I see thy weapoun broken in thy hande,  
 Therefore syt downe on the lner,  
 And yeelde thee lightly unto me,  
 Nay so mote I the quod Guy,  
 Recken with thes fyrt shall I,  
 thou haste quod guy weapoun great woone  
 I pray thee thou bring me one,  
 and then shall we looke see,  
 which of vs ouercome shall be,  
 Let be thy iangeling quod Colbynde tho,  
 Fowle traytoar why should I doe so,  
 when guy saw he would lend him none,  
 he ran to him and gate him one,  
 a noble are Guy him berefte,  
 Then smote they together este,  
 and such a stroke guy him sent,  
 that his head therewith of went,  
 Then were they of Denmarke nye wood,  
 when Colbynde was dead their knight good,  
 To ship they went as I say pou,  
 and sayled home with sorrow pou,  
 Glad was the king Aethelstone,  
 and all the English men echeone,  
 Syr guy yede into the towne,  
 and the priestes and Clackes met him both,  
 Singing te Deum Laudamus,  
 and thanked saye our Lorde Iesus,  
 the south truly to correll,  
 these would guy no longer dwell.

He went and prayed King Athelstan,  
 alone with him for to go,  
 So yede the king with Guyon  
 alone a myle out of the towne,  
 than sayd Guy for gentle king,  
 I pray you graunt me one thing,  
 that ye shall not betray me,  
 till that I dead and buried be,  
 and I shall you my name saue,  
 the king sayd nay for certayne,  
 then sayd he to the king,  
 Guy of Noarwich my name is,  
 when the king wist it was Guy,  
 that was so bolde and hardy,  
 he kist him ofte I vnderstande,  
 and thanked God of that sonde,  
 he sayd be my heere after my day,  
 Guy thanked him for and sayd,  
 Guy went forth I vnderstande,  
 and thanked God of that sonde,  
 that he had in many a place,  
 Given him such hap and grace,  
 to Noarwich he went then apace,  
 after to which towne he nameth was,  
 He came to his owne gate,  
 Poore men he found there,  
 among them he sawe Guy,  
 No man him knewe but he,  
 Whelke his wyfe that was Countesse,  
 Fed. ruf. poore men she doo I gesse.

III.

The

The Countess beheld him thus,  
 For he was so feeble and thin,  
 Of all her meat she did him give,  
 And to Sir Guy she let him dine,  
 And of the best wyne that she had,  
 To Guy she sent and bad him be glad,  
 And for she thought him poor of all,  
 She bad him eat every day in the hall,  
 She knew him not truly to tell,  
 Therefore thought he not long to dwell,  
 When Sir Guy had eaten enough,  
 On his way forth gan he gone,  
 To Arderne yede he fast,  
 And an Ermitage he founde at last,  
 That stood in woods so deep,  
 There founde he rest and sleep,  
 There thought he fowern to dwell,  
 To dwell into his living hell,  
 And serue God his rest day,  
 That had done him great harm,  
 There lyued Guy as a beast,  
 By the hearbes of the forest,  
 And on a day withouten telling,  
 As Guy lay on sleeping,  
 An aungeil came from God almighty,  
 And sayd Guy make thee ready,  
 Within this vij. nightes thou shalt come  
 To Iesu and in his blisse dwell,  
 Guy thanked God and calld him metty,  
 So glad was he neuer so truly,

full well he held in his thought,  
 the Message that the Tuncell brought.  
 On the seventh day guy called his page,  
 To warwick he sayd doe my message,  
 To the Countesse heare this goydering  
 She will be glad of thy coming.  
 Say the Pilgryme that she sent meate  
 in her own hall to eate.  
 He that she had as I thee say  
 Eate in the hall every day.  
 Greete her well myn alle thing  
 Shee shall be so full well this thing  
 and if thou with her brother leade  
 she will full well paye thee for meade.  
 Say thou her how thou haste bene my page  
 and serued me in this hermitage.  
 By her coming dead shall I be  
 Bid her hye her and burye me.  
 The Page sayd to warwick town  
 And there he found Johell the gent.  
 fayne he greeten her on his kne.  
 Madame he sayd God you be  
 The Pilgryme ye led this other day  
 Greeteth you well by me per say.  
 And bad ye should come him to  
 in all the haste homloeuere ye do.  
 He sent you this golde Ring now  
 in token betwixt hym and you.  
 That Lady took the Ring to light  
 And all about she looked it right  
 King

King of heauen the sayd meere, yf he had this  
 this King I took my Lord the guy, the sayd  
 The tyme that he yede me fro, the sayd  
 thyse shells to wned the, the sayd  
 O she might speake any more, the sayd  
 forth she cleped the chyld thore, the sayd  
 no here is this pille in the sayd  
 tell me and thou thy meede shall haue, the sayd  
 Madame he sayd in a woode yere hee, the sayd  
 By your comming dead shall he be, the sayd  
 To that hermitage faste an the tye, the sayd  
 north brighten and the sayd  
 into the hermitage the yere hee, the sayd  
 Lying on the flore then saw the guy, the sayd  
 Then see she up a whirle to get, the sayd  
 for sorow of him nye had hee, the sayd  
 Guy kest by his eyen the, the sayd  
 the soule out of the body ran go, the sayd  
 She fell on him in that hermitage, the sayd  
 She kist his mouth and his eyen, the sayd  
 Out of his mouth came a sweet, the sayd  
 also sweete as my flower, the sayd  
 She prayed all the Bishops of the countrey,  
 at her Lordes burying for to be,  
 at warwick she shoulde him graue,  
 But no man might him thence haue,  
 then bad she for him be,  
 in that hermitage buried hee,  
 A richer burying then the sayd  
 King ne Duke had neuer none, the sayd

Many

Many a masse for him was sayde,  
 O he in his grave was layde,  
 and soone after that the interment,  
 Whelie with her folke home went,  
 Such sorrow for her Lorde made,  
 that no day might he be glad,  
 after the day of her Lorde J. v. years,  
 Whelie's lpyed dayes for to see,  
 And when she shoulde dye anore,  
 She commaunded her frends everychone,  
 And prayed them to bury her thore,  
 By her Lorde that she should be,  
 Buried she was by her Lorde,  
 Now be they both with God almightie,  
 Up in heuylis, as yf they were,  
 Jesu be all thereto with,  
 Now haue ye heard of this thinge,  
 Now and whelie's fate to knowe,  
 therefore of them no let make,  
 and of her aude to speake,  
 Syr her aude the bolde Baron,  
 Lay in the pylon,  
 as ye haue heard there was he,  
 to seeke Raynburne when he went,  
 alas he sayd that he was bore,  
 in this pylon I shall be bore,  
 I was holden the bolde Baron,  
 that sometime was in towne,  
 and now I shall be here,  
 all this hearde the Caple,

He went and told the Lord of the Manor, how he had bene holden to holde a man.  
 The Lord sayd to the Chaplain, if thou wilt  
 If he be such as thou sayest here, I will  
 Go fet him to me anon right, and I shall him both by the and by the night  
 he may me helpe in my neede, to fetche him the Chaplain pade, I will  
 He drue him by by a corde, and brought him before his Lord, and  
 his bearde called to the noble woman, So long he had been in prison, I will  
 when he came to the Lord, he was so weary, The Lord him called to the noble woman, I will  
 Arte thou he sayd doughty and bold, as thou haste in prison, I will  
 Syr sayd he, and then answere, if I had more and more good wone, and  
 and were in prison, I would dread no man in fight, I would  
 Then sayd the Lord, anone on hye, I will  
 I will to thou neuer here and Guy, That bouden in Englande,  
 So bold were they in Lande, Syr he sayd I knowe well Guy,  
 I was and am his knight truly, Then sayd the Lord, that was so courteous,  
 I would Guy were in this prison, Then would I dread but little, I would  
 he would me helpe them to stone,

The

The Lorde sayd heard haste thou,  
 how king Aragus hath done to me now,  
 he hath destroyed all this countrey,  
 Out take this one Citty,  
 and that is through a yong knight,  
 The boldest in the woylde to fight,  
 if thou might him in battayle slone,  
 I forgiue thee thy raunsome alone,  
 and an hundred pound by yeare,  
 I shall thee giue whyle thou arte here,  
 herauende sayde to him full tight,  
 I shall thee venge through Gods might,  
 On a Rabyte then sette herauende;  
 well armed without defaute,  
 forth he rode as a knight of pyce,  
 into the fieldes to the Lordes enemyes,  
 with him .x. thousand knyghtes and mo,  
 well armed withouten wo,  
 in field they saw helmes tho,  
 he sayd soone go we then to  
 To the Sarasyng they smote anone,  
 and herauende met so with one,  
 that at the fyrst dint that heraud gaue him tho,  
 Euen his body he claue in two,  
 forth he rode for anything,  
 and shoulde haue slayne Aragus the king,  
 Right there his men among,  
 had he not had armour strong,  
 The king fled herauende fro,  
 and herauende liued after tho.

Bk. ij.

herauende

Heraude should haue slayne him of nome, and  
 had not yong Raynborne come, and yong wode  
 That the king nourished had, and yong wode  
 that many a man fore had, and yong wode  
 To heraude that knight can sayne,  
 thou olde coward turne agayne,  
 thou shende myn Lorde with bilany,  
 therefore churle thou shalt aby,  
 togiether they faught same,  
 all in earlest and not in game,  
 They brake their speares in their sheeldes,  
 that the peetes sune in the fieldes,  
 They fought both with such might,  
 that they brake their helmes bright,  
 Heraude found neuer creature,  
 that might so long fight indure,  
 Heraude stroode a little still,  
 and spake that yong knight untill,  
 thou arte he sayd the best in weede,  
 that euer I met with on a steede,  
 therefore say I pray thee,  
 tell me thy name and whence thou bee,  
 Let be olde churle he sayde,  
 all thy queyntise shall soone be layde,  
 For or thou wete the name of me,  
 I shall haue thynne head so mote I the,  
 I shall haue thy name be foune,  
 the knight sayd where were thair home,  
 haue doe he sayd and tell thou me,  
 Certes he sayd I shall say thee,  
 Thou

Thou art a man of much might, and in my heart  
 in earth is none so doughty a knight, and in my heart  
 But and thou wilt what I would, and I will requite  
 and what I have bene here before, and thou wilt  
 thou wouldest not thinke shame, and I will requite  
 For to tell me thy name, quoth the knight, and I will requite  
 why sayd the knight thou olde manlynde, and I will requite  
 weenest thou that I were such a coward? and I will requite  
 that I should have of thee doubt, and I will requite  
 Or to be thyne vnderlout, and I will requite  
 Nay sayd herauce, I would well, and I will requite  
 that thou dreadest me in hall, and I will requite  
 But if thou wilt what I would, and I will requite  
 Eche of vs shoud other spare, and I will requite  
 to herauce then sayd that knight of pyce, and I will requite  
 thou arte both doughty and wyse, and I will requite  
 and for thou speakest so chetronly, and I will requite  
 I shall thee tell my name gladly, and I will requite  
 Boine I was in England, and I will requite  
 in wallingfords I vnderstande, and I will requite  
 My father was a bolde baron, and I will requite  
 When called him doughty guyon, and I will requite  
 when herauce told him that he was a coward, and I will requite  
 For whome he was so long in the land, and I will requite  
 to the earth without leaue, and I will requite  
 For loy he fell in slouing, and I will requite  
 But anon he rose againe, and I will requite  
 and kist his Lord, and I will requite  
 For loy of him he wept, and I will requite  
 that the teares fell to his feet, and I will requite

Great pittie then had Raynburne in his weid  
 when he saw herande fall downe on his knees  
 In might he sayd for charyte that wold him be  
 Thy right name thou tell me was I sayd this  
 herande of Ardenne I hight sayd he  
 when thou wast yong I nourished thee  
 in wallingford the good towne  
 I had thee to keepe Raynburne  
 when Raynburne with it was herande  
 Downe of his horse he made assaunte  
 and sayd syr metty for charyte  
 and downe he fell with his hinde  
 Then both in feare they wept  
 For loy that they met together  
 Raynburne then upon his knees  
 as a doughty man in every neede  
 And rode with herande to the  
 and so they made a fayre  
 Betweene him and King  
 That Raynburne nourished in house  
 and when they had done sayd  
 Raynburne and herande also  
 Tooke the way to the  
 and of many other men  
 and ryden home to the  
 They found no to woe  
 Of that day till it was night  
 then of a Castle they had a sight  
 that stood on a well sayde  
 thither they rode both

At the gate they dwelt the night, and asked herborow for that night  
 The porter said full goodnyngs and said  
 I shall go say my Lady, that maketh sorow and heavecheare  
 For her Lorde that was to dence  
 He went so that word on his pace  
 and sayd two knightes wote he the gates  
 that bene he sayd of chauce  
 and asked herborow for that night  
 She bad the porter the maitake  
 and herborow them for good sake  
 The porter said Madam I shall  
 and bring them both in so they shall  
 There came Squyres and seruaunts  
 and toke their hordes and their lances  
 The Lady then took with her mayns  
 and unlased their armours  
 That night they had good rest  
 and meate and drinke of the best  
 Madam knight and the bolde  
 no bat hight your Lorde and he him told  
 She sayd of the best knight of the land  
 Here be se a chivalry knight  
 hath taken my horse this night  
 and hath him led with him to the  
 into the farrre for preynt  
 as Amis quoth he made a chivalry knight  
 a doughty knight and a chivalry knight

do

Then

Then tolde Heraude to Raynburne how  
 how he loued his father and son, and how  
 Then sayd Raynburne for the Duke, to the Duke  
 to morrow I shall the way take, and go to  
 and neuer more come agayne, and when he  
 tyll I bring Armes of the Mountayne, and so  
 Raynburne rose on the mornynge, and  
 and armed him full richely, and out he  
 he sayd Heraude here be you, and when he  
 to fetch the Armes I shall go, and when he  
 Raynburne rode till it was noon, and  
 till he came to a roche of stone, and  
 There he founde a strong gate, and  
 he blessed him and rode in that way, and  
 he rode halfe a myle the way, and  
 he saw no light that came of day, and  
 Then came he to a water byde, and  
 neuer man ouer such a way rode, and  
 within he saw a place of stone, and  
 Such one had he neuer seen, and  
 within that place there was a hall, and  
 Closed with walles of hertmyre, and  
 the walles were of stone, and  
 and the roof was of wood, and  
 Raynburne had great doubt to passe,  
 the water so deepe and broad, and  
 And at the last he rode to the  
 into the brade water, and  
 They sayd that he was a good man,  
 they sayd that he was a good man,

and

God

God him helpe his fleepe was goddys  
 and bare him ouer thoo hydyous floodys  
 to the Pallace by yede another  
 and lighted downe of his fleepe full soone,  
 through many Chambers yede Raynburne,  
 a knight he found in dungoon,  
 Raynburne greete him as a knight cyrtuous,  
 who owerth he sayd this fayne Pallace,  
 That knight answered mynelfe in thought,  
 he owerth it that me hither brought,  
 Thou arte quod Raynburne in feeble plight,  
 tell me thy name he sayd for knight,  
 That knight sayd to him agayne,  
 My name is Amis of the Mountayne,  
 the Lord is an Elish man,  
 that me into this pryson wanne,  
 Arte thou Amis then sayd Raynburne,  
 Of the mountaynes speche is Barroane,  
 in great perrill I haue gonyn,  
 to seeke thee in this rokke of stone,  
 But blessed be God now haue I thee,  
 thou shalt go home with mee,  
 Let be sayd Amis of the Mountayne,  
 Great wonder I haue of thee forrayne,  
 how that thou hither came,  
 for syth this world first began,  
 No man hyther comene might,  
 without leane of the Elish knight,  
 He with thee mayest thou not leaue,  
 I will be thy knyght.

110

A. i.

But

But saue thy selfe thou haste neede, I nide sayd  
 Let be quod Raynburie dyead thou thought, as  
 For by him that vs hath bought, I nide sayd  
 If any body vs ouertake, I nide sayd  
 I shall doe his head crake, I nide sayd  
 Holde thy peace knight quoth Amis, I nide sayd  
 thou wotest neuer what he is, I nide sayd  
 Be thy sworde neuer so well wrought, I nide sayd  
 thy stroke shall dyead him right nought, I nide sayd  
 But if thou wilt alway him assaile, I nide sayd  
 Go into the hall to a naple, I nide sayd  
 thereon hangeth a right good bronde, I nide sayd  
 Better was neuer none in londe, I nide sayd  
 Raynburie went and the sworde toke he  
 there as it hong vpon a crooke, I nide sayd  
 he toke Amis and went his way, I nide sayd  
 and not full farr passed they, I nide sayd  
 Till that the Churche knight, I nide sayd  
 On a steede sued them tight, I nide sayd  
 Fellow he sayd thou must abyde, I nide sayd  
 farther forth shall ye not ryde, I nide sayd  
 Turne to my pryson agayne, I nide sayd  
 Or ye shall dye both certayne, I nide sayd  
 Raynburie made Amis to figh, I nide sayd  
 and fought with the Churche knight, I nide sayd  
 They dyue out their swordes both, I nide sayd  
 and fought fast for they were wroth, I nide sayd  
 then bet thought they the knyght, I nide sayd  
 On his father thought he dyed, I nide sayd

On

On the head he smote the knight,  
 that he fell Downe to the ground right,  
 Raynburne vnlaied his colour,  
 and would haue smitten of his head there,  
 Then made that knight a rusfull eye,  
 and sayd chyld Raynburne merrey,  
 By thy dintes well wote I mee,  
 that guy of warwick begate thee,  
 he was the best knight at neede,  
 that euer bestrode any steede,  
 Raynburne he sayd let me spue,  
 And treasure ynough I shall thee giue  
 and all that in my pyson be,  
 Shall be delpyered for loue of thee,  
 and yet Raynburne I doe meede,  
 Ouer the brode water I shall thee leede,  
 Raynburne sayd I will nought of thee,  
 But thy pysoners delpyered bee,  
 Forth he passed then certayne,  
 and brought home Amis of the Mountayne,  
 Certes then was the Lady glad,  
 when she her Lorde Amis had  
 becaude was then glady nough,  
 Raynburne had such a prough,  
 and for he escaped so certayne,  
 and brought home Amis of the Mountayne,  
 Heraude and Raynburne the thyrde day,  
 Tooke leaue and went their way,  
 So long they went by the countrey,

Liij.

That

That to Burgoyne come they be,  
 Heraude bne to that Lande full well,  
 there the fonde felled many a Castle,  
 Heraude asked one that came nye hande,  
 if any warre were in that Lande,  
 That man sayd the Erle Sany,  
 Hath warre on vs many a day,  
 He hath left in this countrey,  
 But onely this bare cittie  
 that standeth on a rocke of stone,  
 Such an hold in this world is none,  
 But that Erle hath a wonder knight  
 a yong Batcheler and a light,  
 He is yet but twenty yeare olde,  
 Curteous he is shoute and bolde,  
 no home so he giueth any dunt,  
 anone right his lyfe is spent,  
 he keepeth a place of the mountayne,  
 Go ye by him ye shall be slayne,  
 Blessed be God quoth Rapburnethan,  
 that I this day shall fynde a man,  
 Wonder vpon yon hill,  
 with whome I shall fight my fill,  
 if it be so he are vs ought,  
 we shall say we owe him nought,  
 if he with maystrey ought of vs wold,  
 he that hym blamech sorrowd out,  
 they ryden forth as men samage,  
 till they came to that pass,  
 They

They saw a stout knight certain, had and  
Came picking fast the way, as he do now  
Then said Rayburne to his hound, I pray you  
You knight will give me some, I pray you  
I will to him say, that he will give me  
Heraude sayd and I also pray you, that he will  
Say quod Rayburne, my selfe knoweth, and I  
Will to him and hym show, of what he is worth  
They two shot together, and fell, and no more  
and eche of them doth lie, as they do now  
Echer on other glauing, as they do now  
they brake, their helmes, in the fight, as they do now  
Of tymes bad heraunder, as they do now  
that he should say, that he should say, as they do now  
Heraude hound, as they do now, I pray you  
and saw the knight, as they do now, I pray you  
He had neuer set forth, as they do now, I pray you  
two men fight, as they do now, I pray you  
Syr knight, then say, as they do now, I pray you  
Listen a while, as they do now, I pray you  
an hardy knight, as they do now, I pray you  
I pray you, as they do now, I pray you  
I found neuer man, as they do now, I pray you  
that ouer three strokes, as they do now, I pray you  
sayd the knight, as they do now, I pray you  
I shall tell thee nothing, as they do now, I pray you  
Till thou hadst been, as they do now, I pray you  
For here passed no man, as they do now, I pray you  
But that I, as they do now, I pray you

llgD

Li.iiij.

So

So shall I thee in this passage pass a while yet  
 and thou olde churche lord that p. manye yeres  
 My sworde shall be to his neche and to his  
 His teeth I shall with my sworde yette yette not  
 that after mynde he shall not patte of his  
 That saw Raynburne the olde p. and sawe  
 that he no more of them tolde, yette he sawe  
 he smote a stroke to his head and a nail on his  
 that dint on the hilt of his sword and sawe  
 they smyten, and both to the ground and sawe  
 that they were both dead and sawe no more  
 Leane theis sight and theis maner, and sawe  
 Or else he sawe that theis maner and sawe  
 Hereaude sayd knightly man and sawe  
 and to this knight he sawe theis maner  
 he is Lord and sawe theis maner  
 he may aduance theis maner, and sawe  
 I rede thou be not so bold, and sawe  
 For it were better theis maner, and sawe  
 To Hereaude the knightly man and sawe  
 Say me he sawe theis maner, and sawe  
 For the churche lord that sawe theis maner  
 Thy right name thou tell me, and sawe  
 For syth I sawe theis maner, and sawe  
 I was never so bold, and sawe  
 in so wonder asray sawe theis maner  
 He thinketh myne heart, and sawe  
 Hereaude sayd thou sawe theis maner  
 My name to tell me, and sawe

Cyt thou the name thou tall man, of tober country,  
 Of tober country, of tober country,  
 Then quod heraunder I shall the thyng,  
 My name and myn alle to certayne, I shall the thyng,  
 To sye heraunder I shall the thyng,  
 I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 But weete thou well, I shall the thyng,  
 For to be thyne buter, I shall the thyng,  
 But I would the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 Why that I am so man, I shall the thyng,  
 But now shall I the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 That I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 In myn alle, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 My father byght heraunder, I shall the thyng,  
 He is gon to see, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 That was the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 That the Marchant, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 I was full of the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 When heraunder, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 For for he wepeth, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 To that I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 Thy right, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 He sayd, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 Heraunder, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 But at the last, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 Heraunder, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 I have fought, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 After my, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 That is he, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng, I shall the thyng,  
 and

The

The doughtyest knight of his tyme in herryng  
 therefore commaundyd to come on the kyng  
 And prayd hym that by the frendshipp he shuld besparyd  
 and when he heard all this he was so manly  
 that his father thus to him spake, he was so manly  
 and that it was gylty for me Raynburne  
 Upon his knees he fell adowne  
 and sayd deare father mercy  
 And the Raynburne now prayd I do not knowe  
 Forgive me this outrage in o my hert  
 and I shall do as he heretofore hath done  
 and when Raynburne told all this story  
 By the hand he took the king's hand  
 and kissyd him on the cheek  
 Great ioy there was in the court  
 Great myght to the king's hand  
 For they all were so manly  
 Then passed they to the land  
 the sea and came into England  
 to London that they found  
 and there they found the king  
 Of Heracles coming glad was he  
 and great ioy he made them  
 The king rewarded by the Raynburne  
 his fathers Landes to the king  
 and there was a great feyest  
 And after that he was a great  
 When of the court and of the  
 were glad ynough of the  
 and

Olde and yong eche man of his age  
Came and did it with a good hope  
then yede her and truly to  
to Wallingforde with his wyfe to dwell,  
in much wo he had bee,

Therefore the clerk would be  
with him went Aslake his sonne,

In myrrour of the world,  
till they dyed truly to god,

and Raynburne at Wallingforde dwell,  
till he out of this worlde can weende,

Now is the story brought to an ende,

Of guy the bolde barron of pyce,

And of the fayne mayde of helpe,

And of the fayne knyght of the shyre,  
and of Aslake and his wyfe,

Fayre ensamples men may see,  
who so will lyston and heere;

True to lone late and erly,

As in his lyfe did syr Guy.

For he forsooke wholy honour,

To serue God his creator

Therefore Iesu that was of a mayde borne,

To buy mans soules that was forlorne,

And rose from death the thyrde day,

and led mans shule from all synne,

On their soules haue mercy,

and ye that haue hearde this story,

God

God give you all his blessing,  
and of his grace to your ending.  
And ioy and blisse that ever shall be,  
Amen, amen for charitie.

**C**hriste. Deus omnipotenti.

**H**ere endeth the Booke of the most

victorious Prince, Guy of

Warwick.

**I**mprinted at London by Iohn

our agayne.

Printed by Iohn



